

FEBRUARY 1907

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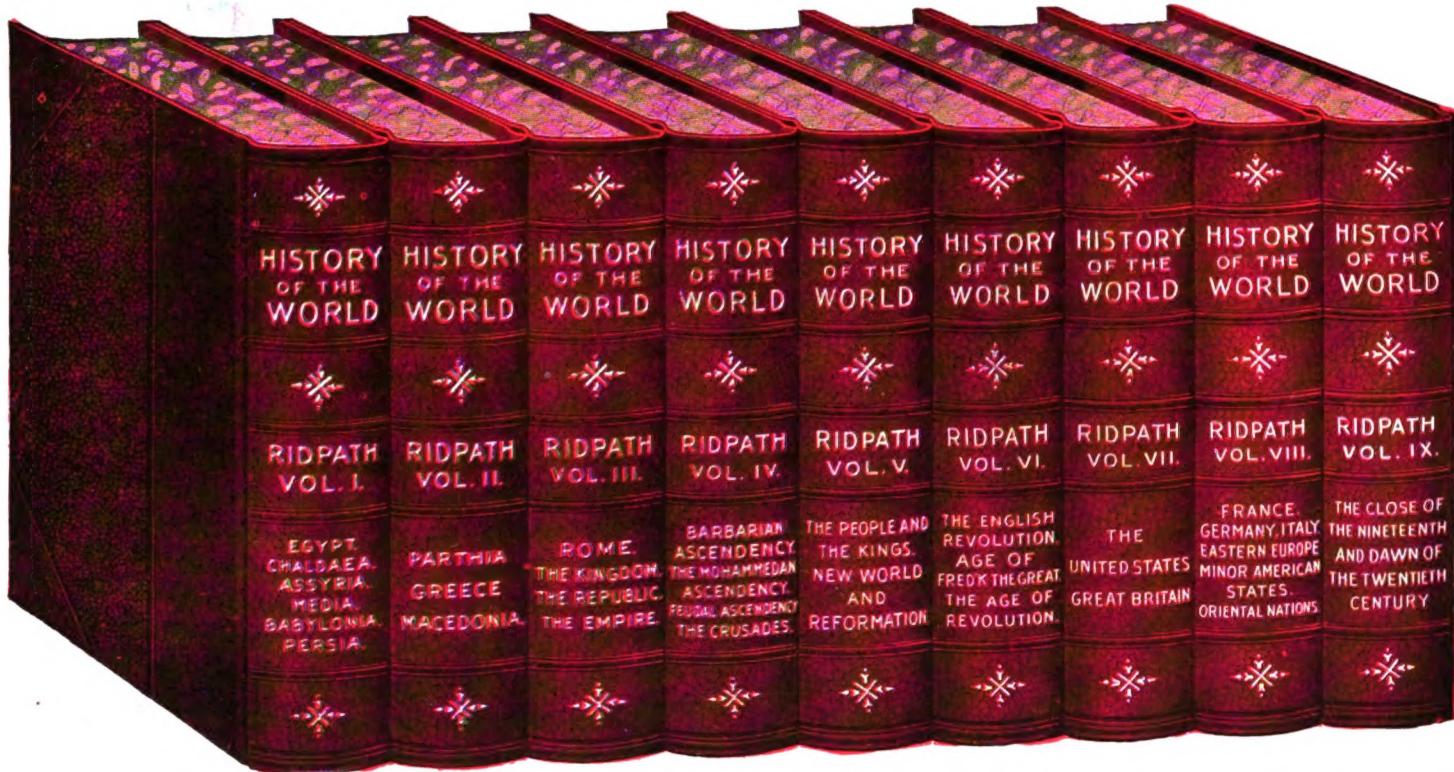
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# Success Magazine

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## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1907

Cover Design by Frank B. Masters

Putting the Lobbyists on the Square . . . . .	Samuel Merwin	71
The Millstone (a story) . . . . .	Elliott Flower	74
<i>Illustrated by Charles Sarka. Decorations by Wilson Karcher</i>		
The Dreyfus Affair . . . . .	Vance Thompson	77
<i>Illustrated with special photographs</i>		
Hon. Jethro's Speech (a story) . . . . .	Wilbur Nesbit	80
<i>Illustrated by Edward Poucher</i>		
Fools and Their Money . . . . .	Frank Fayant	81
<i>Illustrated by Arthur William Brown</i>		
My Life—So Far (third installment) . . . . .	Josiah Flynt	84
<i>Illustrated by J. J. Gould</i>		
The Right to Be Disagreeable . . . . .	Orison Swett Marden	88
Millions for Music . . . . .	Edgar Mels	89
<i>Illustrated with photographs of opera stars. Headpiece by Carl Abel</i>		
From Platform to Platform . . . . .	Charles Battell Loomis	92
<i>Illustrated by Clare V. Dwiggins</i>		
The Partnership (a story) . . . . .	Calvin Johnston	93
<i>Illustrated by H. G. Williamson</i>		
Verse:		
With the Dark . . . . .	Cora A. Matson Dolson	76
Weary Willie on Socialism . . . . .	Earle Hooker Eaton	130

## OTHER FEATURES, STORIES, AND DEPARTMENTS

The Third House, (Editorial Announcement) . . . . .	95	Pin Money Papers . . . . .	Isabel Gordon Curtis	110
The Inside at Washington . . . . .	96	The Failure of Corporal Punishment, Patterson Du Bois	112	
Edwin Markham's Talk on Books . . . . .	98	The Well-Dressed Man, Alfred Stephen Bryan	114	
A February House Party . . . . .	Laura A. Smith	100	The Editor's Chat . . . . .	116
The New York Shopper, Charlotte Birdsall Williams . . . . .	106	Hints to Investors . . . . .	Edward Sherwood Meade	132
Sports and Recreation . . . . .	Harry Palmer	108	The People's Lobby . . . . .	133



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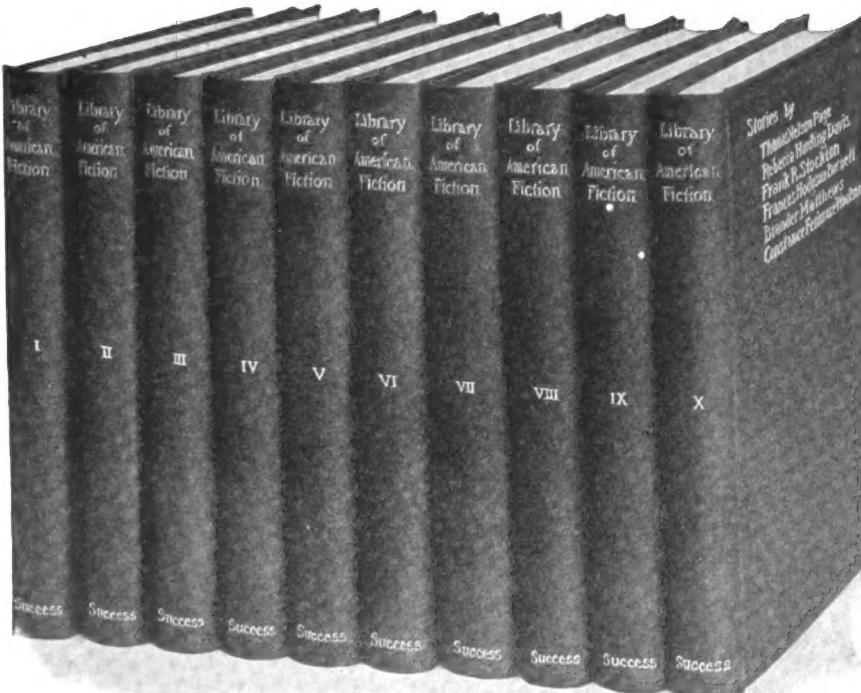
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THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW YORK  
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FEBRUARY 1907  
NUMBER 153



CHARLES McCARTHY

## Putting the Lobbyists on the Square By Samuel Merwin

THEY had a humorously chaotic way of making laws in Wisconsin, five years ago,—before Charlie McCarthy, with an idea and a Ph. D., walked into the capital. Nobody had ever heard of him; he had no money; he was only twenty something; the Ph. D., was a thing to be forgotten as soon as possible; and so he was reduced, at the start, to his idea. With this idea, a strain of fighting blood, and the hint of a brogue that honors the Sod, McCarthy changed the scheme of lawmaking at Madison, in five years, from a disastrous chaos to a scientific system. And nobody said anything about it. Were it not for prying journalists nobody would be talking about it to-day, for McCarthy is n't advertising. He does n't even like the idea of such appreciations as this articl. He seems to be rather old-fashioned,—believes in his country and in his fellow men, and all that sort of thing.

Who and what is McCarthy? Is he a double-breasted statesman, with La Follette eyes and a Bryan mouth? Not at all. If any reader of this attempt at characterization chanced to see the Chicago-Nebraska football game last November, he perhaps observed that of the two umpires who dodged about the field one was a compactly built, fleet-looking young man with a commonplace brown mustache and a Hapsbur chin—that was Charles McCarthy.

But before we get too deep into the astonishing career of McCarthy (I would have said inspiring, but McCarthy does n't care for cant,) let us have a glance at that Wis-

consin Legislature of five years ago. The subject is not so dull as it looks. It is even funny when you get close to it. And it should interest us a very little on general principles, be-

cause the way they used to make laws in Wisconsin happens to be the way they still make laws in some forty-four other States. Some of us may think we have nothing to do with the legislature question; we may brag foolishly that we don't know who represents the county, and that we don't propose to vote anyway. But the work of our Legislature is a thing we come into contact with every day—almost every moment. We can't walk on a sidewalk, or cross a street, or climb on a street car and pay five cents for the privilege, or get married, or be buried, or buy a quart of milk, or hire an expressman, or pay the gas bill, without coming into contact with powers or privileges granted directly or indirectly by the State Legislature. And if we foolishly say that the Legislature does n't concern us, and think of it merely as a part of that remote thing called "politics," we may feel certain that we are leaving the direction of our most intimate affairs, includ-

ing the command of our pocketbooks, to men who are smart enough to turn our own weapons against us.

Here is the accepted American method of running a State Legislature, the entrenched, national habit which a young man of twenty-something overthrew single-handed in Wisconsin:—First, get your Legislature.

This process consists in

sending down to the capital a hundred or so of the most harmless men in the State. They must be harmless, or the railroad company and the "public service" company and the big brewers and manufacturers won't put up the money to elect them. Vigorous, independent thinkers are not wanted. They slip in now and then, but they are not wanted.

Next, with your harmless gentlemen in session,—farmers, merchants, well-meaning men for the most part,—you throw two, or three, or four thousand bills at their heads. This life of ours is a complicated thing, and the laws regulating it are, or should be, intricate bits of construction. You can't settle the pure-food question properly without going pretty deep into chemistry, physiology, and pathology. Railroads, insurance, banking, taxation, take you deep into the unsolved puzzles of economics. Criminal law, education, the administration of city governments, public ownership, even good roads, call for a deep understanding of basic problems. Few of these problems can be approached without an exhaustive preparatory

study of conditions in other countries, all around the world. The Legislature could n't make one good law in three months, let alone three thousand, without turning in some direction for aid and counsel. Our well-meaning farmers, and grocery men, and manufacturers, are probably endowed with that profound ignorance of basic problems which comes out in the form of a loud contempt for "science" and "theory."

#### A Body of Bungling Amateurs

But now they are, in the language of the committee room, up against it. They have got to make three thousand laws in three months, without much of an idea, in some cases, of what the blessed things are all about. A good many of our farming and manufacturing friends would really like to make good laws; but probably not one of them is competent to draw a bill that will hold together. To make it worse, these laws, good or bad, will come down forcibly on every man, woman, and child in the State. They will have a good deal to do with that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" guaranteed to every American.

In view of this fact,—that the Legislature, made up of bungling, good-hearted amateurs, with a leavening of crooks, is bound to turn out just about so many laws anyway,—do we citizens, the real "interests" most vitally affected by the mass of legislation, take any adequate measures either to put in abler men, or to supply accurate and thorough-going information as a basis for the legislation? Not at all. We send our legislators down to the capital, and go on, serenely vague, about what we like to call "our business." The snail's on the thorn, God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world! And meanwhile the attorneys for the railroad and the "public service" company, and the big brewers and manufacturers are drawing up bills which our farming friends don't understand, and are crowding them through with doubtful statistics and specious reasoning which our farming friends may question, but which they have neither the time nor the resources to dispute. (What we are to think of those attorneys, is another matter.)

This was the proposition that McCarthy faced with his Ph. D. in the bureau drawer and his idea pushed to the front. It came home to

him one day when he was working for that Ph. D., in the university library, at Madison. A man in a fur overcoat walked hesitatingly in and glanced around, awed by the silence. He took off his hat, a bit awkwardly, and hid his cigar in his hand. Evidently mustering his courage, he managed to ask for certain books, which he hastily consulted, glancing up every minute or so to see if anybody was watching him. Finally, his courage exhausted, he got up and tiptoed away. McCarthy inquired about him. He was Senator So-and-so, it seemed. Then McCarthy understood. The Senator wanted to answer one of those lobbying attorneys; but he

did n't feel at home in the library, and there was no other place for him to go for information. On that day McCarthy's

idea sprang into being. He had solved the problem that lies before every college student: "What shall I do with my life?" It was not for him a question of whether there is more money in selling white goods than there is in electrical engineering. It was not a question of money at all.

The man with the fur overcoat stayed in his mind. He was going to help that man, if he had to help him against his will. There was a cobwebby old law in the statute books which nobody but McCarthy had given a thought to. It stated that fifteen hundred dollars should *not* be appropriated for the establishment of a special legislative library, which should be in the capitol. A little digging brought up the interesting fact that the "*not*" had not been in the law as passed. McCarthy called on the Attorney-General and got an opinion to that effect. Then, with his law in his pocket, he went around to the capitol to enforce it in person. But nobody was interested. Besides, there was no room in the capitol. McCarthy investigated, and finding plenty of space in the attic he carried up hammer and saw and with his own hands partitioned off the new State department. The policeman who came up to dislodge him was overwhelmed with so many and such incontestable arguments that he retreated in bad order. For, get McCarthy on a subject he is really familiar with, like legislation, or saving the lives of railroad employees, or the new football rules, or the "inside game" in baseball, or the theory of economics, or the philosophy of living, and your choice lies between surrendering and retreating. He is an Irishman, with wits that seldom get rusty. Being an Irishman, he can talk. If he has studied books with the best of them, he has also lived a life as eventful as that of Gil Blas.

#### The Man in the Attic

That "History of the Anti-Masonic Party" which won him an historical society medal and a scholarship, was dug up, not only out of books, but out of human experience, by Charles McCarthy, the wandering, tramping scholar, in the ancient back-districts of Pennsylvania. In an argument you can't surprise him or turn his flanks. His ideas are the most real things he has, and they are always in order. He is irresistible; he knows. His Ph. D. would n't have helped him with that capitol policeman. Neither would a lofty dissertation on the law. But having the law and the facts behind him, McCarthy talked in policemanese, a torrent of it, and the officer, beaten in his own language, gave up and went away.

One day the Governor came to inspect the capitol. They told him, with some humor and more concern, about "the man in the attic." The Governor—it was LaFollette, for all this is very recent history—being a live man, went up to see. And seeing the improvised desk, and the board partition, and the young fellow with the commonplace brown moustache and

the Hapsburg chin, he asked what it all meant.

And the young fellow told him, but not with a faltering voice and downcast eyes. You have read that stirring poem by J. I. C. Clarke, called "The Fighting Race"—the one that ends with the fine sentiment:

"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Well, that is McCarthy's race, too. What he said to the Governor was:

"Now, you just sit right down there and I'll tell you—I'll place it right before you."

And the Governor sat down.

What McCarthy said to the Governor was something as follows. It is a condensed memory, refreshed by McCarthy's own writings, of what I have heard him say in long talks at the Chicago City Club and the New York City Club, and at the Hotel Seville, last November. Read it, and I think you will have McCarthy and McCarthy's idea:

"You know what the average legislator is. John Jones is elected. He is a good citizen, a man of hard sense, well respected in his community. He enters suddenly from the quiet of his native village into a new life. He comes to live in a new community. He is dogged about and worried by office seekers. His old friends and advisers are not around to help him. He finds that he must learn the ropes. He finds that if he is to represent his district he must introduce bills, and that he must in some way get those bills through the Legislature. He must first of all get those bills drawn, and never having drawn a bill in his life, and not knowing how such things should be done, it is very hard work for him. Complex questions which are not settled by the greatest thinkers of to-day are hurled at his head. Even scientific subjects that the chemist or the physician or the engineer has had a hard time to deal with must be met by our John Jones, and that in the rush and hurry of committee work and of his efforts to take care of his multitudinous duties.

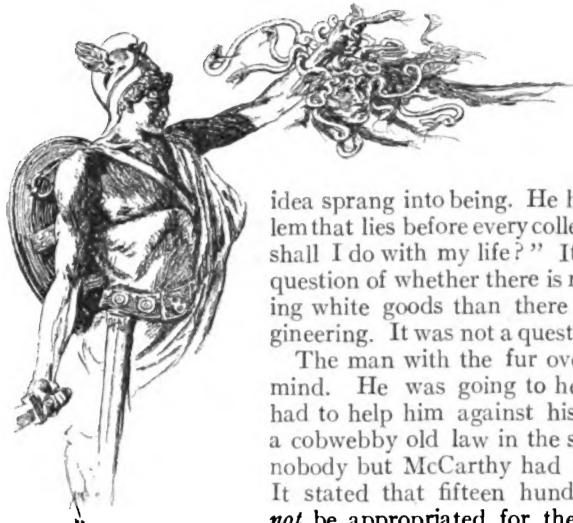
#### Evils of the Committees

"If he is conscientious he will try to draw his bills himself, or else he pays somebody to do it for him; but the easiest way is to consult somebody else. He finds around him bright men, well-paid lawyers, men of legal standing, who are willing to help him in every way. It is easier to consult these bright men; and often, if he does it, he is lost."

The "bright men, of legal standing," are, of course, our old friends, the attorneys for the railroad and the "public service" company, and the big brewers and manufacturers.

"Take the committees, now." [We are still to imagine Governor La Follette sitting in that dollar-twenty-eight-cent-chair, while this attic Webster "places it before him."] "The committee is often a judicial body. It sits in judgment upon private bills. It gives rights and franchises that make men wealthy or deprive men of their property. Yet this court hears often but one side of an argument, and has no means of investigating the truth or untruth, of one statement made. It is subjected to a hundred influences that no judge is subjected to. Would we allow such a state of affairs in our private business? Would we tolerate it in our judiciary? Why, the powerful interests frequently do not have to resort to bribery! Their experts can win by the irresistible force of argument alone. They must hold the balance, for they have the brains of the land and pay well for them. Is it any wonder, I ask you in the name of common sense, that many good people throw up their hands with joy and say, 'Thank God the Legislature is over?'"

A clear statement, it would seem, of our great trouble, State and National. It makes quite plain the reason why it costs twenty-five cents to send a telegram twenty-five miles; why railroads kill and maim us and casually decline to pay their taxes; why our gas and electric light



and street car and telephone and express and railroad prices are so loaded that you and I are paying the interest on oceans of watered stock. And the remedy? Hear McCarthy:

"The remedy is simple. If private forces maintain bureaus of information for representatives, let us have information bureaus, open to private and public interests alike. If it is hard to get this material on complicated subjects, the only thing to do is to get experts to gather it. If business interests have good lawyers to look after their legislation, the people should secure the same kind of men to help their representatives. If the business interests secure statisticians, engineers, and scientific men, then the public should do likewise. Legislation must be put upon a more scientific basis. This is simply a business proposition. An able lawyer can to-day go before a committee of good farmers and good merchants and usually, though he may not speak the truth, that committee is absolutely at the mercy of that man. He can tell them that a certain bill is unconstitutional, or has been a failure where tried. He can defy individual members to answer him. He has behind him many clerks to gather statistics of all sorts for his use before that committee. What can the individual member of that committee do under those circumstances? What would you do under those circumstances?

"Now I ask you, why not have a bureau to supply information to the Legislature? It won't be so easy then for a man to make a false statement before a committee, as that statement will be looked into and answered. The legislator can hold his head up, and speak out for himself, because there will always be some place he can go to for help. The legislator won't then have to depend upon what people tell him who have a financial interest in this or that bill."

#### McCarthy's Student Helpers

There are a good many big, far-sighted acts to be set down to the credit of Robert M. La Follette. Not the least of these is the fact that he sat patiently in that kitchen chair and heard McCarthy out. La Follette said to McCarthy, "Go ahead." McCarthy went ahead. He would have gone ahead anyway, but the Governor's help made it easier. The way he built up the new State department, modestly named the Legislative Reference Department, is a capital example of combined Irish thrift and Irish effectiveness. New State departments usually, and unfortunately, mean more appropriations and more patronage. McCarthy declined the appropriations and thus avoided the patronage. His salary was, and is, a most modest arrangement. His ample library cost him just \$56. How he built it up for next to nothing is a McCarthy secret, but I suspect that trades, auctions, and gifts figure in it.

After he had laid the foundations of a library, a force of assistants was needed. He asked for five men. The Legislature sent them up. McCarthy looked them over and sent them down again. Five more were sent up—and sent down. Then McCarthy went to the committee, in authority, and said, "You let me pick my own men and I'll save you money." And so a compact little body of expert statisticians and investigators was gradually drawn around McCarthy, absorbing his ideas, his radiating energy, and his faith in his fellowmen.

But more helpers were needed—twenty or thirty more trained men, at least. "That fellow in the attic" had set for himself the amazing task of gathering the economic, legislative, judicial, and governmental experience of the modern civilized world into that attic room, classifying it, popularizing it, and making it so obviously true and convincing, that his friends the legislators could n't help using it if they wanted to. He was determined not to ask for money. And so what did he do? How did he

manage it? An interesting problem, which brings us close to the essential McCarthy. He had, so far, kept that Ph.D. carefully hidden in the bureau drawer. He was there for business, not for academic display. He meant to make that attic library so attractive that the legislators could n't resist drifting up there in odd hours. There were no rules. They could smoke there, and chat. Charles McCarthy, Ph.D., was n't patronizing the Wisconsin State Legislature. He was n't reaching down a helping finger. He believed in them, liked them, and he wanted them to like him and believe in him. The brogue helped. He was plain "Mac" to them.

He saw that they were amateurs, legislating on an amateur basis, and he believed that with a complete command of the facts they would automatically become professionals, legislating on a professional basis.

But he needed those twenty assistants—for research work. So he got out his Ph.D., dusted it off, took it over to the University of Wisconsin, and got himself appointed faculty lecturer on "Comparative Legislation." Bright young graduates, from everywhere, soon heard of him, came to Madison, and went to work under McCarthy—for nothing. He had so managed it, that the work they did for him was credited to them at the university.

So there he is, modest, immensely earnest, but full of healthy outdoor vitality and real Irish humor and enthusiasm. The Wisconsin Legislature no longer works in the dark. It no longer meekly bows to the arguments of the paid lobbyist. When that gentleman appears before a committee, his statements are taken down, sent up to "Mac," and put through the mill. When he again appears before that committee, he is confronted with his arguments and the real facts of the case, in parallel columns. This is a good training for the paid lobbyist; it makes him careful about whom he lies to. When the same soft-spoken gentleman presents for passage a bill drawn up in the office of a "public service" corporation, he knows, now, that his bill will go "upstairs," that McCarthy's trained men will dissect it in that fact-laboratory of theirs, and will reduce it right down to its elements. It is no longer a case, in Wisconsin, of simply compromising between the various "special interests affected by the bill." The Legislature knows better, now, because McCarthy, upstairs, is shoveling out the irresistible facts gathered and collated, with cold, mathematical accuracy, by scientists.

#### The Success of the Idea

Any legislator can now have a bill drawn for him "upstairs." But no matter who draws a bill, every legislator, before he is called upon to vote for or against it, or to amend it, will find at his elbow the entire history of the principle involved; first, its treatment by legislative bodies in this and all other civilized countries; second, the entire mass of court decisions on the subject; and third, its social or economical effect. If he does n't care to bother about digesting it all himself, McCarthy will digest it for him, handing him in tabloid form precisely what he wants to know. The scheme works in Wisconsin because everybody, legislator, Governor, lobbyist, knows that McCarthy is more than efficient, he is square. Some of them may wish he would n't do it quite so thoroughly, some may dislike intensely his quiet independence or the way he cuts his moustache, but so far as I know, nobody ever called McCarthy a liar. And as the vendors of legislative information go, these days, that is a good deal to say about a man.

I have talked with legislators in other States who said, "We can't do anything in our fight

without a more complete knowledge of the facts. So we're fighting now to make our Legislature employ one of McCarthy's men and work up a system like his in our State." In some cases they are succeeding. The States of California, Washington, Nebraska, Indiana, New York, and the city of Baltimore, are now employing men trained by McCarthy to establish and work out the McCarthy idea; and Virginia, Connecticut, and Ohio have established it on their own hook.

The McCarthy idea works. As a practical fighting weapon there is nothing comparable to the idea. Fists are moderately useful under certain conditions. A revolver, a ten-inch gun, a mine, a battleship, even an argument, may frequently be effective; but ideas will beat them all every time. An autocracy may hold down a people with an army. Give that people an education, and it will win. Behind every fact is an idea. A locomotive is the concrete expression of an idea. This world is the concrete expression of an idea. The reason the

Russian Government suppresses newspapers, the reason our railroad and "public service" and steel corporation men buy up newspapers, is that they fear nothing else so much as they fear the spread of ideas. The pen is not only mightier than the sword, it is mightier than money.

#### Has Made Himself Indispensable

That is why McCarthy is too strong for the paid lobbyists. They are older than he; they have had more "business experience," and they know more "law." But they represent nothing but railroad tracks and cars and locomotives, and trolley lines, and gas and electric light plants, and harvester companies, and breweries, which in turn represent only money, which once were ideas, but now are only facts. The fact of to-day is the idea of yesterday; the idea of to-day will harden into the fact of tomorrow. McCarthy had them beaten by a generation. He met their hard facts with an idea. Being foolish men, who did not know about ideas, they pointed to their miles of track and their annual output, and laughed at him. As a result, the railroads now pay their Wisconsin taxes in full, and the general State tax has become unnecessary. For Wisconsin has a railroad commission which is *not* appointed by the railroads. This is a bit unorthodox, but, I believe, true.

The Wisconsin Legislature could hardly get on to-day without McCarthy. Every morning, during the session, he appears on the floor of each house. Senator Smith, of Smith County, beckons to him. "Mac," he says, "such-and-such a bill is coming up next week. The railroads make this claim. Are they right?"

"When do you want it, Senator?" asks the man from the attic.

"Monday."

"All right." A memorandum is jotted down, slipped into a side pocket, and McCarthy moves on to Senator Brown, of Brown County.

"Mac," observes that statesman, "Jones claims that a Texas law to the same effect as our Senate Bill 19423 is confiscatory and was declared unconstitutional by the Texas Supreme Court in 1874. How about it?"

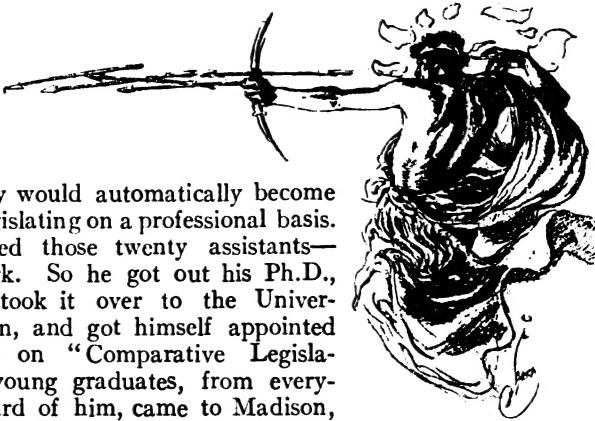
"When do you want it, Senator?"

"To-morrow."

"All right."

Later in the day McCarthy appears in his attic. Typewriters are clicking, experts are at

[Concluded on page 124]





# THE MILLSTONE

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by Charles Sarka  
Decorations by Wilson Karcher

BRADY laughed harshly, and others joined in the laughter. There were many who made it a point to laugh when Brady did.

"You got yer nerve," declared Brady, "comin' here fer money when you got it in the bank. We ain't got so much in the treasury that we're supportin' millionaires."

"The little money that I got in the bank," returned Collins, slowly, "is what I saved fer a rainy day."

"Well, it's rainin'," retorted Brady; at which witticism there was more laughter.

"I worked hard fer it," persisted Collins, "an' the wife an' me have gone without things we needed, so's we could get a bit ahead."

"Sure!" said Brady, cheerfully; "an' now's the time to spend it. 'Stead of askin' fer money, you oughter be contributin' to the strike benefit fund."

"I was n't savin' it fer the union," argued Collins. "I paid my dues reg'lar to the union, an' all assessments, an' I've been a good union man, but I was savin' this fer the fam'ly."

"Well, spend it fer the fam'ly," said Brady, shortly, but don't be takin' food out o' the mouths of them that needs it by tryin' to draw money from us while you got some."

"Men that had steady work an' bigger wages than me are gettin' money from the union," insisted Collins. "It ain't fair."

"Aw, go chase yerself!" exclaimed Brady, wearily. "They ain't got any money now, so we got to look out fer 'em."

This reasoning did not seem exactly right to Collins, but there was no use arguing the question further, so he went thoughtfully home. He was not a miserly or unsympathetic man, and he believed in the union, but he believed even more in his family. The union was not dependent upon him, and his family was. He had been saving money, at considerable sacrifice of pleasure and comfort, and the union was taking it away from him. The union had ordered the strike. Personally, he had not been in favor of it, but he had obeyed the order unquestioningly. Now, however, the union not only said he should not work, but, indirectly, assessed him in addition, by refusing the help given to others. He was not entirely alone in this position, and he knew that the few who had a little something saved up felt very much as he did about it, but they either kept their savings a secret and drew from the union, or were wise enough to make no application for strike benefits. At any rate, there was nothing for the man who was known to have anything.

"We ain't in on the strike benefits," Collins told his wife, when he reached home.

"What!" she cried.

"Brady says we're nervy to ask fer anything when we got money saved up. He calls it tryin' to take food out o' the mouths of them

that needs it. He says use up what we got first."

"It's stealin' from the fam'ly to use the savin's fer the union," she declared.

"It ain't fer the union," he asserted, but not with the earnestness of real conviction.

"Yes, it is," she insisted. "I'm willin' to be fair, but they got to be fair with us. You quit work fer the union, an' now they're makin' you hand over your strike benefit. That's takin' money right out of the bank, 'cause we got to live."

"Well, we got it," he argued, instinctively

things when the union takes the money an' gives it to those that never tried to get ahead? It's finin' you fer not spendin' your money—that's what it is! If we'd blown it in, like the others, we'd have had the fun an' been no worse off now, fer the union would be takin' care of us, 'stead of askin' us to take care of it."

"A man's got to stand by his union," he pleaded.

"A man's got to stand by his fam'ly," she corrected hotly. "Was you savin' fer the union?"

"No-o," he answered, "but I got the money."

"Has n't Brady got the money, too?"

"Yes, but he don't get any strike benefit, either."

"His sal'ry's goin' right on, ain't it?"

"Ye-es."

"He ain't givin' it up an' livin' on his savin's to help the union, is he?"

"No-o, but that's different. He's workin' fer the union harder than ever now."

"It ain't a bit different," asserted the wife. "Gettin' his sal'ry from the union, he ought to be willin' to do more fer it than you. He don't even cut his sal'ry in half, like the strike benefit cuts the wages. The most the union pays the men is half what they get when at work, but he draws it all. You go back an' tell him that you'll live on your savin's when he lives on his, an' not before."

"It would n't do no good," said Collins.

"All right," she returned, sharply and decisively; "but you just remember this: there's no more savin's fer us if what we got now goes fer the union. I'd sooner have the worth of the money myself, an' I'll have it from now on. 'Stead of savin', I'll spend right up to the limit of what you get. We lost some of our savin's once before on a fool strike, an' this is the last time. What's the use missin' the fun when it don't help any? Might as well give up tryin'."

## II.

Lawrence Brown and David Woolson were considering ways and means. Brown was the manager of the plant, and Woolson was the president of the company. The latter knew all about the business and little about the men personally, and the former was the executive officer in closest touch with the men and the work. Therefore, it devolved upon Brown to run the plant in this time of stress, even as he had run it under more favoring conditions.

"The new men are no good," he declared. "The average strike breaker never is any good as a workman. There are some who are seeking regular employment and are anxious to do the best they can, and there are some who are taking this risk because their families are in need, but the majority are seeking excitement and the big wages that go with it. They won't be with us five minutes after the excitement ends and wages get down to normal. They're



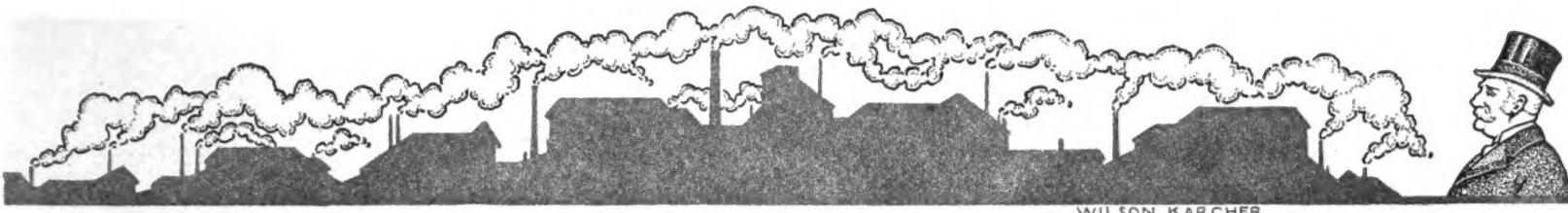
"I never throwed down the union yet!"

taking the union point of view, "an' there's others that ain't."

"Why ain't they?" she demanded, aggressively. "They spent it—that's why. They blew it in as fast as they got it; they got all the benefit of it, an' now they're bein' paid fer throwin' it away. We saved some of ours—it was mighty hard, too—an' now we got to pay extra fer bein' thrifty. It ain't fair, Dan, an' you know it."

"It's kinder hard on us," he admitted.

"What's the use of savin'?" she went on, angrily. "What's the use of goin' without



all right for a bluff, but we really can't run the plant with them."

"Do you mean to say that we are absolutely dependent on the union?" demanded Woolson.

"Not on the union," answered Brown, "but on the union men. Of course, in time, by weeding out the incompetents, we might get things running satisfactorily with nonunion labor, but we'll lose a big lot of money while doing it. Even then, our victory would probably be due largely to forcing an open shop and getting back a pretty good proportion of union men. We need those men—at least some of them. That's the plain fact of the case."

"But they'll never come back as union men!" declared Woolson, angrily. "We'll close down the plant before we'll surrender to the union. They had no reason to go out!"

"A good many of them did n't want to go out, but they were ordered out," said Brown.

"Slaves to a boss!" growled Woolson.

"Slaves to several bosses," explained Brown. "The exigencies of labor union politics made a strike at this time seem advisable to certain officers who were in danger of being turned down by the union at the next election. At least, that's what I make out of it. Our little dispute with the men about overtime was in a fair way to be amicably settled in another week, but the union—that is, the officers of the union—did n't want it settled. With a strike on, they are practically certain of re-election. Loyalty to the union will seem to demand that."

"Then we must bust the union!"

"Precisely—at least, so far as our plant is concerned."

"How?"

"Well, now, as to that," said Brown, with a confident smile, "the union has played into our hands, somewhat, by forcing an unjustifiable strike. The conservative men—and they're usually the best workmen—know it's unjustifiable, but they're loyal to the union. Just the same, they're not as loyal to the union as they would be in a better cause, and they know the weakness of its position. If anything is going to break, they want to save themselves. A very little defection will start them going, and my plan is to make that defection."

"Very good!" exclaimed Woolson.

"As the matter stands," continued Brown, "it will only take two or three men to start a stampede—that is, two or three of the right kind of men. I'm after Smathers and Downer and Klein and Collins and Foley. If I get three of them, I've got the battle won, for the other conservatives will pile after them, and then it'll be a foot-race for the plant. We'll have the union busted right there."

Woolson's face showed his approval of the

plan, but he did not minimize the difficulties of it. He might not often be brought into personal contact with the men, but experience had taught him something about unions and their hold on the men.

"Bust the union, Brown!" he said at last. "If you do—not merely end the strike, but bust the union—a thousand added to your salary would look rather small to the company. I never did take kindly to unions, and this looks like our chance to end their rule here. Bust it, if you can! That's the main thing to do now."

any question of the justice or injustice of this particular strike, an opportunity to smash the union was not to be overlooked.

Brown, on the other hand, was not so opposed to the union in principle, but he was disgusted with the action of the union in the present instance, and he was working primarily for Lawrence Brown. If Lawrence Brown's prospects would be improved by smashing the union, it was his business to smash it, regardless of all other considerations. Knowing how Woolson felt, he had already made his plans along that line, and the suggestion of a financial reward did not make him any the less earnest in his efforts.

The five that he had picked out were cautiously sounded by a trusted emissary, but the reports were not particularly encouraging.

"Not fer me!" Foley said. "I don't so much mind bein' kilt in some clean, quick way, but I don't want to be mussed up with bricks an' scattered all over the ward."

Others, lacking Foley's humor, treated the matter more seriously, but they were none the less determined to stick to the union. Yet, in some instances, there was a lack of enthusiasm that was noticeable and encouraging. They might be actuated by loyalty or by fear, but it was very certain that, at heart, they were lukewarm in this particular fight. Klein even went so far as to say that he would not be the first to break from the union, thereby intimating that he might not have the same objections to being second or third.

"If we can get one of the others," Kramer, the emissary, reported to Brown, "Klein will follow mighty quick. In fact, I think I've got 'em so anxious that they'll all jump in, for fear of being left. They're watching for the break I told them was coming."

"Who seems to be the weakest?" asked Brown.

"That's hard to say. Collins seems to be sore about something, but I could n't do anything with him."

"Collins!" repeated Brown, thoughtfully, "he built a little house of his own, so he's tied down—can't very well go roaming away to some other place. This is the only plant for Collins: he loses a whole lot if he fails to get back here, and he stands well with the other workmen. I want to see Collins."

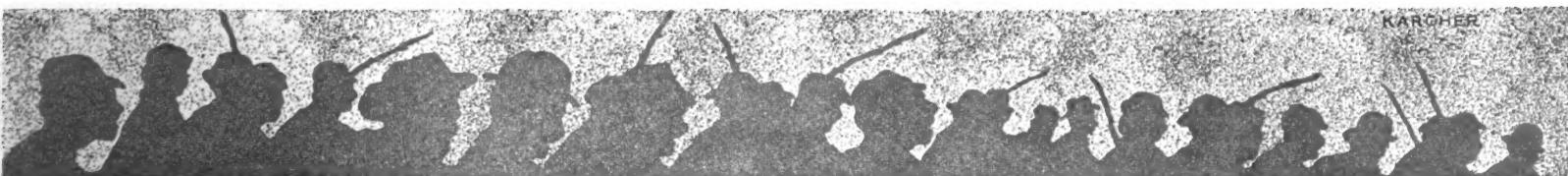
This was not so easily arranged. Collins refused to call at the plant to see Brown, fearing that it would look like treachery to the other strikers, and he also refused to make an appointment for a secret meeting elsewhere. So Brown went to see Collins. If truth were known, two able-bodied men were within call when he made this visit. He was not a coward, and he did not expect to need them, but there already had been some slugging, and the



"Aw, you got money on the brain."

"I'll bust it," said Brown, confidently.

Woolson was not a man who was in business "for his health," and he had a strong antipathy to the union idea. He had fought long against the unionization of the plant, but it had been accomplished in spite of him, and he had then accepted it as a temporarily necessary evil. He never had become reconciled to it, however, for he wanted to rule arbitrarily, and the union sometimes interfered. Consequently, aside from



discovery of his mission by others might lead to trouble.

Brown stated his case bluntly. The strike was unjustified, and the company was determined to beat it. The majority of the men never would be taken back, but room would be made for a few of the old hands who were not trouble breeders. Collins could come back now at double wages.

"No," said Collins.

"It will mean a life job for you," urged Brown.

"No," said Collins.

"You know very well," argued Brown, "that this strike is not justified, and you can't win it. Every point of the new wage scale had been amicably settled, with the exception of a little detail of overtime pay, and we were getting together on that. In another week it would have been settled without this loss to you and to us. No such unjust, inexcusable strike ever was won, and the company will shut down the plant before it will ever again recognize the union. Then where will you be? It won't be so hard for the shiftless fellows who have n't anything and can move along to the next town, but it's a mighty serious thing for the man who owns his own home. Do you owe anything on the house, Collins?"

"What's that to you?" retorted Collins, angrily.

Brown knew he had made his point, and that it was a strong one, so he dropped that phase of the subject.

"It's your only chance to get back," he said, "and the chance is only being given to a few of the best men."

"Has any accepted it?" asked Collins, anxiously.

Brown saw further hope in this, but he was cautious. It would never do to say anything that could be definitely disproved.

"Why," he said, "I don't consider such a matter settled until the man shows up for work, and it is n't a matter of which it would be safe to talk before that. I shall be surprised, however, if some of them do not show up for work Monday morning. They know that's the last chance, but they're certainly not going to tell anybody about it beforehand, any more than you would. And, if you decide to come, no one will know about it until you are safe inside the works. I'll look for you Monday."

"No," said Collins; "I'll stick to the union."

"What's the union ever done for you?" demanded Brown.

"A lot," answered Collins. "I been gettin' more pay than I would if it was n't fer the union, an' I'm safer in my job. It ain't so easy fer a boss to drop a man fer nothin', an' it ain't so easy to work him to death. We got better shop conditions than we used to have, too. The union's all right. Things would be mighty diff'rent without it."

"Whatever the union gets for you," asserted Brown, "it takes away with its fool strikes; so how are you the better off?"

"The union makes mistakes," said Collins, "jest like the bosses an' everybody else, but we got to stick to the union. It don't help any to smash it."

"All right, Collins," returned Brown, as he was leaving, "the job will be waiting for you Monday, but that will be the last call. If you don't take it then, you might as well sell your house and move: there'll be nothing for you here. Woolson is determined, and the directors are standing behind him unanimously. We've reached the limit in this union business."

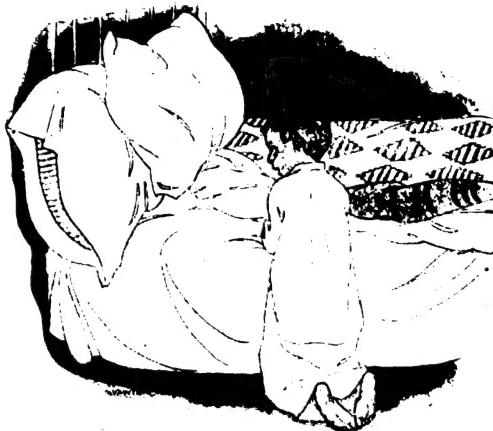
### III.

Monday passed, and there was no break from the union. But the seed sowed by Brown and Kramer was working: there was doubt and anxiety—a fear of a break that might leave many behind. The plant was running with strike breakers and nonunion labor. How

successfully it was running could not be told definitely. The company insisted that production had almost reached the ordinary standard of normal times, and the union asserted that the output was less than half what it should be. At any rate, every day was bringing it nearer to success as a nonunion plant. The expense might be heavy, but, if the company chose to stand the loss, it could, in time, get and train the necessary men. Then there would be nothing for the former employees. They all knew this, and some of them were very restive. The financial condition of the union was not of the best, either, which partly accounted for the economies practiced in the matter of strike benefits.

Collins had only a general idea of the situation, and it did not seem to him to excuse favoritism. He ought to share with the others in the benefits, as he had shared in the expenses. He was not a miser: he would do as much as another for a friend or a neighbor in trouble, but he had his own troubles now, and he was entitled to fair treatment. The union was a business proposition and, as a business proposition, it had no right to discriminate against him for his thrift.

"What you goin' to do about the house,



## WITH THE DARK

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

Illustrations by Will Vawter

Sometimes, when I my prayer have said,  
The Dark is with me, by my bed,  
Out in the sitting-room 't is bright  
I know, with Mamma and the light.  
And then I think how nice 't would be,  
If Mamma'd come and sit by me.  
She says I have no need to fear,  
For angels watch beside me here.  
Is it an angel, or the Dark,  
That moves so softly while I hark?  
Whichever 't is, I wish 't would fly  
Up, where my prayer went, to the sky.  
But when I dare to call, and say,  
"Do, Mamma, come here right away."  
And she comes in, and kisses me,  
And sets the lamp where I can see,  
The next thing that I know, 't is day,  
And all the Dark has flown away.



Dan?" his wife asked one morning. "Got the money fer the next payment?"

"Yes, I got 't," he answered shortly.

"Better turn it over to the union," she suggested bitterly. "Then we'll have the savin's cleaned out, an' we won't have to bother about 'em any more. No use tryin' to save; no use tryin' to do anything at all but spend the money you get after this."

To avoid any further discussion of an unpleasant subject, Collins left the house. The payment that she had mentioned was one that had been troubling him greatly. It was not a large payment, and he had the money for it in the savings bank, but he had no more than just enough. One more withdrawal would leave him short, and nothing was coming in. It certainly was time for him to share in the strike benefits.

He went to see Brady again.

"Aw, quit yer foolin'," said Brady, for he and his brother officers were even then figuring on appealing for help to certain other unions, and they were not looking for a chance to increase expenses. "You got lots of money."

"No, I have n't," returned Collins, insistently. "I been spendin' my own money 'til there ain't a cent left but the next payment on the house."

"You own a house!" cried Brady.

"Well, I'm most own it," said Collins. "Ther's only a little more to be paid on it."

"Mortgage it," said Brady. "If the buildin' mortgage is most paid, you can raise more on it now."

"The wife won't stand fer it," urged Collins.

"Won't stand fer it!" exclaimed Brady, with his disagreeable laugh. "Say! who's boss—you or yer wife? I guess she won't let the kids go hungry for no house. It's up to you to live on what you got, Collins, without bleedin' the union."

"Do you?" asked Collins.

"Don't you git gay!" cried Brady, angrily. "I'm workin' double-time fer my money, an' fightin' your battles fer you! An', say!" threateningly, "don't you throw down the union, or you'll wish you never was born! I heard they was tryin' to get some men back by makin' big promises. P'raps they've been after you. Well, you keep it in yer nut that the man that breaks away wants to order his coffin first, fer we mean business in this fight!"

"I never throwed down the union yet," retorted Collins, defensively, "but it looks like the union was throwin' me down."

"Aw, you got money on the brain," said Brady. "It's mighty funny the way savin's spoils some good men: they lose their nerve worryin' about their money when the union's in trouble, an' the next thing they know the money has to go fer their funeral expenses."

Brady turned to an anxious comrade, when Collins had departed.

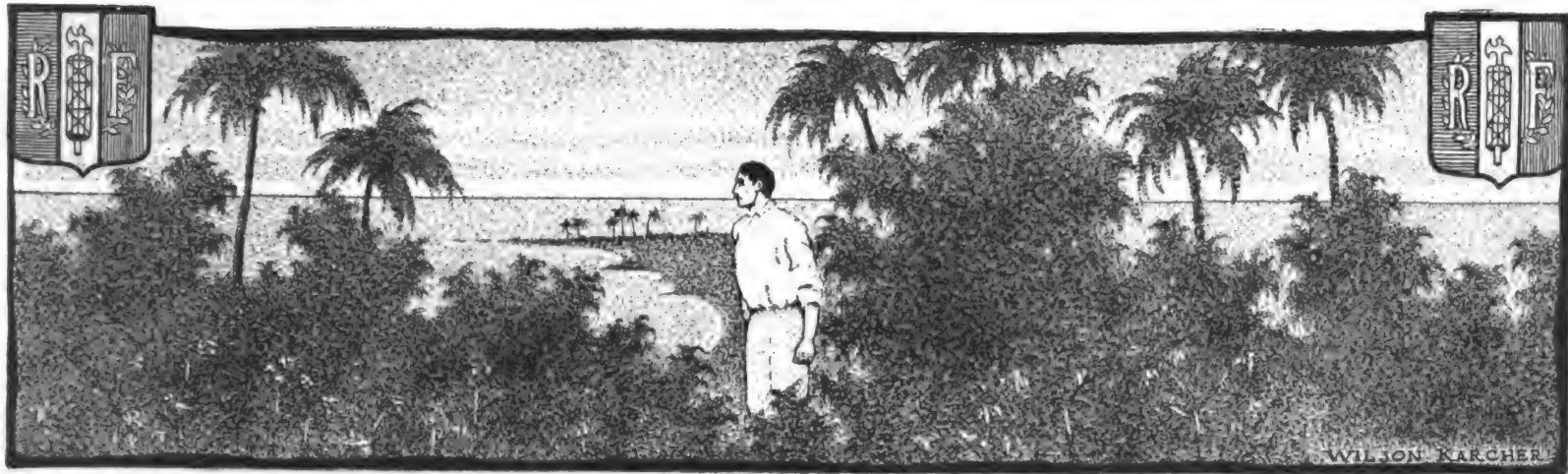
"He's all right," he said reassuringly. "He ain't so active with us as he used to be when he was younger, but he'll stick. I threw a good scare into him, jest to make sure. He's got to be one of the quiet kind, that shies away from trouble an' don't mix up much in the live business, but he goes with us every time, an' stays with us. He's slow; that's all."

In his slow way, Collins was then doing some hard thinking.

"It ain't fair," he finally admitted to his wife. "A man that tries to look out fer his fam'ly don't have a show. If I stick to the union, I'm goin' to be set back to nothin' at all—not even a job, most likely; an' if I stick to the comp'ny, there's no tellin' when the union'll do me up. It's mostly a chance to lose, an' I don't see Brady givin' up anything. It's his strike, too—that is, mostly his."

"Well," said his wife, decidedly, "we ain't goin' to give up the house fer the union. We worked too hard fer it."

[Concluded on pages 121 to 123]



# The Dreyfus Affair

## By Vance Thompson

Panizzardi,  
Italian attache

### The Martyr's Exile

THE black prison van that carried Dreyfus-hand-

cuffed and in the rags of his dis-honored uniform—from the scene of his degradation to Police Head-quarters, crossed the Alma Bridge; for an instant he saw the windows of his apartment in the Avenue du Trocadero, where, only a few weeks before, he had dwelt, confident and happy, with wife and children about him. And this moment held more agony than any other moment of that tragic day of final ruin and dishonor.

When the police had searched him, photographed him, measured him, they sent him on to the prison of the Santé, whose gloomy façade stretches along the Boulevard Arago, out near the square that was known till recently as the Place of Hell. There is a fatality in names. It was midday before all these formalities were comple ed and he was locked in his cell. He wrote then to his wife: "Alas, why can not the heart be laid bare with a scalpel, that men may read there! All the honest folk who saw me pass would have read in my heart, graved in letters of gold: 'This is a man of honor!'

### Duty Forebade Death

"But how well I understand them! In their place, I should not have been able to contain my contempt at sight of an officer said to be a traitor. But, alas, the tragedy of it is that this traitor was not I." At seven o'clock he wrote to her again: "I have had a terrible crisis—tears, broken with sobs, my body shaken with fever. It is the reaction from the horrible tortures of the day; but, alas, instead of being able to sob in your arms, to lean on you, I weep alone in my prison."

To his lawyer he wrote a letter, noble in its simplicity, which, better than anything else, shows the courage that animated him in this somber day:

*This is the second installment of the most authentic history of the greatest human drama of the age. In it we follow Captain Dreyfus on his journey to Devil's Island and through his imprisonment of five years. Silence falls on him—silence, too, in France—only the pitiful letters crying "I am innocent;" but they are unheeded, and flutter like bats in the night and with as much purpose.*

*Then, at last, comes the dramatic discovery of the forgery, the veiled woman—and Esterhazy. A man's tragic death hastens the final end*

Schwarzkoppea,  
German attacheFreydetter,  
The misguided JudgeMercier,  
Minister of WarMaurel,  
Convicting JudgeHenry,  
The suicideBoisdefre,  
Chief accuser

"I have kept my promise to you. Innocent, I have faced the most terrible martyrdom that can be inflicted on a soldier; I have felt all around me the scorn of the crowd; I have suffered the most frightful torture that can be imagined. How much happier had I been in the grave! That had been the end, I should have heard no more the voices of men—eternal peace. But duty did not permit me to die."

Already he foresaw that, some day, the light would enter that black star-chamber, where his honor had been slain. He was ready to suffer and wait. Daily his wife wrote him letters of sympathy and encouragement. Three times she was permitted to visit him—to speak with him, but not to touch his hand.

The seventeenth of January had been set for her fourth visit; but that day, exhausted and broken, she lay ill in her bed. All day, Dreyfus hoped for her coming; at the regular prison hour he lay down on his cot and slept a little. Toward eleven o'clock his guards entered brusquely and woke him; they dragged him to his feet, half dressed, and slipped the handcuffs on him. In another moment he had been hurried into a prison van. At the Gare d'Orléans he was placed in one of the special wagons, arranged for the transport of criminals.

### Exiled from France

The cell into which he was thrust was just large enough to accommodate a man in a sitting posture. Irons were fastened on his legs and arms and he was left alone. Hour after hour the train crawled through the wintry night; the prisoner trembled with the cold, and his limbs, fast in the irons, swelled and ached. Whither he was being taken he knew not at all. At day-break he was given a cup of coffee; then, until noon, the train sped on.

The town at which the train stopped was La Rochelle. In some mysterious way, word had got abroad that the "traitor" had arrived. Round



Major Alfred Dreyfus and his wife, and their daughter, Jeanne, and son, Pierre



the station was massed a crowd, thousands deep. It was a Latin crowd, drunk with patriotism, savage with hatred for the man who had sold his country. The prison guards dared not affront it. Until night fell they kept the man in his cramped cell, ironed hand and foot. Then, in the dark, they led him out and through the crowd. One great cry of "Death! Death!" greeted him; from all sides blows of fist and cane rained on him; stones flew; one man thrust a lighted candle in his face and said: "I want to see how a traitor looks!" At last, bruised, half dead, he was got down to the port of La Palice and embarked for the Ile de Ré. That was a bitter ride on a rough sea. It lasted an hour, and when he landed his hands were partly frozen; then, through the snow, he was forced on, a mile or more to the prison.

#### Oblivion and Obloquy

What they locked into a cell that night was a half-dead man—a mere rag of humanity. Weeks passed; and then, the thirteenth of February, he was allowed to see his wife; she came again on the twentieth and spoke to him through the bars; the next day he was embarked on the steamer "St. Nazaire," bound he knew not whither.

But Madame Dreyfus knew.

She read in the newspapers this official announcement: "Ex-Captain Dreyfus has been sent to Devil's Island, one of the Iles du Salut. This island is a sterile rock, covered with furze; heretofore the lepers of the penal colony have been housed there."

Will you follow this man in his lamentable journey to that leprous rock?

He was placed in an open cell upon the deck—a sort of cage; and it was cold, foul weather; the prison fare was given to him in old tin cans; by day, a guard with a loaded revolver in his hand, sat in front of the cage; at night, two guards; they were forbidden to speak to him. As they neared the equator, the weather changed; a torrid heat poured down into his open cell; to quench his fever he had twice a day a little water, brackish and warm, in a battered tin. The fifteenth of March, he was taken ashore at Royal Island and placed in solitary confinement for one month. (I am stating the facts very plainly; you may read into them a little of the tragic horror of loneliness, despair, physical anguish.)

Finally, Devil's Island was ready for him. In a rough way, its taint of leprosy had been destroyed by burning the furze. There was a stone hut, about twelve feet square, with barred windows, and a door of wood and iron bars through which his guards could peer at him. And day and night the guards were at the door. Every two hours the watch was changed—with clang of arms and noisy cries—so that sleep was barely possible in that stone room, which was always brightly lighted by the sun or a great lamp with reflectors. By day he was permitted to walk in a little space about two hundred yards long—it ran through the hollow, where the lepers had camped—a guard at his side, armed with rifle and revolver. It was there, too, his food was given to him—prison rations of uncooked meat or vegetables. He gathered twigs and built a little fire and cooked his food in old tin cans—under the eyes of armed men.

In the diary he kept in those days, in the letters he wrote to his wife, there is a sad, patient record of his daily life of isolation and agony; I need not make that long, slow martyrdom live again in words; what is most noteworthy is this man's state of mind. His physical sufferings were very great, and at times there came from him a great cry, bitter and strong. But his sharpest pang came from

his dishonor—for he prized his soldier's honor dearer than life. It was only to redeem his name, to prove to the world his innocence, that he held to life at all. You can not probe the depths of this man's martyrdom, unless you realize how proud and strong was the soldier's heart within him. The man who was hissed and scorned by the French Republic, wrote these words to his wife from that stone hut of infamy:

"I can not understand it, my darling one! To have worked all my life with one sole purpose, with the sole aim of revenge on the infamous spoiler who has robbed us of our dear Alsace, and then to see myself accused of treason in favor of that very country—my mind can not realize it.

"Do you remember, dear, how I often told you that, ten years ago, one September at Mulhouse, I heard a German band go by my windows, celebrating the defeat of Sedan? My grief was so great I wept with rage, and I swore to consecrate all my powers, all my intelligence, to serve my country against that tyrant which could thus insult the sorrow of Alsatiens.

"Oh, dear France, that I love with all my soul, with all my heart, how could you accuse me of so frightful a crime? Never has man supported the martyrdom I am enduring. No physical suffering is comparable to the moral anguish I feel when I think of the accusation linked with my name—treason."

Alfred Dreyfus was chained on his Devil's Rock; silence fell upon him; the world forgot him; and for four years and nine months he lay there—a thing that lived and suffered in a dark night of obloquy.

#### The Fight for Justice Begins

The only immortal thing known to mortal men is truth. Now in time and place the truth was to come to light. Long before it was known in France that Dreyfus was innocent—when only there was a pale possibility that injustice had been done—men started up in all ranks of society to demand a fair trial and a new trial; but the preliminary fight was long, and apparently hopeless. There were only two people in all the world who knew he was innocent—his wife and his brother Mathieu. And they could say only: "He is innocent, because we know him and love him." And these two began the pathetic struggle to make the truth known. Each of them bore the name most hated in France. To whom could they turn? They sought help where they could find it.

The first man whom they convinced of the innocence of Captain Dreyfus was Bernard Lazare, a needy pamphleteer; and then Joseph Reinach. The choice of this latter champion, more than anything else, was the cause of the sullen bitterness with which the revision was fought. Joseph Reinach had been driven from public life by the Panama scandal. Personally, he had taken no part in that financial crime, but the head of it all was his uncle and father-in-law, the Baron Jacob von Reinach of Hamburg, who killed himself a few hours before he could be arrested. Tens of thousands of French homes had been ruined by the robber baron; the name of Reinach did not smell sweet. It was with such assistants that Madame Dreyfus and Mathieu began their long battle. The only fact in their possession was this: the chief evidence against Dreyfus was a document that the spies of the War Office had filched from the German Embassy. This document (the famous *bordereau*) was a letter from a French traitor to his employer, Schwarzkoppen, the German military *attaché*. How had it been procured? The charwoman of the Embassy was in French pay, and she had filched it from Schwarzkoppen's wastebasket. Mathieu

Dreyfus thought there might be other documents at the Embassy which would make for the innocence of his brother. He engaged English detectives and a French detective named Dubois. These men succeeded in getting into the German Embassy. One of the curious things they discovered was a phonographic arrangement, whereby the French spies could overhear the conversations of Schwarzkoppen, head of the German military spy system in France. Of more importance was their discovery that the War Office had seized a letter written by Schwarzkoppen to the Italian military *attaché*, Panizzardi, in which there was talk of the traitor. But these costly investigations led to nothing definite; and Reinach, a skillful politician, realized that a new trial depended upon the sudden awakening of public opinion. First of all, it was necessary to find a man of known honesty and high repute who should identify himself with the cause. Henri Rochefort refused; Jaurès refused; Yves Guyot refused; finally, the old Alsatian senator, Scheurer-Kestner, was won over, and a plan was laid to bring the half-forgotten case before the public.

Bernard Lazare had written a strong and angry pamphlet; before launching it, Reinach thought something should be done to call attention to Dreyfus, so the publication might not fall dead in unconcern. With Mathieu Dreyfus he concocted a foolish plan—for folly marked all the case. He bribed an English journalist ("for a huge sum," says Reinach) to print in the London "Chronicle" the news that Dreyfus had escaped from Devil's Island. The article appeared September 3, 1896. It recounted that an American schooner, chartered by Madame Dreyfus, had touched at the island, taken aboard Dreyfus and his guards and carried them off to safety. Of course, the next day, an official denial was telegraphed from French Guiana, and the expected excitement did not arise. This plot (imbecile in conception) had one grim consequence: the guards around Dreyfus were doubled, and every night he was chained to a plank bed with irons on his legs.

#### The First Doubt Arises

He had been a model prisoner; his jailers had been kind to him—permitting him many little liberties; now they were obliged to obey orders, and for forty-four nights they were forced to put him to the torture of those heavy irons, until his body was a living sore and his ankles were bloody and gangrened. In pity, his jailers wrapped his legs in rags before they put on the irons. And Dreyfus, thinking orders had been sent to do him to death, repeated doggedly, as though the words were a charm:

"I shall live, I shall live!" and his fine will to live carried him through those bad nights. Such was the only result of the false news Reinach hoped so much from and paid for with a huge sum.

In the meantime Bernard Lazare's pamphlet had appeared; it was by way of answer that the newspapers published a *jac-simile* of the *bordereau*. At last men could see the famous documentary evidence on which a man had been cast away. As well, the lines written by Dreyfus at the dictation of Du Paty de Clam, the dramatic morning of his arrest, were published. The similarity of handwriting at first glance was great; a closer examination, however, showed disquieting divergencies. This was indeed dubious evidence; and doubt was born.

What if this man were innocent?



Dreyfus, in the uniform of a Captain of the French Army, as he appeared just before his degradation

Men began to suspect an error. The enemies of the Third Republic began to suspect a crime. Evidently, this tragic case could be left no longer in the dark. Abroad the strange and horrible possibility that an innocent man had been condemned by a military Inquisition touched the heart of humanity. The old Queen of England wrote to her grandson, the German Kaiser, asking him to tell her if Dreyfus were guilty or not. In Norway, the old humanitarian, Björnson, lifted his voice. There was not a white country in the world where men did not rise up to protest against this feudal trial. And in France, the agitation spread like fire in the dry grass of autumn. It became democracy's battle against that old child of the Inquisition—the secret court-martial, the military "Council of Ten;" it was as though democracy marched out against a new Bastille. The politicians took sides. Jaurès at last declared himself for the "traitor," and the socialists followed him. Sébastien Faure brought to the army of revision his mystic cohort of anarchists. Clémenceau took his place in the ranks. Dreyfus had become a cause, a flag, even a revolution (so democracy hoped) which should destroy the feudal military world of France. And this should be borne in mind—it explains the bitterness of the fight.

On one side were democracy and its broad ideals; on the other was the aristocracy of place and power—the sullen, conservative forces dragging France back to its medieval place in the world. There are only two races of men—those who look back and those who look forward; and the cause of Dreyfus became the battle flag of all those who looked forward to a better republic, to purer laws, to finer justice; to a nobler and universal humanity. The Dreyfus case had gone beyond Dreyfus—beyond the guilt or innocence of the "traitor"—beyond the hate of the Jew; it had become humanity's war against all the bad traditions, against racial prejudices, against military caste, against narrow patriotism, against the feudal spirit. And therefore it was that men of good will, world over, fought for Dreyfus—subscribed millions to the cause—were fired with an enthusiasm such as the latter ages have not known.

Now that this important truth is clear, let us review, as succinctly as may be, the tangled and mysterious drama.

#### Who Was the Traitor?

Attention thus called to the star-chamber trial, facts began to come out. The chief of the service of espionage at the Ministry of War was Lieutenant Colonel Picquart; him you saw receiving Dreyfus that fatal morning of his arrest. He began an investigation, and the conviction was forced in upon him that Dreyfus had been unjustly condemned. He believed, even, that he had found the author of the *bordereau*—the veritable traitor. The man he suspected was Esterhazy. In all the confused Dreyfus case, there is no figure so striking as that of Walsin-Esterhazy, swashbuckler, adventurer, rogue, poet, bully, and devil-may-care. Born in France, he was vaguely connected with the great Austrian house of Esterhazy; one of his kin procured his admission to the military school of Vienna.

Later he fought in the Papal troops, in the French Foreign Legion; he won a captaincy by his stanch soldiership in the war of 1870. He was next heard of in the African Zouaves. When he appeared in Paris, he was lean from his cam-

paigns and touched with consumption; but there was a strange kind of fiery energy in him; he had the haggard, fierce look of a bird of prey. During the anti-Semitic troubles in Paris, he had taken the side of the Jews, and had seconded one of them in a duel with the Marquis de Morés; and promptly "borrowed" money to repay himself for the service.

A greedy spendthrift, a needy adventurer, a rogue in whom there was a touch of the fantastic—this was Esterhazy. That he had at times been engaged in watching the German spies, who swarm in France, was well known; had he in the end sold himself to Germany? Picquart was convinced of it; and he saw Esterhazy's hand in the *bordereau*, which recapitulated the traitor's treasons. He informed his chiefs. Their answer was to order him to Africa. Before leaving the War Office, Picquart got together all the evidence that went to prove the innocence of Dreyfus. These papers and his will he deposited with a lawyer, Leblois. Those were days in France when no one knew what might happen. He had not been long in Tunis, when he divined that some dark machination was at work against him. He received compromising letters, signed with unknown names. "Speranza" wrote: "Your sudden departure has thrown us all in disarray; the work is compromised. Speak, and the demigod will act at once." "Blanche" sent mysterious telegrams. He was certain all these communications were opened in the *cabinet noir* and read by his chiefs. He felt the coils of a dangerous and hidden conspiracy tightening about him. But he had ammunition—he ordered his lawyer to fire the mine.

#### The Conspirators Triumph Again

At once Mathieu Dreyfus denounced Esterhazy as the real traitor. This grim old adventurer himself demanded a court-martial, and the date was set for his trial. The friends of Dreyfus had one glorious moment of hope. Surely, now, the truth must come to light! Picquart was to give the evidence of the secret papers he had gleaned in the War Office; surely this must mean a new trial for Dreyfus; but the old chiefs of the War Office watched. Esterhazy had been charged with writing the *bordereau*. Upon that count he was tried. The issue was lost in the confused pedantry of the handwriting experts. They concluded that, while the writing resembled his in some particulars, it was merely an attempt to imitate his hand. Esterhazy was acquitted. The name of Dreyfus was not mentioned. In acquitting Esterhazy, the judges feigned to ignore that another man had been condemned for that crime.

Paris cheered the verdict, with cries of "Vive la France!" and "Down with the Syndicate!"—the Syndicate being men of good will, world over, who were banded together to secure justice for the Jew. And when Esterhazy, hawk-faced, lean with consumption, came from the *Cherche-Midi* leering with triumph, fifteen thousand people acclaimed him.

"Hats off before the martyr of the Jews!" cried one; and all uncovered as the lank adventurer passed. By a side door Mathieu Dreyfus and Picquart slunk away into the night, owing their safety to the

obscurity. For a while their efforts cease. And so, once more, the crime was buried. The great chiefs of the War Office breathed again; Du Paty de Clam and Henry smiled at each other with obscure complicity; and half the

world away lay a man, scarred and gangrened with irons, who repeated with indomitable will: "I shall live, until the day of justice shines for me."

Far enough away that daybreak seemed. It was a dark hour for the friends of Dreyfus. At this psychological moment Zola's letter, "J'accuse," appeared—that masterly arraignment of the criminals and the crime. Oddly enough, this letter, which had been prepared by Clémenceau and Reinach, was signed by Zola in default of a better name. Up to that time, he had been known only as the author of fiction in which the ignoble elbowed the obscene; his entrance into the little army of the defenders of Dreyfus lifted him to moral and even intellectual heights he had never dreamed of. And his proclamation was really the war cry of the Dreyfusards.

#### The Condemnation of Zola

"I accuse Lieutenant Colonel du Paty de Clam of being the devilish deviser of the judicial error (unconsciously, I wish to believe) and of having, for the last three years, defended his nefast work by machinations more absurd and more culpable."

"I accuse General Mercier of having made himself an accomplice, at least by weakness of mind, of the greatest iniquity of the century."

"I accuse General Billot of having had between his hands the certain proof of the innocence of Dreyfus, and of having suppressed them, of having rendered himself guilty of the crime of *l'ise-humanité* and *l'ise-justice* for political purposes, and to save the compromised General Staff."

"I accuse General de Boisdefire and General Gonse of being accomplices of the crime."

"I accuse General de Pellicieux and Commandant Ravarry of having conducted the most scoundrelly trial—I mean by that its monstrous partiality. [This was the Esterhazy acquittal.]

"I accuse, finally, the Dreyfus council of war of having violated the Right in condemning a man on a document kept secret."

This fierce denunciation threw fear into the military camp, and the defenders of Dreyfus took new heart. Zola had been called into the Court of Assizes, and they determined to make his trial an occasion for revision, by showing that he had justly accused Esterhazy and that Dreyfus was innocent. To this effect they summoned the military attachés who had superintended the espionage of the various great powers in France to bear witness that Esterhazy, and not Dreyfus, had been the traitor: Panizzardi, the Italian, and Schwarzkoppen, the Prussian, were the most notable; but they failed to appear. The chief witness was Picquart. He told again of the documents he had discovered in the War Office, in spite of his chiefs; he averred again there was not a shred of valid evidence against Dreyfus. On the other side were the old generals, Mercier, Gonse, who swore Dreyfus had been justly condemned; Du Paty de Clam and Henry, who buttressed their depositions. Henry even asserted there was "ultra-secret" evidence which even Picquart had not been able to see; that was quite true—he had forged it. The expected happened; Zola was condemned, and that night he fled, under the false name of Pascal, to London, to escape imprisonment. The "Army" had triumphed. Had you heard the howls of joy that greeted the verdict from the thousands massed around the Palace of Justice, you had known, as never before, the sinister soul of a Latin mob; and long had those cries, "A bas Zola! Mort aux Juifs!" haunted your sleep. Seemingly, all hope was dead. The Dreyfus case was buried forever.

Strange, indeed, was its resurrection; the finding of a dead man, hanged in a dingy room in the Rue de Sevres, called it to life.

Death was a busy collaborator of the Dreyfus affair; this one was as mysterious as any. A man who went by the name of Lemercier-



Dreyfus just after his degradation, when deprived of his buttons, epaulets, and other military insignia

# Hon. Jethro's Speech

## By WILBUR NESBIT

Illustrated by EDWARD POUCHER



THE HONORABLE JETHRO SPRIGGS alighted from the accommodation train and looked about him with some surprise. No reception committee was at the station to greet him; no band roared welcome in the familiar strains of "Hail to the Chief." No willing hands reached forth to carry his bag.

He glanced about him. Over yonder he saw the piles of building material, the derricks and other machinery, indicating that the large structure, whose corner stone he was to assist in laying, was at least past the foundation period. He had not made a mistake in the date, at any rate.

The Honorable Jethro Spriggs pushed back his silk hat and mopped his brow, while the train pulled away.

"Could you direct me to a good hotel?" he asked a lounging on the station platform.

"The Palace is right up the street. You can take the bus here," answered the lounging.

"Thank you. I presume that yonder is the hall of justice we are to dedicate to-day," the Honorable Jethro observed.

"Yes, sir. It's a hall of justice, all right."

"There seems to have been some hitch in the arrangements. I am Jethro Spriggs, member of Congress, and I was requested to come here to-day and speak at the corner stone laying."

"Was they going to lay the corner stone? I had n't heard of it. Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Spriggs?" The lounging was well acquainted with the name and fame of the Honorable Jethro Spriggs, the celebrated congressman from the next State, whose speech on the Panama Canal and whose fight on the Appropriation Bill had spread his renown throughout the country.

"Thank you. If you would be so good as to notify the officials that I am at the Palace Hotel, I shall be infinitely obliged," said the Honorable Jethro, with that rare smile of his, which never failed to win votes.

The honorable gentlemen climbed into the bus, and the lounging, suddenly imbued with life, leaped to the seat beside the driver and imparted to that person the full knowledge of the honor that was being conferred upon the green and yellow bus. At the hotel the driver carried in the bags of the Honorable Jethro with a flourish, and stood with him while he registered, as though calling the clerk to witness that he was part and parcel in the distinction resting upon the Palace Hotel from that day henceforth.

Before noon there was scurrying to and fro of city officials; there was hasty arranging of a programme; there was selection of a committee to wait upon the

Honorable Jethro Spriggs, and convey to him the assurances of their regret that he had not been received with proper honor and ceremony, and the expression of their high appreciation of the favor he was bestowing upon their city. Also, he was further assured that at two p.m. an open landau, preceded by a band and followed by prominent citizens in carriages, with grand marshals becomingly draped with red sashes, would call for him at his hotel.

"But we'll have to get a corner stone," said the mayor.

"That's easy," replied the contractor. "The trick is to have a box of records and mementos to deposit in the corner stone."

"I'll attend to that," offered the editor of the leading paper, who had been summoned to the hurried consultation.

"It's an act of providence, all right," said the mayor, with a sigh of relief. "I never thought of having a corner stone celebration. But it's just the thing. Somebody must have written to Spriggs and suggested the thing, and then forgotten all about it. We'll drum up a crowd and show him that his labor is n't in vain."

And they drummed up a crowd. The telephone was used, and long before two o'clock the folk from the country and from the small towns near at hand came in buggies and wagons and interurban trolley cars.

The parade, of course, did not get started from the hotel until two-thirty. This was to be expected. The mayor and the county judge had hurried to pay their call of respect upon the Honorable Jethro Spriggs, and a select company of politicians had been called in also, and the party had lunched together.

It was an imposing sight as the procession wound through the streets, the band "oom-pah"-ing for all it was worth, and the Honorable Jethro Spriggs's silk hat rising and falling rhythmically as he responded to the shouts of the populace upon the sidewalks.

Arriving at the place of the corner stone, there was found a hastily constructed speaker's stand, draped with bunting. On the stand were awaiting some forty honorary vice presidents for the day. To the right of the stand stood a huge derrick, from which depended a wire cable gripping a great corner stone, atop of which rested a tin box, in which was a collection of papers, coins, and the other what-not that is buried in corner stones.

"She's all right, Bill," whispered the mayor to the editor.

"You bet your life, Jim. Leave it to us, and we can lay a corner stone here every day."

The county judge, after the crowd had settled itself for the exercises, arose and went to the front of the platform. He said:

"Fellow citizens! We are gathered together to-day for an occasion which shall be historical in the annals of our city and country. Not so much that it is for the purpose of laying

the corner stone of this structure, which shall stand as a guardian over the lives and property of our citizens, as for the fact that we have with us the man whose intellect and genius have made possible the great waterway between the oceans, and whose foresight and acumen have retained in the treasury of our nation many millions that otherwise would have been dissipated in useless expenditure. I need not speak further of him, for one and all of you know that it is our honor and privilege this afternoon to listen to the Honorable Jethro Spriggs."

This was the signal for prolonged cheering, during which the Honorable Jethro stepped sedately to the front, rested his hand on the railing of the platform and looked out calmly over the multitude. Repeatedly he bowed, deprecatingly, smilingly, hesitatingly, shyly, proudly, thankfully, and at last he raised his hand for silence.

"My friends," he began, "to have come to your city is in itself an experience a man can never forget." (Frantic outburst of applause.) "To have come to it upon special invitation, is an honor one must ever cherish in memory." (Long continued cheers.) "To have come here to have some small part in the building of this great structure, that shall endure as long as time endures, is a distinction greater than the laurel wreath of the ancients or the medal of the moderns." (More applause.) "When I looked about me on the drive to this spot from the hotel, I could not help but think that it is a citizenship such as this, it is a sturdy, staunch, patriotic population such as this that seeks to crystallize its respect for the law and its reverence for the customs of our country in a structure such as this is destined to be."

With this as a starter, the Honorable Jethro swung into a twenty minute sketch of the foundation of the republic; he took his hearers shivering on bloody feet through Valley Forge; he led them aboard the "Bonhomme Richard" and fought side by side with John Paul Jones; he had them walk hand in hand with Franklin; he hustled them down the road in pursuit of Burgoyne; and he led them proudly and triumphantly in the streets of Yorktown, where they each and all received the surrendered sword of Cornwallis. He helped them repulse Santa Anna in the Mexican War; with them he stormed Chapultepec. He sat with them in the council hall with Lincoln, in the dark days before the Civil War; they heard with him the long roll of the rallying drum and the shrill call of the rousing bugle, when war flung her somber banner across the skies, and the white robe of freedom was smirched by the clutching hands of treason. They fought, bled, and died from Bull Run to Appomattox, and they marched triumphantly up Pennsylvania Avenue at the end of the war. Gracefully and smoothly he carried them along to the present day—touching lightly upon his services in Congress—and then returned them safe and sound to their homes, with an oratorical period that shook them as the winter wind shakes the forest. And he continued:

"So I say, my fellow citizens, that when I see a city and county such as this honoring itself by the construction of a building such as this is destined to be, the flower of liberty has not withered, the song of liberty does not fall upon deaf ears, the voice of liberty is not stilled, nor has the hand of liberty lost its strength. All honor to you, who have gazed adown the future far as human eye can see, and have wrought thus. As I look across this vast space, whereon is to rise this comely building, I see, as one in a dream, the throngs that shall make pilgrimages to it." (A shout of "That's right!") "I see men whom to-day, even, you delight to honor, I see these men approached as was Cincinnati at the plow, and compelled—a yea, compelled!—to heed the call of their brethren, and come here and render service to the public." (Murmuring applause, punctuated by a shrill cry of "Hit 'em again!") "I believe, as I be-

lieve in the perpetuity of our institutions and in the faith that has made us a mighty nation among mighty nations, there are men present at this moment, who will find that full recognition of their administration of your affairs by being asked to serve you in this building, not for a year, or four years—but for life!" (More applause, some laughter, and a shout of "Hit 'em hard, cap!") "So, my fellow citizens, with all my heart I compliment you and congratulate you upon your public-spiritedness, upon your progressiveness, upon your enlightened forethought, in undertaking the construction of this edifice. May it endure through the ages! May it ever be a continuing bulwark to you! May you, in years to come, look up to it and say in your hearts: 'With such a home for our officials, our public affairs can not fail to be administered properly!' (Tremendous cheers.) And now the hour draws late, and much as I am enjoying my stay in your city, I find I must



take a train to my home. Yet, in going, I carry with me memories that shall never fade, and I want to thank you again for the honor you have conferred upon me, and to assure you that, if my lines were not cast in other places, it would be my chiefest pleasure to come here and be one of you, and to look forward hopefully to the day when I should have served you in such a way that you would deem me worthy of a place in this magnificent new temple of justice you are erecting."

There was a strange, subdued expression on the faces of the committee, as they left the platform with the Honorable Jethro. They were very quiet on the drive to the station, and grew quieter as the crowds on the streets called: "You gave it to them all right, Mr.

Congressman!" The Honorable Jethro, however, continued gracefully to lift his hat and bow.

At the station, there was what is called "desultory" chat, until the Honorable Jethro asked:

"What is the population of Morgan City?"

"Morgan City? I guess it must have fifteen thousand people."

"Why, this looks to me to be a larger place."

"It is. We've got at least twenty-five thousand."

"You've got twenty-five thousand? But you said Morgan City—"

"We don't go by Morgan City's population," the mayor smiled; "we have our own. Jonesland has always led Morgan City."

"Jonesland! Why—why—I thought—Is n't this Morgan City?"

The mayor drew his attention to the sign on the station.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Honorable Jethro Spriggs. "I was billed for Morgan City to-day. But anyhow," with a feeble smile, "we dedicated your courthouse all right."

"Courthouse!" chorused the committee. "Thunderation! That was our new jail!"

All the way home the Honorable Jethro Spriggs sat as a man in a trance, from time to time shaking his head slowly, and now and again muttering. "Good Lord!"

# Fools and Their Money

This month we present a partial list of 150 mining, oil, and other companies which advertised extensively during fourteen months of 1901-2, offering to pay investors from 150 to 3000 per cent. profit on their shares. Our complete investigation shows that only one of these companies lived to pay even a small dividend

I CONTINUE in this number the tale of the false prophets of the last company promotion boom, digging out the facts of the one hundred and fifty companies that appealed to the public through the Sunday edition of the New York "Herald" during fourteen months of 1901-2. Here are mines from Virginia to California, from British Columbia to Michoacán—properties that promised to earn fabulous dividends. And here, too, are industrial companies with varied schemes for fortune making, from plantations in foreign climes, wonderful inventions, catt'e ranches on the western ranges, automobiles, barrels, town lots, and what not. It is a tale of "investments safe as savings banks" that proved as speculative as Mexican lottery tickets, of "guaranteed dividends" paid from the sales of stock, of good properties looted by unscrupulous promoters, of fat commissions paid to "fiscal agents," of million-dollar bonanzas that could n't scrape up enough money to pay taxes, of thieving and swindling, of litigation and sheriffs' sales, and—but oh, so rarely!—of companies honestly promoted by honest men, and struggling to earn dividends for the stockholders.

What a different experience the many thousands of investors in all these promised bonanzas would have had, if they had put their money into the securities of going companies recognized by stock exchanges. Against these one hundred and fifty companies that spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in Sunday newspaper advertising, it would be a simple matter to name one hundred and fifty standard railway and industrial stocks the purchase of which, at seasonable opportunities, would have netted the investors rich returns—stocks like Union Pacific, that has increased its dividends, since then, from four to ten per cent.; Southern Pacific, that has doubled in price, and has entered the dividend list with an initial rate of five per cent.; Mr. Hill's Great Northern, that has increased enormously in price, and has made rich returns to its holders; Amalgamated Copper, the target of Mr. Lawson's Don Quixotic warfare, that has tripled in price and quadrupled in dividend returns since the "frenzifier" first lampooned it; Reading, that has tripled in price; Baltimore and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, Louisville and Nashville, Illinois Central, American Smelting, New York Central, and many other stocks in leading corporations that have increased their dividends or given valuable rights to their stockholders in the past five years.

One of the most pretentious promotions of the 1901-2 boom was the Mine La Motte Mining and Smelting Company, based on very old lead properties in southeastern Missouri that had produced large quantities of ore. The promoters of the company were Daugherty and Albers, of Wall Street, New York.

By Frank Fayant

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown



to \$800,000, the price paid for it by Daugherty and Albers. The question seemed to be, not what was its intrinsic value, but at what price they could float and unload it on a credulous public. They saw 'millions in it,' and capitalized it at \$3,000,000."

Daugherty and Albers also put out the Guaynopa Smelting and Reduction Company, a Chihuahua, Mexico, property, capitalized at \$1,000,000. C. B. James, of El Paso, a promoter with not the highest reputation, was also interested in this venture. The stock was advertised for eight months, with extravagant promises, the promoters' price for it advancing from thirty-five cents to a dollar. When they first offered the stock, in April, 1901, they made the promise, so alluring to the small investor, that "a few hundred dollars" would "earn an income sufficient to support in comfort the average family." This ridiculous promise is made every day by enthusiastic promoters of bubble stocks. In May, Guaynopa was pronounced the "king of dividend-paying industrials," an investment which would "return more money in dividends each year than the stock cost." In September, the stock actually did begin to pay dividends of one per cent. a month, and it was promised that this rate would be increased. The stock was

selling at that time at sixty-five cents a share, and the one per cent. a month dividend figured out nearly nineteen per cent. on the investment. Little investors, who were getting three or four per cent. in the savings bank, naturally were tempted to take their money out of the bank and buy this "king of dividend-paying industrials." The big dividends must have been paid from the sales of stock, for they soon ceased, and work on the property was stopped. After awhile, the Guaynopa stockholders received the cheerful news that they could exchange their stock for half as much in a new concern styled the International Consolidated Smelting and Reduction Company.

Another pretentious promotion was the California King Gold Mines Company, capital, \$5,000,000, with mines at Picacho, San Diego County, California. The president was Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, and among its directors



"While they are reaching for the investor's pocketbook."

were Stilson Hutchins, of Washington, Hon. Ashley W. Cole, of Brooklyn, and Senator Pettigrew. The promoters asserted, in their broadside advertising, that the profit, after the plant was in operation, would "exceed \$60,000 a month," and would "probably reach \$100,000 a month within a year." The eminent capitalists and politicians who promoted the California King were enthusiastic over their property, and no doubt had a right to be, as it was generally considered by mining men to be a meritorious proposition.

#### A Meritorious Proposition That Failed

But the record of the California King only goes to show how a meritorious proposition, promoted by men of reputation and experience, can fail. The company got into debt, failed to pay the interest on its bonds, and, a few months ago, was sold under foreclosure proceedings. A trustworthy Denver correspondent writes me that "the failure was due to one traitor in the company." The property is valuable, and may yet be made a money maker.

Thomas W. Lawson, a self-appointed arbiter of financial morals appeared as the chief promoter of the Arimex Consolidated Copper Company, capital, \$5,000,000, which took over the Oxide, Angang, and Table Mountain companies. The stock was offered at \$25 a share by three prominent banking houses, including Mr. Lawson's, in the kind of big type advertisements Mr. Lawson is so clever in writing. I have been unable to discover that Arimex stock now has any market value. It probably has none. None of the banking houses that sold it is anxious to tell about it. I am informed by a trustworthy authority that the Angang property, definitely located at Chirangangueo, Zitacuaro, Michoacan, Mexico, was worked on a very limited scale, and is probably idle; that the Oxide has some claims in the Silver Bell District, Arizona; and that letters addressed to the Table Mountain Mine in Pinal County, Arizona, have been returned unclaimed.

Gustave B. Hengen is the chief figure in the Hengen Investment Company, which, in 1901, put out from its offices in Portland, Oregon, and New York and Boston, very attractive advertisements of the stock of the Helena Consol-



idated Mining and Milling Company, in the Bohemia District, Oregon. I quote from its early advertisements: "High grade dividend gold stock, paying twelve per cent. per annum on present price (fifty cents.)" "Dividends paid monthly. Extra dividends soon. Company is on a permanent dividend basis." "Mine earning twice what is required to pay the monthly dividend." Ten months later this rich property, earning, by Mr. Hengen's figures, twelve per cent. on its capital, was still hawking its stock at a

discount of forty per cent. And a few months afterwards, Mr. Hengen's ideas expanded into a \$5,000,000 corporation, with the title of the Oregon Securities Company. The Oregon took over the Helena and some other companies, covering fifty claims, valued at the time by Oregon mining men at about five per cent. of the company's capitalization. The Helena stockholder who had bought \$100 worth of stock for \$50 or \$60 received in exchange \$160 worth of Oregon stock—an exchange which looked well on paper, but the dividends ceased, and the new company accumulated a debt of \$285,000 (since funded by a bond issue of \$300,000.)

#### Selling Stock on Thirty Days' Trial

Mr. Hengen, himself, recently offered me \$160 worth of the stock for twelve dollars. I did not accept his offer, because brokers offered me the same stock for eight dollars—the Oregon stock, that was sold in the beginning as high as one dollar and five cents a share, may now be bought for five cents. And so, to-day, the open market values Mr. Hengen's \$5,000,000 company at exactly what it was appraised at by Bohemia miners four years ago—\$250,000.

This little advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper the other day: "A flyer for \$2—I want you to buy \$2 worth of Lardeau. I want you to send me \$2 as a first payment on two hundred shares, subject to investigation. If you are not satisfied at the end of thirty days, I will send your money back. E. N. Ouimette, President, New



"Appealed through the Sunday editions"

York." The Lardeau Mines, Ltd., a British Columbia property in the West Kootenay District, capitalized at only \$100,000, bears all the marks of being an honest proposition; but when the stock was offered, four years ago, by the Mines Securities Company, this definite promise was made: "The few lucky stockholders will divide the profits of these mines, estimated to exceed three times the capital, every year."

#### The Wonder Stories of the Northwest

But no profits have yet been divided, the company is still selling stock at par to meet its monthly bills, although brokers have offered it to me at a discount of ninety per cent. The promoters say, and it is a reasonable statement, that "the capital is so small, that the enterprise is free from all suspicion of stock jobbing, which has too often ruined many otherwise honest companies." But why should they say, in the very next breath, that "it will be but a short time until this stock can not be bought for many times its par value?" They show me how the property on a small production will earn 270 per cent. a year; and they emphasize this statement by saying there is no good reason why their production should not be ten times as large as this. This is the kind of enthusiasm that has opened up the great Northwest, and has made men give up their lives in the search for gold—may it never grow less! But it is not fair to the \$2 investor to obtain his co-operation in developing even a good mine by dazzling him with these wonder stories.

A group of estimable gentlemen in Reading, Pennsylvania, got the gold mining fever and incorporated the Tallapoosa Gold Mine, capital \$3,000,000. As "fiscal agent" they obtained the services of J. K. Tillotson, of New York, who then styled his business "Electric Railways, Electric Light and Gas Plants, Mines and Mineral Lands." Mr. Tillotson asserted that the stock would "unquestionably pay large dividends," and that it was his firm be-



lief that it would advance 300 per cent. in price, or better, inside of six months. But the very next year Mr. Tillotson and the estimable gentlemen from Reading forgot to pay the company's franchise tax in New Jersey, and the \$3,000,000 charter was forfeited.

#### The Abandoned Mines of the Spaniards

Mr. Tillotson turned his attention, perhaps, to "a specially attractive proposition" in a syndicate then forming to purchase and develop a tract of over 20,000 acres of copper lands, that was "positively known to be almost unlimited in its value in gold and silver;" for he informed the readers of his Tallapoosa prospectus that he had this syndicate in his mind. Later on, he was forming a syndicate to reanimate a notorious industrial company that had had a meteoric career in the New York curb market. The next year he was sponsor for the \$4,000,000 American-Cuban Development Company, the charter of which was later forfeited for nonpayment of taxes. Of this company he said: "There is not in this country a stock investment so absolutely sure of large profits." Ask the holders of the worthless paper their views.

"Over seventy-six per cent. annually" was the expectation for the El Progreso Copper Mining Company, of Jalisco, Mexico, capital \$1,500,000. The property was an *antigua*, worked, so tradition said, by the Spaniards and Aztecs. I have been through the Sierra Madres, myself, on horseback, following the deeply-scored mountain trails of the treasure seekers of the past, and I know how alluring are these tales of *antiguas* that produced fabulous wealth. *Antiguas* in Mexico are as common as woodchuck holes on Mohawk Valley farms. The El Progreso, at last accounts, was



"A tale of investments 'safe as savings banks'"

on the high road to ruin, through continued dissensions and lawsuits. The San Luis Mining Company, of Durango, Mexico, capital \$2,250,000, offered its stock at par, ten dollars, early in 1901, with the recommendation that it was "doubtful whether anything has ever been offered to the public for subscription which gives so much promise from so small an outlay." Among the directors were Myra B. Martin, whom Mr. Stevens, the editor of the "Copper Handbook," ungallantly accuses of lying about the properties she advertises in the newspapers; George A. Treadwell, who, Mr. Stevens says, "was never rated as more than a star of the fourth magnitude in the country where his alleged successes were supposed to have been made;" and the late Walter S. Logan, whose name in a company directorate was never a guarantee of its worth. I have had several letters from Miss Martin lately, offering me the stock, originally sold at ten dollars, at \$6.50. In the open market the stock is \$3 bid, \$4 asked. The company paid last year two dividends of one per cent. each. It is the only company of all the one hundred and fifty advertised in 1901-02 now on a dividend basis.

#### Some of These Companies Are Honest but Unfortunate

Former Lieutenant Governor Ernest Cady, of Hartford, Connecticut, was the president of the Socorro Gold Company, of Yuma County, Arizona, capital \$500,000, the stock of which was sold by the Philadelphia promoting firm of William A. Mears and Company, with the guarantee that dividends would begin "within six months, at the rate of twelve per cent." The property is idle, and Lieutenant Governor Cady writes me: "The company is in the hands of its president, George D. Workman, of Torrington, Connecticut, but they are not giving out any information, so far as I am able to learn. It is my opinion that there should be something in this company for the stockholders, if properly managed. The company owns a good property, but needs funds." Mr. Mears ignores my inquiries regarding the Oro Hondo Mining Company, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, a \$10,000,000 bubble he promoted in 1902. It was sold under the hammer by the sheriff, a year ago, for exactly \$27,132.86. The property is said to have gone into better hands. The Yankee Consolidated Mining, Milling, and Tunnel Company, capital \$2,000,000, in Clear Creek County, Colorado, offered investors "the greatest and best enterprise ever placed before them." The Yankee is being actively developed, and is regarded as an honest proposition. It is now more than six years since its promoter, Henry I. Seeman, left the life insurance business to go into mining. He is the president of the Yankee, as well as of the Seeman Investment and Banking Company, and the Continental Mines, Power, and Reduction Company. He is an enthusiastic promoter, and calls the Yankee "a mountain of gold."

The Idaho Gold Mines Development Company, to which the Secretary of State of Idaho lent his name as president, was a promotion of Makeever Brothers, one of the New York firms operating on the exchange-what-you-don't-want-for-what-you-do system. Makeever Brothers publish a monthly paper, the "Rocky Mountain Gold Miner," on the cover page of which, in a list of bonanza gold mines, they assert: "One hundred dollars bought a thousand shares of Idaho Gold Mine Development Company in 1902, now worth \$500." A New York broker, to whom I submitted a list of mining companies, marked the Makeever Idaho proposition "N.G." The company is certainly not paying dividends, and, at last accounts, the owners were talking of putting in a cyanide plant. Mr. Makeever writes me that his firm has "a fortune wrapped up in the Idaho," and they "count upon it as a bulwark of our syndicate, the greatest of all our promotions."

#### Liberal Commissions—but "No Rake-offs"

Mr. Makeever confessed to me some months ago that he received a commission of forty per cent. for selling Manhattan Express mining stock, although his letters to investors asserted that "every dollar would go into the mine—no rake-offs." But the truth, by his own confession, is that, if he sold all the stock he offered, \$55,000 was his "rake-off" and \$75,000 the company's share. "But," says he, "this is the rule of all companies." Mr. Makeever was also the fiscal agent, in 1902, for the National Fiber and Cellulose Company. For information concerning this promotion he refers me to the Chicago offices of the company, but two letters of inquiry sent to Chicago have brought no reply.

"The richest copper mine in the United States" was the claim made by R. M. Wiers, a New York "fiscal agent," now at No. 41 Wall Street, for the North American Mining Company, capital, \$1,500,000, near Baker City, Oregon. Among its officers were Thomas Burke, of Baker City, and Hon. F. F. Merriam, and Spencer B. Cole, of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Wiers refuses to tell me about this wonderful property, but Mr. Stevens comes to my aid with his "Copper Hand-

book:" "The company makes the palpably false claim that its copper ledge is a thousand feet wide and over a mile long, giving assays of six to eight per cent. of copper. The management is apparently composed of men of fair standing, for which reason it is charitable to suppose that they do not know any better than to put out such glaring misstatements." Mr. Wiers writes me that he sees fit to ignore my letters asking also for information regarding his Rio Tinto Copper Mining Company in the Black Hills, the charter of which was forfeited for nonpayment of taxes; his Solano County Oil and Development Company, in California, "the best oil proposition ever offered to the public;" and his Standard Amalgamated Gold Placer Mining Company, on Trout Creek, Montana, "the best gold stock in New York City." None of these superlatively excellent companies is known to any mining man or broker of whom I have sought the enlightenment refused by Mr. Wiers. The paucity of information to be had from wildcat promoters, after they have made their clean-up, is in striking contrast to the mass of letters, circulars, and prospectuses they pour into the mails while they are reaching into the investor's pocketbook.

In Kilby Street, Boston, there is a concern which styles itself the American Investment Company. Its members are Edward C. Davis and Joseph H. Allen. It was responsible for two of our list of 1901-2

companies—the Bingham Copper Boy Mining Company, of Utah, and the Crescent Oil Company, of Santa Cruz and Kern Counties, California. The modest claim made by this "banking house" for the Bingham Copper Boy was that it would be "one of the greatest producing and dividend-paying copper mines in the world," and investors were ready to believe from that claim that Bingham Copper Boy would make them "more money than any other stock in the market." It may, sometime, but the property is idle and in debt, and is trying to get more money out of the stockholders by offering one-dollar stock at twenty cents a share, which may be bought of brokers at six cents a share. The American Investment Company generously subscribes for \$1,000 worth of stock, to help the company out. An 8,000 per cent. advance was the possibility for Crescent Oil. The Davis-Allen concern, in offering the stock at twelve and a half cents a share, announced that they had "sold 200,000 shares in eighteen days," that it offered "the greatest money-making opportunity of the twentieth century," and that "it might be worth ten dollars a share in a short time."

#### Another Easy Hundred Per Cent. Opportunity

The market value to-day of this bonanza is *nil*. The company is dead and the stock worthless. The crowd that promoted the Crescent later put out the Columbian Oil, Asphalt, and Refining Company, and gave their new stock to some of the Crescent stockholders. The Kilby Street concern "believes that this is an opportunity to make a large amount of money." The firm is also sponsor for four other companies, now selling stock, that do not come within the scope of our immediate investigation—the Tide-Water Broken Stone Company, the Mitchell Punctureless Pneumatic Tire Company, the E. L. C. Colby Company, and the Dill Cattle Company.

Early in 1901, stock in the Cambria Mining Company was offered by J. M. Fisher and Company, of Boston. "This mine," they promised, "will make its present stockholders immensely rich. It will pay one hundred per cent. in dividends in two years." The investor in this fifty per cent. stock, who writes to Mr. Fisher for information, gets his letter back, stamped in big, red letters by the government: "Fraudulent. Business of addressee

[Concluded on pages 127 to 130]

Letters addressed to the Table Mountain Mine have been returned unclaimed



The last dollar

# MY LIFE—SO FAR

Third  
Installment

By JOSIAH FLYNT

Author of "Tramping with Tramps," "The World of Craft," "Powers That Prey," etc.

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

The  
Stoke Hole

This is the most startling, the most wonderful story of a human life that has ever been written. It is by a man who, still under forty, has followed one of the most marvelous careers ever known. Every word

of it is true. The author has been a college student, tramp, rider of brake beams, and boon companion of such men as Ibsen and Tolstoi. He has even begged, and, perhaps, at your own back door.—The Editor.



"The arm of the apparatus caught me on the hip"

MY FIRST appearance on the Road proper, after so unceremoniously leaving brush factory and schoolroom, took place, one night, at some coke ovens near the State Line toward which I was traveling. My boots had been exchanged for shoes, the old cap had given way to a better one, and the ragged coat had been patched. In this fashion I climbed to the top of the ovens, and said: "Hello" to some men who were cooking their coffee in a tomato can over one of the oven openings. I do not recall now whether they were "Gay Cats" or "Hoboes," (two different species of vagrants) but they were, at any rate, very hospitable, which must be said of both classes of men when separated. Thrown together, they are apt to be on their dignity,—particularly the "Hoboes."

Coffee was given me, also bread and meat, and I was shown how to fix some planks across the edge of the oven for sleeping purposes. My inexperience became only too apparent when I told the men that I had "just beat the Ref." The look they gave one another after this confession, was a revelation to me at the time, and remains in my memory still as one of the earliest typical hobo traits I remarked. What it meant to me at the moment is not clear any longer; I probably simply made a note of it, and resolved to know more about it later on. Thinking it over, it seems to me that it epitomized in a glance all the secret clannishness and "ear-wigging" ten-

dencies which the travelers of the Road possess in such large and abundant measure. The "ear-wigging"—listening—was plain to see when the men stopped talking themselves, and, gave heed to me, practically a kid; the secrecy when one of them kindly advised me not to spread the news of my escape too promiscuously; and the clannishness in giving a fellow roadster such practical counsel.

That night on the coke ovens was uneventful, except that all of us had to be careful not to roll off our perches into the hot fires beneath us, which fact calls to mind an experience I had later on in a railway sand house in Ohio. The sand was just comfortably hot when I lay down to sleep, but I forgot that the fire might brighten up during the night, and lay close to the stove. What was my dismay in the morning, on brushing off the sand, to find that the seat of my best trousers had been burned through over night. Fortunately, I had two pairs on, otherwise my predicament would have been no laughing matter.

Once over the State Line, I made for Wheeling. There was no particular reason in heading for that State, but in tramp life there is no special reason for going anywhere. Time and again I have started north or south with a well mapped out itinerary, and plans fixed and set, when along would come some roadster with a more interesting route to follow, or what seemed to be such, and my route would be discarded in a moment. Thus it ever

was during the eight months: one day Chicago might be my objective, and I fancied that I knew exactly what was necessary to be done there. In a hundred miles, as likely as not, something far more important, as I thought, required my attention in New Orleans. *Die Ferne* has seldom had her wild calls more carefully listened to by me than they were at this time. There was no home to which I dared go; the world was literally my oyster, and all I had to do, or knew how to do, for the time being, was wander. Roadsters, who railroad as persistently as I did, seldom stopping for more than a day or so, at the most a week end, in any place, are called victims of the "railroad fever."

In West Virginia I heard of a country district between the State Line and Wheeling where it was easy to "feed," where, in fact, travelers on the highway, when mealtime came, were beck-

*Mrs. Mattie Bryarly, Benton City, Missouri, has sent the following letter to SUCCESS MAGAZINE:*

"I want to say to the Success Company and to Josiah Flynt that Mr. Flynt's articles of his own life history are sure to do much good. Why cherish a disposition to coddle faults? Bring them to the light, thereby helping others to overcome and help build success where failure once reigned."

oned into the cabins by the mountaineers to have a bite. Such localities are called by tramps "fattenin'-up places." As the nervousness incident to the escape and the following severe travels had worn me out and made me rather thin, the country district in the hills took hold of my fancy. There is nothing of particular interest about the locality or my stay there to call for especial comment, except that the mountaineers were so friendly and hospitable that I was able to build up my strength very considerably for the struggle of existence in inhospitable places further on. It was also a capital hiding place until the excitement over my departure from the school, if there had been any, should subside.

During the first month of my wanderings I was bedless, and frequently roofless. Indeed, when I finally did rest, or try to, in a bed, the experience was so strange that I slept very little. A box car, a haystack, a railway-tie drawn close to a fire—these were my principal lodging places during the entire eight months. It may have been a hard outing, but it toughened and inured me to unpleasantness which would certainly seem very undesirable now. In a way, they were undesirable then. I was able to sleep uncommonly well in box car or haystack, and, except when traveling at night, eight hours' good rest constituted my regular portion. I traveled in a majority of the States, and visited many of the large cities. In general, I kept track of the names of the different places I visited, but certain "stops" at comparatively insignificant towns have clung in my memory when much larger places that I must have seen are dim and hazy.

At one of these minor "stops" in Michigan I probably had a chance to experiment with that tantalizing dream of earlier years—the notion that, to amount to anything, I must go secretly to some place, work my way into a profession, and then on up the ladder until I should be able to return to my people, and say: "Well, with all my waywardness, I managed to get on."

The town had the conventional "Academy," and other educational institutions, which my dream had always included in the career I had in mind, and there was a hospitality about the people which promised all kinds of things. I got my dinner at the home of a well-to-do widow, who very sensibly made me work for it, chopping wood,—a task that I was careful to perform behind the house, so that my companions—real hoboes, every one of them, should not see me breaking one of their cardinal rules. The work over, I was invited into the dining room for my meal, during which the good hostess asked me rather minutely about my life. For some reason, I was in the "self-made man" mood at the time, and told the woman about my desire for an education, and later, a professional career. She came over to my seat, examined my cranium, and then, turning to her daughter—a slightly miss—said: "The head is not at all badly shaped. He may be bright."

"Let us hope so, for his sake, anyhow," was the daughter's rather doubtful comment. Before leaving, the mother was rather insistent on my calling at the office of a local lawyer who

was reputed to be "much interested in young men, and their welfare." I promised to look him up, but somehow his time and mine did not agree—he was not at his office—and perhaps I lost another chance to be a legal light.

As weeks and months went by, he dream of "self-made ness," as I once heard a tramp describe it, became less and less oppressive; at any rate, I noticed that merely because a town or village harbored an academy and college, and possibly a philanthropic lawyer, did not suffice to tempt me out of the box car rolling through the locality. Nothing else in particular had come to take its place, that I recall. But certain it is that the box car, on a bright, sunny day, rolling along, clinkety-clink, chunky-chunk, possessed temporary attractions which dreamy self-made ness could not offer.

This particular time in my wanderings probably saw the height of the railroad fever in me. It burned and sizzled, it almost seemed, on occasions, and the distant whistle of a "freight" going my way, or any way, for that matter, became as sweet a sound as was ever the dinner call, or the recess bell. To-day, I can laugh at all this, but it was a very serious matter in those days; unless I covered a certain number of miles each day or week, and saw so many different States, cities, rivers, and kinds of people, I was disappointed—Hoboland was not giving me my share of her bounteous supply of fun and change. Of course, I was called "railroad-crazy" by the quieter roadsters in whom the fever as such had long since subsided, but I did not mind. Farther, farther, *further!* This was what I insisted on and got. In the end I had seen a great deal, of course, but altogether too much of it only superficially. Later tramp trips, undertaken with a serious purpose and confined to narrower limits, have netted me much more lasting information and amusement.

Of accidents, during my whirlwind travels, I am thankful to say that there is very little to

report. While other men and boys were breaking legs, getting crushed under wheels, and falling between cars, I went serenely on my way unharmed. There is a world of significance to me now in the words: "Unknown man among the dead," printed so often in connection with freight-train wrecks. They usually mean, that one or more "Hobo," or "Gay Cat," has "cashed in," and is "bound out."

Perhaps, I came as near to a serious mishap, in Western Pennsylvania, as anywhere else. I was traveling with a tall, lanky roadster, called "Slim," on the "Lake Shore" Railroad. We had been on the train the greater part of the night, in the hope of reaching Erie before daylight. The "freight," however, had met with a number of delays, and dawn found us still twelve miles out of Erie. We were riding "outside," on the bumpers, and on the tops of

the cars. When the train stopped, to take water, we cautiously hid in the long grass near the track, so that the trainmen would not discover us. Pretty soon the whistle blew, and the train moved on again. "Slim," my companion, was the first to climb up the ladder, and I soon followed him. By that time the car we were on had reached the watering-plug, where the fireman had carelessly left the swinging arm pointing toward the train. There was plenty of room for the train to pass without touching it, but, while climbing the ladder, I let my body swing backward some distance to see whether the crew in the caboose were watching us. "Slim" was already on top. Suddenly the arm of the watering apparatus caught me on the hip, and I was swung completely over it, falling, luckily on my back, hands, and feet on the ground below, but with

their itineraries an iota. Even had my hand been crushed under the wheels, it is doubtful whether "Slim" would have got off the train. Erie once reached, and a good breakfast added to his assets, he would doubtless have bestirred himself in my behalf. One learns not to complain in Hoboland about such trifles, and I, also, have been guilty of seeing companions in danger with a calm eye, and a steady lip.

My first "baptism of fire," when the "Song of the Bullet" was heard in all its completeness, took place in Iowa, or Western Illinois, I forget which, this forgetfulness being another testimony to the cold-blooded indifference of the Road and its travelers as to time, place, and weather. Five of us were very anxious to "make" Chicago ("Chi") by early morning of the next day. Ordinarily, we had plenty of time, but we failed to consider the

railroad we were on—the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, or the "Q," as it is more familiarly known. Some years previous the great "Q" strike had taken place, affording so-called "scabs" from the East, who were very liberally introduced into the "Q's" territory, an opportunity to manage things for a time. Their lot was not an easy one, and to be called "scabs," incensed them not a little.

We determined to ride on an afternoon "freight" at least far enough to land somewhere nicely about time for supper. I certainly remember catching the train in Iowa, but whether the "Song of the Bullet" was sung there or on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, I am at a loss to say. On one side or the other, the crew discovered us, and insisted on our "hitting the gravel," getting off the train. We demurred.

"Get off, you dirty tramps," the conductor ordered.

We were not particularly dirty, and, although we might have been called tramps and lived up to the "calling," we believed that, even as such, we were higher in the social scale than were "scabs." The crew numbered four. As I

have said, we were five strong. Finally, losing our tempers and judgment, we told the conductor that we would not only ride his train but his caboose as well, and we scrambled for places on the platform. He tried to kick at us first, but right at our numbers soon overcame him, and, with an oath, he ran into the caboose, shouting back that he would soon see who was running that train. We knew only too well what his actions meant, and dropped off. In a minute he appeared on the back platform with a revolver, and opened up on us. Fortunately, his train was moving ahead at a fair pace and he was a poor shot. As I recall the incident none of us was particularly frightened, and there was no such "pingh-h" in the "Song of the Bullet" as I have so often heard described.

The "pingh-h," indeed, I have never heard anywhere. The bullets that the conductor sent

"On seeing his disabled pals, he made for the door"



Such are the "blowed-in-the-glass stiffs." When in a hurry, and a square meal is in sight, even accidents can occur without influencing

our way went over our heads and around us, with a whizzing whine. As Bret Harte suggests, in his bullet verses, it was as if the disappointment at not reaching us was overwhelmingly acute. Since that experience other bullets have whizzed and whined about me—not many, thanks!—and it has seemed to me sometimes that they went purring on their flight, and then again whining.

An experience that I had in a railroad sand house in Wisconsin illustrates the definiteness with which the hobo must frequently assert his rights. A man, called "Scotchy" by some, "Rhuderick" by others, was my companion at the time. We were the first-comers at the sand house, and wholly ignorant of a Wisconsin collection of rovers, nicknamed "The Kickers." These Kickers, it appears, had been in the habit of running all available tramp "stops" (sleeping places) to suit their own convenience, and if their so-called "spots" at any "stop" were found appropriated by others on their arrival, no matter how late, they proceeded to drive the alleged interlopers out, if they felt strong enough. They were hoboies of a kind, but they were careful to travel *incognito* when alone. "Scotchy" and I quite unwittingly took three of the Kickers' places in the sand house in question, and were comfortably asleep when the Kickers appeared.

"You got yer nerve on," said one of the burly brutes to "Scotchy," tickling him none too gently in the ribs with his toe-tip. "Get out o' there, an' give yer betters their rights." The rasping voice and the striking of matches wakened me also. Somehow, it may have been tramp instinct, for certainly the Road develops such things—I felt impelled on the instant to grab and capture the poker, and "Scotchy" secured the sand bucket.

"Me betters, huh?" cried "Scotchy," ominously swinging his bucket. "This for you," and he brought the bucket perilously near one of the Kickers' heads. Matches were being struck on all sides, and it was not difficult to see. The Kickers framed closely together for their attack. They forgot, or did not know, about my poker. Pretty soon another match was struck. The Kickers had coupling pins, and looked formidable. I was in a shadow. They consolidated their forces against "Scotchy." His bucket, however, stretched one Kicker flat before he had time to defend himself. Total darkness and silence followed. Then a Kicker ventured another match. This was my chance. The long poker shot out, and the point must have hit hard in the temple; at any rate, the wounded Kicker sat down. The remaining Kicker risked still one more light, but on seeing his disabled pals, he made for the door. Too late! Other hoboies, not Kickers, had arrived, "dope" lights were secured, and the story was told. The poor Kickers were "kicked" out of that sand house as never before or since, I am sure.

Such aggregations of tramps are met with throughout Hoboland, and there are constant clashes between them and itinerant roadsters traversing the gangs' districts. The only thing to do, we found, was to fight shy of them when alone, and, if in force, to fight them; otherwise they became so arrogant and despotic that no one, not even the mere short-distance trespasser, was left unmolested.

A thirty days' sentence to jail, toward the close of the eight months' trip, hurt and tantalized me more than any of the wrecks on railroads or disputes with bullies. It came, unfortunately, in June, the hobo's favorite month. Sleeping in a box car at night was my crime. I have described the arrest and general experience in one of my tramp books, but I can not forbear saying a few words about the judge who sentenced me. At the time—1889, I think, was the year—he was Police Judge, in Utica, New York where, in company with a friend, I was caught. The night's batch of prisoners were

brought before him—drunks, thieves, runaway boys, train-jumpers, *bona fide* "Hoboies" and "Gay Cats." The court-room was a dingy little place with benches for the prisoners and officers, and a raised platform with a desk for the judge. I shall never forget how the latter looked—"spick and span" to the last degree in outward appearance, but there was an overnight look in his face that boded us ill, I feared. "Just as if he'd come out of a Turkish bath," whispered an unfortunate who had been found asleep in the streets. The judge certainly paid little enough attention to our cases to have come from anywhere, but a Turkish bath ought to have left him more merciful. We were all punished according to the judge's whims and the law's limitations, the overnight look on the face of our persecutor, as we considered him, deepening, it seemed, with each sentence. My "thirty day" fate rolled as easily from his lips as did the five and ten day pronouncements for the "alcoholics;" he did not seem to know any difference between them. Perhaps, in the years that have intervened, he has been enlightened on this point. I hope so, for his sake, at least.

The sentencing over, we prisoners were taken to our different destinations, mine being the jail at Rome, as the Utica prison was crowded. There is little to add to what I have long since told in print about my stay there; but perhaps I have never emphasized sufficiently the tramp's disgust at having "to do time" in June. From May till November is his natural roving time, his box-car vacation; in winter, jail, even the workhouse, is often more of a boon than otherwise. The Rome jail consequently harbored very unwilling guests in the persons of the few tramps lodged there. However, even thirty summer days, precious as they are on the "outside," pass away sooner than one at first expects them to, and then comes that glorious moment—thunder, lightning, not even a pouring rain can mar it—when the freed one is again his own master. There may be other experiences in life more ecstatic than this one, but I would willingly trade them all temporarily for that first gasp in the open air, and that unfettered tread on the ground, which the discharged prisoner enjoys.

Of my status as a tramp, in the general social fabric in Hoboland, perhaps enough is said when I report that, before quitting the Road, I could have at any time claimed and secured the respect due to the "blowed-in-the-glass" wanderer. Yet I could make myself quite as much at home at a "hang-out" of the "Gay Cats" as among the "Hoboies." Begging for money was something that I indulged in as little as possible; at the start, it was impossible for me to ask for "coin." My meals, however, lodging, and clothes were found by me in the same abundance as the old timer's. I had to have such things, and, as asking for them was the conventional way of getting them, I asked persistently, regularly, and fairly successfully.

There is nothing to be said in defense of this practice. It is just as much a "graft" as stealing is; indeed, stealing is looked upon in the Under World as by all odds the more aristocratic undertaking. But stealing in Hoboland is not a favorite business or pastime. Hoboland is the home of the discouraged criminal who has no other refuge. His criminal wit, if he had any, has not panned out well, and he resorts to beggary and clandestine railroading as the next best time-killer. Punishment has tired him out, frightened him, and the Road looms up before him spacious and friendly.

There were tramps thousands of years ago, and I fear that they will be on the earth, if there be an earth then, thousands of years hence. They change a little in dress, customs, and diet as the years roll by, just as other people change. But, for all practical purposes, I should expect to find the ancient Egyptian hobo,

for instance, if he could come to life and would be natural, pretty much the same kind of roadster that we know in our present American type. Laziness, loafing, *Wanderlust*, and begging are to-day what they ever have been—qualities and habits that are passed on from generation to generation, practically intact.

My longest *Wanderlust* trip came to an end in the much maligned city of Hoboken, New Jersey. Some work done for a farmer, near Castleton, on the Hudson River, netted me a few dollars, and, one night in September, in company of an aged Irishman, I drifted down the river to the great city on a canal boat. The Irishman got separated from me in the crowded thoroughfares in New York, and I drifted alone over to Hoboken, bent on an important errand, but doubtful about its outcome. Little did I realize then what a hard task there was ahead of me, and how great the change in my life was to be, the task once finished.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years ago, and probably at an earlier date still, the traveler bound for Europe on any of the ships, sailing from Hoboken, might have seen, had he been curious enough to look about him, a strange collection of men of all ages, sizes, and make-ups, huddled together nights in a musty cellar only a few steps from the North German Lloyd's docks. And, had he talked with this uncouth company, he would have learned much about the ways and means necessary to make big ships go and come on their ocean voyages.

Somewhat less than twenty years ago, say eighteen, a greasy paper sign was tacked to the door of the cellar for the benefit of those who might be looking for the dingy hole. It read: "Internashnul Bankrapp Klubb—Wellcome!" The words and lettering were the work of an Italian lad, who had a faculty for seeing the humor in things which make others cry and sigh. In the years that have passed the sign has been blown away, and a barber to-day holds forth where the "Bankrapp" formerly lodged. The store above, a general furnishing establishment for emigrants and immigrants, has also given way to a saloon, I think, and the outfitting business of former days has developed, in the hands of the old proprietor's sons, into a general banking and exchange affair nearby, around the corner. The old proprietor has long since been gathered unto his fathers, I have been told, but the boys possess much of his business acumen and money-getting propensities, and are doing well, preferring, however, to handle in cash the currencies of the various nations to selling tin pots, pans, mattresses, and shoddy clothing, as did the old man.

Their father was a Hebrew, who may or may not have had a very interesting history before I met him, but at the time of our acquaintance he looked so fat and comfortable and money was so plainly his friend and benefactor that he was a pretty prosaic representative of his race. I had heard about him in New York, after making unsuccessful attempts there and in Brooklyn to secure a berth as caretaker on a Europe-bound cattle ship.

Eight months of roughing it on the Road had worked many changes in my temperament, ways of calculating, and general appearance. I was no longer the youth who had jumped out of that second story window and made for parts unknown. Had it been necessary, so tough and hardened had my physique become, that, on arriving in Hoboken, I could have done myself credit, I think, in getting out of a third story window. I was thin and scrawny, to be sure, but such characteristics are most deceiving to the observer unacquainted with tramp life. They may mean disease, of course, but more frequently not than the contrary, and in my case most decidedly not. Whatever else hoboing had done or failed to do for me, it had



"In a moment he appeared on the back platform and fired on us"

stealed my muscles, tightened up my nerve, and jostled my self-reliance into a thoroughly working condition. Many a vacation in recent years, so far as mere health is concerned, might have been spent with profit on the Road. But eighteen years ago it was a different matter. *Die Ferne*, as such, was at least temporarily under control, I had become tired of simply drifting, and, whether I should find a home abroad or not, the outlook could hardly be much darker over seas than in my own country. I had some knowledge of foreign languages, and knew that, at a pinch, I could retreat to England, or to one of her colonies, if Germany should prove inhospitable. How to get across was the main problem. The cattle ships were overmanned, it seemed, and the prospects of succeeding as a stowaway were pronounced bad.

I finally heard of the corpulent Hebrew and the "Bankrapp;" Club in Hoboken. A German sailor told me about the place, describing the cellar as a refuge for "gebusted" Europeans, who were prepared to work their way back to their Old Country homes as coal passers. The sailor said that any one, European or not, was welcome at the club, provided he looked able to stand the trip. The Hebrew received two dollars from the steamship companies for every man he succeeded in shipping.

My first interview with this man, how he lorded it over me, and how I answered him back—these things are as vivid to me to-day

as they were years ago. "*Du bist zu schwach*," (you are too weak) he told me, on hearing of my desire for a coal trimmer's berth. "Pig mens are necessary for dat vork," and his large Oriental eyes ran disdainfully over my shabby appearance.

"Never you mind how *schwach* I am," I assured him; "that's my lookout. See here! I'll give you two dollars besides what the company gives you, if you'll get me a berth."

Again the Oriental's eyes rolled, and closed. "Vell," the man returned, at length, "you can sleep downstairs, but I t'ink you are *zu schwach*."

The week spent "downstairs" is perhaps as memorable a week as any in my existence. Day after day went by. "Pig mens" by the dozen left the cellar to take their positions, great ships whistled and drew out into the mighty stream, outward bound, my little store of dimes and nickels grew smaller and smaller—and I was still "downstairs," awaiting my chance (a hopeless one, it seemed,) with the other incapables that the ships' doctors had refused to pass. The Italian lad, with his sweet tenor voice and sunny temperament, helped to brighten the life in the daytime and early evening, but the dark hours of the night, full of the groans and sighs of the old men trying for berths, were dismal enough. Nearly

every nationality was represented in the cellar during the week I spent there, but Germans predominated. What tales of woe and distress these men had to tell! They were all "ge-

busted," every one of them. A pawnbroker would probably not have given five dollars for the possessions of the entire crew.

"Amerika" was the delinquent in each reported case of failure—the men themselves were cock-sure that they were in no particular to blame for their defeat and bankruptcy. "I should never have come to this accursed land," was the assertion of practically all of the inmates of the cellar, except the little Italian. He liked *Neuwo Yorko*, *una citta molto bellissima*—but he wanted to see his mother and *Italia* once more. Afterwards he would come back to *Neuwo Yorko*, to be mayor, perhaps, some day. The hope that is in Americans was also in him. He believed in it, in himself, and also in his mother; why should he not become a good American? Why not, indeed?

But those poor old men from Norway! Theirs was the saddest plight. "The boogs" (bugs) one said to me—an ancient creature, with sunken eyes and temples—"they eat down all my farm—all. They come in a day. My mortgage money due. They take my crops—all I had. No! America no good for me. I go back see my daughter. Norway better." I wonder where the poor old soul is, if he is still on earth. Ship after ship went out, but there was no berth for his withered up body, and, after each defeat, he fell back, sighing, in his corner of the cellar, a picture of disappointment and chagrin such as I have never seen elsewhere,

# The Right to Be Disagreeable

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IF BUSINESS MEN were to throw off self-control in their offices and places of business as many of them do in their homes, and say the same mean, contemptible, unguarded things to their customers that they say to the members of their own families, their business would soon go to pieces.

No good business man would risk his reputation, or the welfare of his business in such a way. He knows better than that. He knows that it would be fatal. When he is away from

*There Are Many Social Jekylls and Hydes*

home he thinks too much of his reputation to risk it for the sake of gratifying his spleen, and he is always on his guard, for his pride is touched. He thinks too much of himself. His egotism, or vanity, prevents him from making a fool of himself, and so he practices self-restraint wherever his reputation is at stake; but at home he does not care. He knows that his wife and children will try to protect him, and he does not hesitate to show the hog in him.

There are thousands of men who are polite, tactful, diplomatic toward their customers, and in everything which bears upon their business, who seem to lock their good manners up in their offices at night, men who are known as Dr. Jekylls in all their business or professional relations, but who assume the character of Mr. Hyde as soon as they enter their own homes, where they feel at liberty to ride roughshod over everybody's feelings. They do not seem to think that the wife, or any other member of the family, gets tired, has "nerves," or troubles of any kind. They exercise self-restraint all day, but the moment they get home, they seem to vent their bad humor on everybody, even on the dog or the cat. Is it not a strange thing that so many people think that home is not a place for the exercise of self-control, but take it for granted that there they can abuse everybody without restraint?

Why should a man who is polite and politic in business, and in his club, who can control himself elsewhere, use his home as a kicking post, a place to get rid of his bad blood,—a place which, of all others, ought to be the most sacred, most peaceful, and the sweetest place in the world to him?

Many a thoughtless parent leaves a depressing influence upon some member of the family, in the morning, the shadow of which hangs over the life all day. It does not matter that it is a thoughtless, heedless word flung out in impatience, its thrust is just as painful. Tongue thrusts are infinitely more painful than blows from the hand.

*Using His Home as a Kicking Post*

If, on his return, there is company at home, he is just as suave and tactful as in his place of business. He defers to his wife's judgment, and is very kind to the servants and children, because his reputation is at stake. He can not afford to take chances with that. Outside people might spread his hoggish qualities, gossip about his meanness, and injure or humiliate him, while the members of his household would feel under a certain obligation to take everything in silence, to protect his name.

As soon as the guests go, however, this type of man grunts and growls, snarls and nags and finds fault, until he works everyone within sound of his voice into a state of nervous irritability. Then he finds fault with them for not being more amiable.

The head of the house is not always the only offender in this respect. Wives and children often seem to think that the home is the place where they can indulge in fits of hot temper, and say all manner of mean, disagreeable, and despicable things. They think that they have a right to spend a whole evening, or perhaps days, pouting over some fancied injury or over some trifle.

I have been in homes where a domestic storm was raging furiously, but the moment the doorbell rang and a caller came the storm subsided instantly and there was a complete revolution in the manner and the conversation of the inmates.

It is strange that so many people act as if the members of their immediate family have no special rights which they are bound to respect. They can not imagine why they should not converse or whistle, scold, find fault, or make any kind of a noise, just because somebody else wants to read or think. Self-restraint is a rare virtue in many homes.

*Anything is Good Enough at Home with the Family*

There are many homes where all the laws of courtesy, and even of ordinary decency, are set at defiance, where the boys go downstairs in the morning and about the house half-dressed, without the slightest feeling of delicacy.

The girls are often just as careless as their brothers. They go

around the house in all sorts of costumes, soiled and untidy, and often to the table, especially in the morning, in a disgraceful condition. They think it is all right because only their brothers and parents are present.

In many homes the father and boys think nothing of sitting around the house in their shirt-sleeves, or of going to the table in the same manner, and often they indulge in profanity and use language that they would be terribly ashamed of if anybody outside of their home should happen to hear.

All safeguards, all self-respect and consideration for others are thrown down in many homes, and everybody is thought to be at liberty to be just as slovenly, cross, crabbed, and disagreeable as he pleases.

There is no one thing more fatal to that dignity of bearing, that refinement, that personal grace which commands respect, than this habit of dropping all standards of ordinary good behavior and conduct in the home. It fosters a vulgarity which is very

*The Effect of Constant Scolding upon the Character*

demoralizing to all the laws of character-building and right living. This easy-going, slipshod manner of living, as practiced in many homes, tends to the loss of self-respect and respect for one another.

How can you expect the respect of the members of your family, or of those who work for you, when you do not show any sort of respect or deference, or kindness, or consideration for them, and when you act as though anything was good enough for them?

It often occurs that a man marries a beautiful, bright, cheerful girl who is always bubbling over with animal spirits, and in a short time everybody notices a complete change in her character, brought about by the perpetual suppression of her husband, who is severe in his criticisms and unreasonable in his demands. The wife is surrounded with this atmosphere of sharp criticism or severity until she entirely loses her naturalness and spontaneity, and self-expression becomes impossible. The result is an artificial, flavorless character.

It is easy to say that a wife or employee should stand up for her rights, that she should resent harsh criticisms and perpetual nagging, fault-finding, and severity of judgment; but natural timidity, modesty, weakness of disposition, or dread of discord often makes this impossible. Then, the better-bred person is always placed at a disadvantage. The coarse brute always has the advantage. The finer the character, the more sensitive the nature. The sense of propriety which comes from high breeding and nobility of nature places the victim at a great disadvantage. There may be a sense of disgust and a feeling of resentment, but these finer natures often cease after a while to resist or protest, and meekly submit to the injustice, however brutal, until the power to resist and stand up for one's rights is almost obliterated.

One can not be a lady or a gentleman some of the time and a bear the rest of the time without making unguarded slips. What we do habitually we tend to do all the time. Company

*Company Manners Are Dangerous Things*

manners are very dangerous things. Those who practice them are always betraying themselves. They are like good clothes that are worn only occasionally,—the wearer never becomes sufficiently used to the seldom-worn garments to feel easy and comfortable in them, and is all the time betraying the fact. Like clothes, which must be worn often enough for the wearer to become unconscious of them, good manners must become so habitual that we shall practice them spontaneously and unconsciously.

Many a man who is very deferential to society women, treats the girls or poor women who happen to be dependent upon him for a living very shabbily. In society always on the alert to show the slightest service to the ladies, he is absolutely indifferent to the comfort and feelings of a stenographer or other woman in his employ. Those who are bound to him by the necessity of earning their living, do not call out his nobler sentiments. He regards them as "just help," nothing more. They may be infinitely finer grained than himself, but he rides roughshod over their sensitive feelings, domineering, criticising, mercilessly scolding, even using profane language.

Such a man would be terribly shocked if those to whom he is so deferential in society knew how he treated the women in his employ. They would not believe it possible,—if they could be in his office, store, or factory for a day—that the man who displays these coarse, brute qualities, could ever be the polished gentleman they met the evening before. Think of a woman, perhaps with a gentle, delicate training, a woman of culture and rare refinement, and who has seen better days, but whose changed circumstances compel her to earn a living for her little ones, enduring the ill-humor, submitting to the insulting remarks, the coarse and cruel treatment of such a man!

[Concluded on page 131]

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# Millions for Music

## By EDGAR MELS



Oscar Hammerstein,  
Director of  
The Manhattan



Heinrich Conried,  
Director of  
The Metropolitan

New York City is to-day the most important center of grand opera in the world. Two magnificent rival opera houses are supported by the public; something heretofore unknown in even the great metropolitan cities of Europe. Two large companies comprising the world's greatest singers have set a pace that has given music a new impetus in the United States

AMERICA is going to the extreme in music, so far as financial extravagance is concerned. According to conservative estimates, the people of this country will spend ten million dollars on this form of amusement between November, 1906, and April, 1907. Included in this estimate is only the better class of music, the comic operas, musical comedies, and so-called "attractions" of this type not being considered at all.

America has become music-mad—mad in its desire to hear music that it does not always understand, and musicians whom it does not always value rightly. A musical obsession has taken hold of the people, and, having the necessary money to pay the demands of those wise enough to realize the extent of this newborn craze, we are now hearing the best there is in music at Europe's artistic expense. As a matter of fact, there were not twenty really first-class singers and instrumentalists left in Europe on December first, for the "almighty dollar" is a patent attraction to even so impractical a being as the average musician.

### An Expensive Luxury

In order to account for this sudden desire for music in this country, though it has been growing for the last five years, it is necessary to take a peep behind the scenes. To begin, music, as a commercial proposition, is an expensive luxury, for only the very few make money, the vast numbers giving years of work to a cause which appreciates only the well-advertised. Granted that a human being is endowed with abnormal talent in music, he or she can not hope for recognition in this country, until (1) he or she has gained a foreign reputation; (2) has enough money to hire a hall, a famous orchestra and a noted conductor;

or, (3) has been advertised along circus lines. In the first category are comparatively few American men, for not many seem to care for musical careers. Of women there are more, and, regrettably it must be said, for musical ethics, not all of them have attained success by methods that would stand the light of day.



This portrait of Miss Geraldine Farrar, the leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, was taken about three years ago, when she first went to Europe to complete her musical studies. In a beauty contest arranged by the Paris "Figaro," in 1903, Miss Farrar won second honors, the palm going to Miss Maude Fealy, an American actress. The contest was very close, and was decided only after considerable discussion. The German Emperor, who was interested in the affair, expressed a hope that Miss Farrar would win, and openly declared, afterwards, that she possessed the most beautiful face he had ever seen. Miss Farrar appears also on the front cover of this issue, in the famous balcony scene of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," with Charles Rousselière, which was specially painted by Frank B. Masters from the exact scene in the opera. The color tone, costumes and stage settings are just as they were designed and used for this production.

The second category is growing more numerous. A girl has studied the piano for three or four years, and has made fair progress, and the time has come for a public *début*. Her parents and friends raise a fund—\$1,200 is needed for such an event in New York City—and, after having had her vanity flattered for a night, the girl is forgotten by the public, and becomes a more or less competent teacher. Who gains by her *début*? A first-class orchestra, like the Russian Symphony, can be hired for \$400; Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony ask \$500. Carnegie Hall may be had for another \$400; advertising costs \$100, and the persuasive "manager" generally receives the balance for his services.

The third class is most dangerous to the cause of music, for it exalts the less worthy to heights they do not deserve and could not attain without the use of pernicious advertising. At the risk of offending the musical opinions of many, the writer will name two, who may be included in this category—Ignace Paderewski and Jan Kubelik.

### Almost Fabulous Incomes

The former, a Polish pianist possessed of good technique, clarity of tone, and considerable temperament, is yet not so true an artist as Busoni, D'Albert, Terese Carreño, Lhévinne, or even Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler; yet which one of these could obtain \$3,000 for a two-hours' recital, as Paderewski is doing this season? In addition, he is receiving \$25,000 for using a certain make of piano, making a total income, for his seven recitals this spring, of \$46,000, or \$3,285 an hour! Circus methods of advertising made him a popular favorite, as it did Kubelik, though the latter was a financial failure—to his manager—last season, and abandoned his tour this year, after more than one hun-



dred concerts had been booked in America. Let us consider the causes for this demand for music. Human beings, in their "follow-the-leader" proclivities, took to grand opera, because the wives and daughters of the "four hundred" desired some place in which to exhibit themselves, their clothes, and their jewels, and so established a fashion which drew the "would-like-to-be" fashionables, as well as the music lovers, to the opera. Then came opera in English—half-baked, it is true, but opera nevertheless; and in its wake a host of unattached singers, pianists, violinists, and cellists, all seeking a living, and incidentally spreading the gospel of harmony and counterpoint. Last came the fashion of touring Europe, where music is second nature and every child a music lover, if not a musician. The returning tourists, increasing in num-



bers yearly, interested their relations and friends in their tales of the music they had heard abroad, and so, gradually music grew and prospered, until, this season, the expenditures in this line in the United States will amount to three times that of Europe.

Of this ten million dollars, more than one-third will be spent on opera at the two New York opera houses, the Metropolitan and the new Manhattan. The Metropolitan organization, financed by the millionaires of the "four hundred" and directed by Heinrich Conried, is spending \$50,000 a week, the season comprising twenty weeks in New York and about four weeks on the road. The Manhattan Opera House, built, owned, and controlled solely by Oscar Hammerstein, will cost its director at least \$1,500,000 for.

[Concluded on pages 135 and 136]

# Stories of Human Interest



MR. LOOMIS



"Traveling on a last year's model"



MR. JEROME

## Platform to Platform

By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE V. DWIGGINS

If you want to have a glorious, awful, nerve-racking, restful, depressing, and exhilarating time, go out as a lecturer.

If you want to find out that you are not known to the average man and woman and also that there is scarcely a town where some one does not know you, go out lecturing.

You may say that you have no lecture. What do you want with one? One of the delightful things about the lecture business is that a lecture is not absolutely necessary. If you are a singer, you must have a song and a voice; if you are an instrumentalist, you must have an instrument and a mastery of it; but if you are a "lecturer," all you need is an engagement and a fee. This may seem paradoxical, but it is not. There are concerts, theatrical representations, stereopticon shows, prayer meetings, and—lectures. If your entertainment comes not under one of the first four heads, it comes under the head of lecture.

Last winter, Jerome K. Jerome and I traveled fifteen thousand, five hundred and one quarter miles, and appeared four and one third nights each week in church, parlor, hall, theater, and "opera house," and the two of us *together* could not produce a lecture; but our form of using up the hour and a half during which we faced our audiences was always called by that venerable and historic term. I remember that, in Los Angeles, Jerome, as usual, gave extracts from his various and varied books, and when he had finished, a lady went up to the manager and said, "What was the lecture about? It did not seem to stick to any one subject."

That was the beauty of it for both of us. We did n't have to confine ourselves to any one subject. If our audiences looked intellectual, we gladly gave them nonsense; if they looked foolish, we stuck to sense. And allow me to say that you will not find that dull audiences are peculiar to any State. I have faced audiences that were heart breaking within a few miles of New York, while some of our most—what Jerome used to call "hair-trigger audiences"—were found in Texas and Arkansas,—and I don't refer to shooting, either.

Blessed is the town that has an easy laugher in it. If I knew in advance just who he was, I would send him complimentary tickets. In many localities audiences do not consider it good form to laugh out loud. I have heard mothers reprove their daughters for laughing in just the right spot, and have seen the daughters sit silent and awed for the rest of the evening.

Laughter, to a man who is on a hunt for laughs, is like a landed trout to a fisherman—it makes him eager to go on; whereas, the well-bred person, who bottles up his laughs, to be used next day, when he is retailing the things he heard, acts as a brake on the machine, and forces the man on the platform to work with a millstone about his neck. Three hearty laughers in different parts of the house, and success is assured—for there is nothing else so contagious as laughter. No, the man on the platform has nothing to do with it.

An extended tour given up to one-night stands has all the fascination of gambling. You, who go traveling for your own pleasure, can pick your own trains, and stop and go on when you like, but we, who travel to suit the pleasure of committees, must *get there*. Our mode of conveyance may be the Empire State Express, or it may be a hand car of the model of 1905—and no sporty person likes to feel that he is traveling on a last year's model.

So, too, the traveler for pleasure goes "incog," as it

were, the whole length and breadth of his journey, but the lecturer's position fluctuates from that of the only pebble on the beach to that of only a pebble on the beach. There were towns we struck in which we were so important that we would be misreported by at least three reporters, who set down most entertainingly (to other people,) things we had never thought of saying. Were we not met at the station, in one such town, by three of the leading citizens, in two hacks, and were n't we invited to address the school children and made to feel that, even as Lafayette's return to America is still treasured as a tradition, so will our visit to this bustling Western city be one of the cherished memories?

You can not help feeling "cheesy" under such circumstances, and you wonder why men are content to mew themselves in New York, "unhonored and unsung," when, by the simple expedient of delivering a so-called lecture, they can be numbered among the really great men of the hour. Like little boys who swim on bladders, you float around that town and admire its up-to-dateness, its architecture, its civic improvements. Perhaps you are entertained at luncheon by the local *literati*, and are called on so quickly for a speech that you make it before you have time to be nervous, and do your knee trembling afterward. You feel that he has not lived who has not lectured. And then the evening comes, and you go out and "deliver the goods," and receive the plaudits of a grateful populace (a little thin in the dollar and a half seats) and when you retire you need two pillows, side by side, for your head.

Next morning, "what a fall is there, my countrymen!" The local paper, that had heralded you the day before, and had printed a picture of a bank robber as your portrait, now says, "As for Loomis, we wonder why Jerome pays the freight on him."

What have you done? Why have they thrown you from your pedestal in full view of the populace?

Ah, it comes on you like a flash. A heavy-footed man clumped around behind the scenes while your colleague was doing his share of the programme, and you admonished him to be quiet—doing as you would be done by. You noticed that he scowled, and you also subconsciously noticed that he had a note book. He was a reporter, and you don't like the sound of his report.

However, don't let the sting work in too deep. Was it not last week that one scribe likened you to an amalgam of Wendell Phillips, Artemus Ward, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox?

But they don't proclaim a half holiday in every town you visit. I could not see that Chicago hushed its noises a particle when we arrived there, and in St. Louis work went on as usual. And as the great cities, so do some of the smaller ones. Perhaps, in the same week in which you address the school children, and you and your colleague are hailed as great and good men, you strike a town where there is no one to receive you, as you gladly step from the mixed train in which you have been stewing for eight mortal hours, while it covered every foot of ninety miles. The flags are not flying from the city hall. No procession of leading citizens and school children in this place.

You climb into the ramshackle bus, and are immediately jolted over pavements so bad that you are involuntarily reminded of Chicago. Then you catch a

glimpse of a bobtailed horse car, and that naturally reminds you of New York. But this place is neither the one metropolis nor the other.

A ride just ten times too long carries you to a hotel so unprepossessing that you think there must be some mistake—until you see the rival hotel. Then, unresisting, you enter the—yes, the Palace Hotel. The proprietor, himself, does you the honor to escort you to your room—not because he ever heard of you before, but because there is no bell boy—or any bell, for the matter of that.

The higher you mount the rickety, ill-smelling stairs, the lower sink your spirits, and by the time you have reached the "bridal chamber," a dingy room, with a kerosene lamp, a small bed, one chair, and a wash-stand of hideous, cottage-furniture type, you wonder why Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry Ward Beecher ever made it fashionable to lecture. You notice that there is no receptacle for soapy water, and you follow the landlord out into the hall and say, in an off-hand way, "There's no slop jar."

He is not a pleasant tempered man, at best, and he seems to think that you are chaffing him.

"What's that?" he says, pausing a moment.

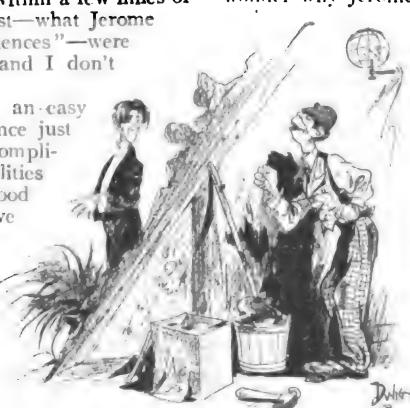
"Er—there's no slop pail." Perhaps that is what he calls it.

He looks you all over, and you feel that you are becoming a finical, fussy dude. Then he walks slowly to the window that opens on the kitchen yard.

"What's the matter with the window?" he says, and you blush that the obvious uses of the window had not occurred to you.

Dinner in such a hotel may prove to be a pleasant disappointment. It will be simple, but it may be appetizing. Farms are very near. Perhaps there will be fresh-laid eggs, tender chickens nicely broiled, creamy mashed potatoes, rich yellow milk—why you can put up with the miserable bedroom if the table is all right.

You join your *confrère* at the table. But it does not groan with good things. No, it is you who do the groaning. Such wanton spoiling of edibles could only



"I bet he's lost his way"



"The man on the platform has nothing to do with it"

be duplicated—why, it could only be duplicated in a thousand hotels of the same type, north, south, east, west.

The chicken was a great-grandmother before the (necessarily) sharp ax finally cleft her head from her venerable shoulders; the omelette should have black-balled one of its members; the milk is no more milk than your reading is a lecture; and the potatoes—But one does not have to be a lecturer to go to bad hotels, and the less said of them the better.

In a little town in Indiana we had a different experience. There the people had come in from miles around to hear Jerome. I don't think that, in that particular place, I was an irresistible magnet. But they did want to see and hear the man who had made so many people laugh so many times in so many countries by his books of good-humor and *good* humor.

At a little before eight, Jerome started out for the theater, leaving me to follow. He always read for a half hour before I came on, and so there was no need for me to hurry. Some time later, I followed him, and found people leaving the theater, while others were trying to get in—and it was after eight o'clock. I asked some one what the trouble was, and he said, "Jerome has n't come."

It was a little early for him to have been sandbagged—they seldom tried to sandbag us until we were returning with our spoils. I thought it odd, as Jerome is a punctual man. But there were people coming out and stemming the tide that



"And you blush"

was sweeping in, and Jerome had not appeared. I went around to the stage door, and there was Jerome, in anything but a humorous humor. He was ordering the curtain up, and was prevailing on our loc'l manager to go out before it and explain that he had neither been lost nor sandbagged.

It seems that, when he reached the theater, he found a large crowd blowing their fingers in the March air and waiting for the doors to open. Realizing that there was plenty of time, he took a little turn around town, and when he came back the crowd was both colder and hotter—as he could see by their noses and eyes. The crowd was also smaller. "Some have gone in," he said, but they had not. They had taken a long-distance trolley to their homes in various parts of the county.

Once more he strolled away, and when he came there a third time, he asked some one what the trouble was.

"Trouble enough. Here we've bought our tickets, and Jerome has n't showed up. Has n't reached town yet, and there are no more trains for two hours."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Jerome, and hastily sought the stage door, there to learn that the local manager had cheerfully handed back a hundred dollars to disappointed patrons. Just how the impression got about that Jerome was not in town no one ever knew, but, after that, we always let the local manager know that we were there, and that, barring earthquakes, we'd bask in the footlights' gleam at the appointed hour.

I wonder why it is that one feels it is such a feather in his cap if he can make a stage hand laugh. I remember that, one evening, there was an unusually intelligent audience, made up of college professors and collegians, and they laughed readily and often at Jerome's sallies.

Just off scene sat a stolid and stupid stage hand, and he yawned at least four times while the reading was going on. I knew perfectly well that, if Jerome were to leap to his hands and walk around the stage with his feet in the air, singing, "God save the King," meantime, the stage hand would laugh, but I knew that Jerome never did that particular trick. And the stage hand sat there stolid.

"Will he like my work?" I asked myself, and I realized that I would value his verdict above a whole theaterful of the others, although they were alert mentalities.

I went on. The professors and collegians prospered my jests, for which I was grateful, but I heard a noise at the wings that made me do my level best. The stage hand was laughing out loud.

Later, I heard what it was he said when he laughed.

"Gee, I have to laugh to see such a solemn lookin' cuss before the footlights. I bet he's lost his way."

But, at the time, I thought I had made a hit with him, and I was happy.

I always preferred churches to theaters, because there were no stage hands. I don't know how a stage hand acts toward an actor, but I always felt that they merely tolerated us, because we never used slap sticks nor yet made up. I know they made me feel uncomfortable. But once, half a dozen of them laughed at me and I didn't half try to make them do it. The first thing a lecturer does, after accustoming himself to the darkness of "behind the scenes," is to find a "peep hole" and "count the house." One night I tried several, but they were all too small. Just at "tip-toes" was a big one, and I made for that, and raising myself on my tootsies until I resembled a *ballet* dancer, I applied my eye. Then it was that they laughed, for I was looking into a little trick mirror that reflected my eye, but gave me no glimpse of the house.

# THE PARTNERSHIP

## By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

IT was very pleasant on the warm side of the *adobe* hut, and little Theresa had made a playhouse there out of warm red sandstones. She was deeply interested in a brilliant new plaything that caught the beams of the coppery sun and held them like a great jeweled torch. She set the broken piece of looking-glass in front of Neoa, the buckskin doll that an Indian woman passing on a pony had given her, where it reflected her little beaded moccasins and bright scarlet jacket.

It was a very wonderful plaything, and, after she had found it out on the old trail, it threw a white spot on the side of the hut. She felt like laughing as she looked at Neoa sitting in the glare that showed the cracks in her face, but did not laugh aloud because of papa, who lay very still in the house. He had groaned all day, yesterday, and last night had talked very loudly, calling her name until she seemed to hear it in her sleep, but to-day he lay on the couch without moving.

She had spoken to him very softly just once when she was hungry, and had taken his hand, but he did not answer and the hand was cold and did not hold her own, so she knew he wanted to be still and alone.

Although thinking of this rather sadly, she did not know why, she wished to laugh whenever she looked at that splendid new plaything shining brightly in Neoa's eyes.

Far out across the arid plain with its scorched brown grass, Pecos Jim saw it, too, and pressed his knee against his pony to turn him toward it. The pony was galloping heavily in a thin cloud of alkali dust that spurted from under his hoofs and floated in a long white line miles behind them.

Due west they were going with the low, blue range of the foothills showing just over the horizon, and, as they changed their course slightly to reach the hut, Jim turned in the saddle and, brushing the dust from his eyes, swept the plain behind. Here and there grew withered mesquite or thorny chaparal; but for these the expanse was unbroken and as yet there was not a puff of dust to tell the approach of his vengeful, hard-riding pursuers. So, shifting the Winchester that lay across the saddle before him, he urged his weared pony anew.

"Water; water," he kept repeating aloud; "better face death yonder than fall in this living hell!"—he glanced grimly toward some skele-

tons of cattle and a great red-eyed vulture hopping heavily among them.

A short distance from the hut he dropped from his pony, which stood with hanging head, and called, hoarsely:

"Come out, you herder."

The only sign of life in response was from Theresa, who rose and stared at him, clasping Neoa in her arms. He had noticed that scarlet jacket, the only splash of color in the whole gray landscape, some time before, and wondered what it was.

Standing behind the pony with his rifle across the saddle, he looked at her vaguely and then, aroused to the advantage that possession of the little girl would



"Drew up a bucket and drank of the warm, brackish water."

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give him, called to her. She stepped toward him timidly, and, lifting her somewhat roughly, he strode toward the hut, the pony remaining in his tracks.

After another hail, he looked in at the door and saw the herder lying on the bed. He shook him once and then, taking in the situation, walked around to the little well back of the hut. There he set Theresa on her feet and with eager, trembling hands, drew up a bucket and drank of the warm, brackish water; then he drenched himself with it, the water rolling off his coat in little pellets and streaking the dust on his leather chaps.

This somewhat revived him and he glanced back over his trail, giving an exclamation, as far to the eastward, he saw an ominous puff of dust that told of the pursuing *vigilantes*. Without waiting another moment, he ran toward the pony with a bucket of water, which the latter drank languidly at first, then with eagerness, and raised his head more hopefully.

"Now for the hills, old chap," Jim said to him, and in a moment they were galloping away, again due west.

But, after a few strides, he looked back and saw Theresa still standing where he had left her near the well. He scowled and turned away.

"They will take care of her when they come up," he muttered; then, on reflection, he added, "No; they won't, either; they will see our dust and cut across without going to the hut."

He jerked the pony's head around angrily. "A few

and as Jim felt him falling he sprang off with Theresa, who had for hours been a dead, sleeping weight upon his arm.

For a moment he waited beside the pony, who made no effort to rise, and it became evident his race was run; then, without a word, Jim turned and began to run toward the hills, the pony raising his head for a last look at his master.

Active and sinewy, the fugitive raced along, carrying the rifle in his left hand and breathing heavily under his double burden, until, with a thrill of triumph, he passed a great boulder and entered a narrow ravine, throwing a glance behind him across the prairie. Through the gathering dusk he could see that sinister cloud of dust that shrouded his deadly and persistent enemies; but it was not much nearer than when he had left the *adobe* hut, early in the afternoon; their horses were fagged out, too.

About two hours later, in a little "pocket" of the hills several miles from this ravine, Pecos Jim sat on a log looking in a puzzled, meditative kind of way at his *protégé*, who was munching some crackers he had given her.

It was an inaccessible place that he had discovered by accident and had used more than once when hard pressed. It was impossible that any one could trail him there, and in all security and as composed as if he had not just escaped the hardest chase of his life he was smoking his inevitable pipe and looking at Theresa in the dim moonlight.

He had wrapped his coat about her and made her warm and comfortable on a heap of pine needles, and after her long nap she looked back at him with wakeful, bright-eyed interest.

"You are not much of a talker, Tress," he observed, for so he had understood her name; "and neither am I, as a rule; but this is an exceptional case."

She nodded her little head as if she understood every word, and he continued, as men will talk to children.

"Tress, I was in a pretty tight place when I saw that flashlight of yours; the pony was on his last legs, about that time, and if we hadn't found the well when we did I'd have been stretched out, back there in the desert, riddled like a sieve."

He drew on his pipe again and looked at her admiringly, sitting there in the moonlight. A child had always seemed a wonderful thing to him, who had neither chick nor kin of his own, and there he found himself the only guardian and protector of as pretty a little girl as he had ever laid eyes on.

MGWilliamson



"Jim sprang off with Theresa"

pounds extra may mean death to all of us," he thought, "but what's the difference? It's got to come, anyhow, some time."

Reaching the well, he swept Theresa into the saddle before him and started again, when she began to cry.

"I know," he said, gruffly, "it's papa. That's all right, I'll take care of you." But, as they passed the sandstone playhouse, she reached out her arms and he saw the piece of broken mirror glittering in the sun.

With a muttered, but vehement, curse, he jumped off and picked it up. "Do you want to get us all killed?" he demanded. "Here, take it and shut up."

Then they were off again, the cloud of dust having rolled perceptibly nearer in the meantime. Hour after hour they rode, the silence of the vast solitude broken only by the muffled pounding of the pony's hoofs, until a low growth of bushes and clusters of coarse grass began to spring up around them. The hills were getting very close and now and then a puff of chill air swept their faces. Pecos Jim imagined he could hear the deep, organ tones of the pines, whose highest tops were outlined against the setting sun like the spars and cross-trees of ships floating in mid-air.

An hour passed; in a half hour more they would enter the first of those dark ravines that would insure safety. Suddenly the pony stumbled and Jim drove in his spurs; he recovered and staggered on a few steps,

spark from the mirror, would have been passed unseen. He shook his head grimly, reflecting on what her fate would have been in that vast desert alone with her dead father.

"Where's your mama?" he had inquired, but Theresa puffed her brows as if trying to summon up an old, dim memory, and shook her head.

"Hasn't got any," she muttered; "that's pretty rough. I never had any, either, that I can recollect," and this gave a new trend to his thoughts.

"I've never paid very much attention to Providence," he told her, "but He certainly interfered in your case. Maybe this is my chance to get next. I haven't any place to leave you and hanged if I'm goin' back on you after packin' you all this way."

Theresa laughed and held out Neoa as a sign of perfect confidence, and, taking the doll carefully in his big, rough hands, he remarked, critically: "Dead swell squaw, ain't she?"

They sat silent for a while, Jim holding the doll awkwardly, while Theresa, unwrapping the precious piece of looking-glass from the blue handkerchief Jim had worn about his neck, held it up to the moon and was fascinated to discover that a silver torch instead of a copper one burned in it. It threw a pale, thin ray on the rocks and wove in and out of the pine trees up the hillside as if a ghost wandered there.

Jim was not apprehensive of discovery, and, besides, he was thinking deeply on subjects that he had refused to consider for a good many years. They had generally brought on a spell of recklessness whenever they crooked out, but to-night they had a different effect. He seemed to have a curious feeling that a gate closed to him for many years was swinging slowly open.

Now, among the pines on the hilltops that Theresa was flashing her glass toward was a wanderer, but not a ghostly one. He was substantially made of six feet of bone and muscle, in the rough dress of a plainsman, and carried a rifle under his arm. His roving eye caught the twinkling point of light, and, becoming very curious about it, he began to move in a roundabout way toward the ledge of rock directly above the little glen.

He glided along silently as an Indian, and it was some time before he reached the desired post, where he dropped on his face and looked down over the brink. What he saw and heard there appeared to surprise him very much.

"You see it's this way," Jim was saying; "you've got no papa now and I have n't any little girl, so we ought to strike up a partnership. You have n't any friends, either; I have a few, though"—here he ran his hand reflectively through his hair,—"but I would n't miss 'em a bit; in fact, I've been trying to lose 'em all day."

"I'll admit I haven't a very good record about here, Tress, but I've always been honest. It was all a—ahem!—lie about that Brushwood bank robbery; it was because Sim Armstrong made some hint to a different effect, last night, that I let him have it. He's the third man I've had to call, and, though I always shoot on the square, the *vigilantes* had warned me, and if they had got me to-day,—well, you would have had a good chance to adopt another papa.

"What d'ye say? I'll quit playing cards, shake the whole gang and the country, and you and me will start all over again. I've been thinkin' about it a long time, but it seemed like I never had an opportunity."

"Papa!" chirped Tress, holding out her arms.

"That does settle it," exclaimed Pecos Jim, with a sigh of relief. "Let's pack up and vamose. We'll have to hoof it at first till the exchequer picks up."

"Sit whar you are a minute, Jim!" suddenly broke in a voice above his head.

Jim's lips compressed a moment; then, without moving, he answered, in a quiet way:

"That you, sheriff? I thought I'd given you all the shake."

"You did, all but me," replied the other; "but I had a hint, some time ago, that you'd put up hereabouts before, and made in this direction. Whar you goin'?"

"I know one thing; I'm not goin' back with you."

"I said I'd bring you in for this, dead or alive."

"You'd better arrange for a funeral, then," said Jim, grimly.

"Whar'd you get the little girl?" inquired the sheriff, and there was a lull in the conversation after Jim had explained.

"I had one once," said the sheriff, finally.

"I reckon I know it," said Jim; "I've had her in my saddle many a time." He had thought of grasping his rifle and springing under the rocks, but changed his mind. "What's the use?" he reflected; "Sam's got me dead to rights."

"Nice night fur a walk," observed the sheriff.

"Fine!" agreed Jim, and the sheriff resumed: "A good long walk; a man ought to cover, say, twenty miles between now and daylight."

Jim looked up in a puzzled way but did not answer, as, following this remark, something fell at his feet.

"Just somethin' in that pouch to keep the little girl goin' fur a time," explained the sheriff, apologetically.

Stoically Jim picked it up and put it into his pocket, as the former continued: "I've allus said you was honest, and now I'm goin' to trust you; but, mind, no card-playin'."

"I'll send it back."

"Darn the money, I don't mean that; but say, Jim," plaintively, "you don't seem to mind makin' a liar out of me a bit,—about my bringin' you in, you know."

"No," said Jim, slowly, "I can't say as I do."

"But you won't lose your respec' fur me on that account?"

"No; I can't say as I will."

"You see," said the sheriff, suddenly, a bright idea striking him, "Providence has kind of altered circumstances."

"So I was thinkin'," replied Jim; "I think you stand excused."

"I'm glad you say so, fur I know you're honest; I never believed that bank robbery story. Now you git where there ain't no poker and gun-playin' as soon as you can. Good-by! Take good keer of her."

"I guess that's the only way I can stand excused," said Jim. "Good-by, sheriff!"—and, lifting Tress carefully in his arms, he began the ascent of the mountains with the gate wide open before him.

## WHITE BREAD

Makes Trouble For People with Weak Intestinal Digestion.

A lady in a Wis. town employed a physician who instructed her not to eat white bread for two years. She tells the details of her sickness, and she certainly was a sick woman.

"In the year 1887 I gave out from over work, and until 1901 I remained an invalid in bed a great part of the time. Had different doctors but nothing seemed to help. I suffered from cerebro-spinal congestion, female trouble and serious stomach and bowel trouble. My husband called a new doctor, and after having gone without any food for 10 days the doctor ordered Grape-Nuts for me. I could eat the new food from the very first mouthful. The doctor kept me on Grape-Nuts and the only medicine was a little glycerine to eat the alimentary canal.

"When I was up again Doctor told me to eat Grape-Nuts twice a day, and no white bread for two years. I got well in good time and have gained in strength so I can do my own work again.

"My brain has been helped so much, and I know that the Grape-Nuts food did this, too. I found I had been made ill because I was not fed right, that is I did not properly digest white bread and some other food I tried to live on.

"I have never been without Grape-Nuts food since and eat it every day. You may publish this letter if you like so it will help someone else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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## THE THIRD HOUSE

*The Lobby of the Interests at Washington*

EVERYBODY has now heard of the People's Lobby. The idea of some representation for the whole people has taken a great hold on the public mind. But this very interest, this turning of public thought to the influences which control and warp legislation, has led to the demand for more light.

"Success Magazine" will turn on the light in its next (March,) number.

"The Third House. The Lobby of the Interests at Washington!" Do you know what it is? What do you know about it? Is there such a thing? Who are the congressional lobbyists?

Would you like to be introduced to the "real thing?" How would you like to hear a little from the inside about what a real lobbyist does? Something with names and facts?

Men build houses in Washington on their profits as lobbyists. Does that concern you? It ought to. You live under the laws which they get passed. The food you eat, the clothes you put on your back, the medicine you give your baby are each affected in price and quality by the operations of a man who is paid thousands of dollars annually to "attend to legislation." Do you know his name? Probably you never heard it mentioned. These articles will tell you.

Did you ever think of a lobbyist as anything but a rascal? Did you ever think of a lobbyist as doing good?

That is another interesting thing about the lobby. There are lobbyists and lobbyists. A good many people think that a lobbyist is always buttonholing legislators, or buying them wine and good cigars. Perhaps you never heard about the lobbyist who never is

seen in the lobby, and never buys a cigar except for his own consumption? Ever hear of the bookkeeping lobbyist, or the man who yields the bludgeon of a mailing list?

There is no objection to the honest lobbyist. It is perfectly legitimate for a representative of a corporation to appear before a legislative committee just as a lawyer appears before a judge. The trouble is this: the lobbyists get behind the legislators and force their influence.

Permit us to introduce to you the manufacturer of "canned speeches for Congressmen."

Let us make you better acquainted with the man who sells brains to the brainless. Let us tell you of the "tipster" and the "eyes of the octopus;" the man who is on the ground to collect and sell information. Let us tell you of the confidence man who poses as a lobbyist, and gathers in the shekels of the guileless. He has been spotted. Perhaps we shall have his picture.

Let us tell you of some of the "easy money" that has been gathered in by the professional influencers of legislation. How would you like to bank a check for a quarter of a million for the labors of lobbying? Did you ever hear about the banquet of the \$2,500 tablecloth?

The material has not been easy to secure. It is not the hasty pickings of a casual visitor to the Nation's Capital. It is the accumulated knowledge of ten years' experience in the active labors of a Washington correspondent who knows and sees and dares to tell what he sees. Further than this, Gilson Gardner needs no introduction or commendation.

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This is the President's favorite cartoon. It hangs in his study in the White House

## The Inside at Washington

The Editors regret that, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to divulge the name of the author of this department which will be a regular feature of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Let it suffice when we assure you that what he writes will be the truth and that his sources of information are too certain to admit dispute.

### "The Man I'm Working For"

A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN, famous the world over as a high government official, was lunching at the White House not so long ago. To the statesman from over the sea the occasion was one of rare opportunity. Long before visiting this country, he had come to regard the President of the United States not only as the popular idol of the American nation, but also as the foremost figure in the world. It was this nobleman's dominating desire, therefore, to discover the source of Theodore Roosevelt's power and influence. And he went about the task of satisfying his curiosity with a directness which would have done credit to his host.

The foreigner explained that he was more or less familiar with the President's policies; that he believed in many of them, and that he could see why such policies would necessarily have a wide appeal, but, to his mind, the people do not necessarily idolize the champion of popular policies. Evidently this nobleman would exclaim, with Edmund Burke, "The cant of, Not men, but measures!" — for he concluded by saying, with brutal frankness:

"But I find that my friends and acquaintances in New York do not support you. Whence comes your power, Mr. President?"

"You have talked in the clubs of New York," said Mr. Roosevelt; "in the Metropolitan and the Knickerbocker, for example. You have talked with persons in Wall Street."

The foreign statesman acknowledged that such was the case.

"Those men are not for me," said the President. "But come this way."

He preceded his guest up the marble staircase which leads to the private apartments of the White House, across the broad hall and into his study, where there is a plain but commodious desk—a workman's desk—at which he spends much time of an evening.

Every inch of wall space is utilized for books, and the cases form a resting place for as unique and interesting a display of treasures as was ever gathered together. There are implements of battle and emblems of peace. There are portraits and faded letters of Abraham Lincoln. And there are clever cartoons, each a kindly thrust at some characteristic of the many-sided man, or a reminder of an interesting event in his wonderful career.

One of these cartoons, prominently placed in the collection, represents an old farmer, with shaggy hair and bristly beard of gray, reading "his favorite author" by the light of a kerosene lamp, as he toasts his shoeless feet before a blazing log fire. The detail of the drawing may be studied from the reproduction.

Note the quaint furniture, the circular rag mat on the floor, the patches which adorn the old fellow's trousers, the home-knit stockings, with double heels and toes, which are narrowed to a point. Note the picture of "his favorite author" on the wall, and particularly the time o' night. By the hands of the ancient clock, it lacks but a few minutes to midnight,—very late for such a hardworking farmer as this,—but his eyes are very wide open, and the tense expression of the mouth evidences the fact that he is deeply interested in the latest literary output of "his favorite author"—the President's message.

Before this cartoon the President led the nobleman, and, giving him no time to grasp the idea in the picture, Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed:

"That's the man I'm working for! I would n't do anything wrong for him, but he would n't ask me to."

The foreign statesman studied the cartoon intently, and began to nod his head. Then President Roosevelt snapped out these words:

"If I can get that man and his sons and his neighbors—and their counterparts in the city—with me, I can carry through my policy. I can count on that man to follow me in my fight against Hearst, just as in my demand that Rockefeller and the Standard Oil obey the law. The old chap will support me in any sane proposition. He's the man I'm working for."

### The Ancient Irish Sagas

**THE BUSIEST MAN** in the executive branch of the Government is the President himself. He demands faithful, intelligent, and industrious service from his subordinates, but he sets them a splendid example. A large majority of the Government clerks, who reach the office at nine, are out on the street a moment after 4:30 o'clock. Until the present administration, these same clerks labored only until four o'clock; but it was discovered that they were not giving the service required by law.

The President puts in much more time for the Government. He is at his desk in the Executive Offices at 9:30 a. m. There he remains, with every moment occupied, until, at 1:30 p. m., he tears himself away from admiring countrymen, many of whom ask only the privilege of shaking his hand.

As a rule, there are guests at luncheon, and then there is a range of discussion which would tire the mind of any ordinary man, were he master of ceremonies. At 2:45 Mr. Roosevelt is again at his desk, where he remains, hard at work, until he leaves at four to enjoy some form of health-giving exercise out-of-doors. He returns to his office soon after six, and there

is more government work until 7:45, when he hurries away to dress for dinner.

The preparation of state papers, including messages to Congress and executive memoranda, and public addresses, is done entirely after 9:30 p.m. It is at this time, moreover, that he must do his exhaustive reading, and must practice the avocation which he has always loved,—that of a literary craftsman.

It is to creative literary work that the President turns for relaxation, and for a respite from the responsibilities and worries of his great office; of these the general public can form no appreciation. Some notion of the militant forces with which he has to contend was furnished at the close of the President's great fight to secure justice to all shippers alike, and to the traveling public, on the great highways of commerce. The Railroad Rate Bill was ready for passage in the upper house of Congress, when Senator Tillman disclosed the fact that the President, through ex-Senator Chandler, had been carrying on secret negotiations with the Democrats of the Senate. Charges were made, and promptly denied from the White House, that the President had turned his back on certain Republicans of the Senate. A merry shindy seemed imminent, but, after issuing his temperate statement, the President remained silent.

Senators Tillman and Bailey, and particularly the trouble-making ex-Senator from New Hampshire, had a great deal to say, but soon the "tumult and the shouting died." The people lost interest in the controversy, mainly because the President was a silent party to it. Why he was able to keep still is now known.

Having made public his statement, the President said to his secretary, Mr. Loeb: "We are now in for a week's ghost dance. Chandler and Tillman and Bailey must have their fling. If I read what is said it will make me angry. So I'm going to interest myself in an absorbing task. I shall write that article on the ancient Irish sagas."

The "ancient Irish sagas"—how many people know anything about them? How many could compare the Erse with the Norse sagas? Truly remarkable is the article in the January Number of "The Century Magazine," entitled, "The Ancient Irish Sagas," and signed, Theodore Roosevelt. It is remarkable for the high quality of the writer's literary style, and yet more particularly for the deep study and comprehensive insight into an unusual subject.

\* \* \*

### Politics Behind the Brownsville Affair

AFTER SENATOR FORAKER's speech in the Senate, in which he affected so much concern for the discharged colored soldiers, the prevailing sentiment among those who criticise the President's action was summed up in this comment of an anti-administration newspaper:

"An excellent speech, but it is a pity that some one else could not have made it."

As a matter of fact, Senator Foraker cares not a rap for the Negro. Considerately willing that there should be Negro Federal office-holders in the South, the senior Senator from Ohio has vigorously opposed the appointment of the black man to Federal offices in his own State. Mr. Foraker's animus in the Brownsville Affair is not far to seek. No more willing tool of corporations than he occupies a seat in the United States Senate. Compared with him, Senator Bailey, of Texas, is an angel of light. It was Foraker who did his best to defeat the President's railroad rate legislation, but, by the vigor and openness of his attack, and by voting against the bill on final passage, the Ohio Senator disarmed criticism through his very boldness. That's the way he plays the game.

Both Senators Foraker and Dick were anxious to have the President's moral support in the Ohio campaign, but, once the election was over, Foraker resumed his old rôle as the special pleader for the corporations. With patronizing complacency, he uttered this bit of political philosophy:

The people have gone as far in the direction of radical Populist propositions as they will go. The next swing of the pendulum will be back in the other direction, and by the time 1908 comes around I do not think there will be much chance for the election, whatever chance there may be for the nomination, of any Democrat who entertains the views of either Mr. Hearst or Mr. Bryan.

Senator Foraker knows better. The wish was father to the thought. For, above everything else, he longs for the return to political power of the big corporations. They dominate him, and he desires to have the government of the United States returned to their control and subject to their tender guidance. This can never be so long as Theodore Roosevelt continues to wield the influence he does. Senator Foraker thought he saw, in the Brownsville affair, an opportunity to undermine the power and popularity of the President.

And there are other reasons. Like all politicians of high degree, Joseph Benson Foraker aspires to the Presidency. In his secret soul he knows that, were he to "bunko" the Republican National Convention into giving him the nomination, he would be beaten to a pulp on his record as a docile servant of corporations. Nevertheless, he is willing that his party should run the risk. Incidentally, the senior Senator from Ohio

courts the dog-in-the-manger attitude. He is unwilling that his State should mother any new President other than Foraker. He is gunning for the Taft boom.

The President's action in the Brownsville affair is supported by such great constitutional lawyers as Secretaries Root and Taft, Justice Moody, (until December 17, Attorney-General,) Senator Knox, ex-Attorney-General; Senator Culberson, ex-Attorney-General of Texas, and Senators Bailey and Spooner. Thus fortified in his judgment, President Roosevelt is firmly convinced that he acted not only with justice and wisdom, but absolutely within his constitutional rights. He will "stand pat." As he has informed several Senators, he would pay no attention to any act on the subject which Congress might pass. As for impeachment—the President calmly says, "Let it come." But there won't be any impeachment.

\* \* \*

### Score One for the People's Lobby

"THE People's Lobby has made good."

This was the verdict rendered by President Roosevelt to Henry Beach Needham, secretary of the organization. The facts which gave rise to this flattering expression of approval constitute an interesting story.

The readers of the October Number of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* will recall that in the article entitled, "The People's Lobby," Mr. Needham criticised a bill which became a law at the last session of Congress, and which bears the misleading title, "An act to amend existing laws relative to the fortifying of *pure*, sweet wine." The writer concluded his criticism of the act in this language: "This is an illustration of the character of legislation which may be secured where the attention of the people is not called to it, and where it is quickly put through committees and through Congress without any publicity and practically without debate."

Enter now President Roosevelt. After the publication of the article, the portion referred to was sent to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, by the Secretary to the President, with an order for a report on the merits of the controversy. Mr. Yerkes replied at length, and his voluminous letter, together with the exhibits, was sent to Mr. Needham for his information. The writer of the article then presented a letter in rebuttal. In this communication he laid particular stress upon the fact that, at the so-called public hearings, just two persons were heard; namely, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, whose sole concern is the raising of revenue for the Government, and the representative of the "special interests" affected by the proposed legislation—the president of the California Winegrowers' Association. He said that the Secretary of Agriculture, who is charged with the duty of protecting the food supply of the nation, was not heard, nor was any officer connected with his department. Mr. Needham concluded his answer in these words:

"The expression 'pure, sweet wine' is a travesty upon the words 'pure,' 'sweet,' and 'wine.' The proper title of the act should have been, 'To provide for the production of an impure, artificial, so-called wine by the aid of an impotable, poisonous, so-called grape brandy.'

The letter in rebuttal was referred, by the Secretary to the President, to the Secretary of Agriculture, who obtained an exhaustive report on the same from Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry. In transmitting this report to the President, Secretary Wilson said that Mr. Needham's history of the legislation was, in the main, correct. The Secretary of Agriculture volunteered the information that he had received no notice of the "public hearings," and had not been invited to attend them. He concluded his letter in this language:

"It is possible to make, under the law, a product which is dangerous to health, which will foster the alcohol habit, and which is contrary to the provisions of the pure food law."

As a result, the President directed the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to confer with the Secretary of Agriculture and to prepare a bill to correct the defects of the so-called "pure sweet wine law."

\* \* \*

### Taft and the Presidency

SECRETARY TAFT's statement that he is not a candidate for the Presidency, does not by any means eliminate him as a candidate. It strengthens him. Harking back to the Republican convention of 1904, when Roosevelt was nominated for President, Vice-President Fairbanks, who wanted the vice-presidential nomination more than anything else, pretended that he did not want it at all, although his "heelers" were working for it desperately. Fairbanks wanted to be "drafted" for it, as Roosevelt was four years before. The administration supporters became disgusted with Fairbanks, and the nomination was offered to Taft by the Roosevelt people. Taft, fearing that his labor record would injure the ticket, refused to take it. When a Circuit Judge, he fearlessly issued injunctions against certain labor organizations. Had Taft said the word in 1904, he would have been Vice President of the United States to-day, and would now be the leading possibility next to Roosevelt, who, we can state in all confidence, is not a candidate and will do all in his power to prevent another nomination.

### A DOCTOR'S SLEEP

Found He Had to Leave Off Coffee.

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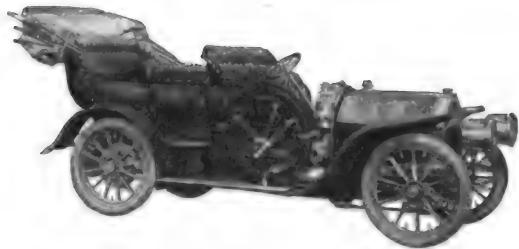
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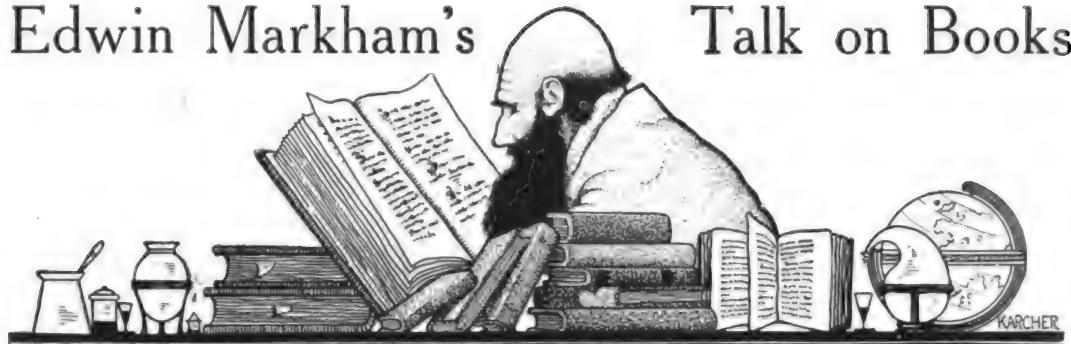
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## Edwin Markham's



### The Novels of Capital and Labor

THE genesis of the novel of the social question, of which the labor and capital novel is one aspect, involves a sketch of the whole history of the English novel. I can give only a few brief paragraphs for your help.

Following Sidney's "Arcadia" in the sixteenth century and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in the early eighteenth, we come upon a new variety of novel—the novel of manners, reflecting the customs and speech of the age. Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" lead the long train. Jane Austen's novels, with their tract-suggesting titles, "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," mark the finest attainment of this novel of the small canvas of particulars. These novels are mildly concerned with the improvement of deportment and morals. Richardson counsels, Miss Austen satirizes.

Historical fiction swam into our ken in the gallant fleet of the thirty-two "Waverley Novels." Here romance and adventure are in full sail. Occupied with pomp and pageant, with the purely emotional, the historical novel of this time allows its teachings to be merely incidental; perhaps the best of all ways of teaching, if the people ring true and the situations square with ethics. But fustian and rococo are a poor material for a sounding board of novels.

Running in line with the historical novel came the novel of mystery, like "The Castle of Otranto," and "The Mystery of Udolpho." Diversion only was the excuse for these excursions into secrecy and necromancy.

Contemporaneously with these stories of history and of mystery, there sprang up a famous novel of *purpose* that has colored the trend of thousands of stories since. This was Godwin's "Caleb Williams," the first book to turn the search-light on social abuses and unjust laws. It was a blast against the conventions of a sawdust aristocracy.

"Paul Clifford," by Bulwer, was one of the earliest creations to spring from the dragon's teeth sown by Godwin. Bulwer's hero is a highwayman, the victim of vicious prison discipline and a sanguinary penal code.

About the beginning of the Victorian era swept in the novel of street and trade and club—pre-eminently the novel of city and town. Here social scenes and social themes are woven in with stories of home and the common way; all reflecting the life of this period of England's greatest material prosperity. Dickens takes for his material the middle classes and the off-scourings of society. Thackeray chooses the upper classes and their servants and hangers-on. In "Hard Times," Dickens twines a story around a phase of trade-unionism; for labor troubles were in the air of that day. In "Oliver Twist," he lunges against abuses of the workhouse; in "Nicholas Nickleby" against the abuses of certain boys' schools; in "Bleak House" against chancery courts; in "Little Dorrit" against imprisonment for debt. His works are crowded with characters. His exaggerations and sentimentalities are palpable; but his compassion for the multitude made a deep impression upon a reading public that had been accustomed for years to sorrow only over the woes of prince and page.

Thackeray was not touched by the wrongs of the common people. He was inclined to sneer at Dickens's treatment of criminals and incompetents. But he had a wholesome contempt for snobbery and injustice, and he helped to brush away aristocratic pretension with laughter as Dickens helped wash away injustice with tears.

Thackeray had his shadow in Anthony Trollope, as Dickens had his shadow in Charles Reade. Like Balzac, Trollope endeavored to conjure from his ample ink bottle another *Comédie Humaine*. He hammers out much about political and commercial life, but his novels lack the convincing touch of genius. His work is wooden.

Charles Reade comes nearer to snatching the divine fire, but he does not rise to the creative rank of his master. In "Put Yourself in His Place" he takes up labor conditions, especially in trade-unionism.

## Talk on Books

Charles Kingsley, the friend of Maurice and Carlyle, who were preaching in sermon and essay the people and them crucified—Kingsley, a scholarly clergyman, was the next notable novelist to be heard in the cause of "the disinherited." His "Alton Locke" is a ringing story of a representative workingman, but in none of these early stories is there the ear-to-the-ground, intimate and convincing appeal, such as our own Hamlin Garland gives in his "Main Traveled Roads." None of these early writers knew the workman in his grime and grief.

The women of this time had caught up the discussion of labor that was buzzing through England. Charlotte Brontë in "Shirley" and Mrs. Gaskell in "Mary Barton" had pictured factory conditions, with a certain fidelity and sympathy. But it was left to the greatest woman novelist, George Eliot, to give the most artistic and the most searching of the social studies of the century.

With George Eliot a new strain comes into novel writing. She is not content to merely tell a story; she seeks for the relation between the life of her characters and the life of humanity. She builds into fiction the conflicts and questionings that Mill and Darwin and Spencer were voicing in economics and science and philosophy. Evolution, heredity, environment—the new-risen doctrines surging in the thought of the day—these gave the sense of social responsibility. And George Eliot drew for us a world where these forces are in their changeless, unconquerable activities. Her people try to see life in full circle. The large cause, the large use—they are forever seeking these out, whether among homely farm-folk, or country gentry, or *bourgeois* townspeople. The vast sympathy of the author makes her characters intensely alive, and holds our interest in their fortunes. "Felix Holt, the Radical" is a story involving the labor movement. One of the speeches of Felix is so up-to-date that it could be printed in our newspapers as an editorial against "graft."



**EDWIN MARKHAM**  
Author of  
"The Man With the Hoe"

Neither Hardy nor Meredith deals primarily with the problem of labor; still both are concerned with life as it comes to the common people, as well as to the leisure class. Hardy's men are often workmen close to the soil, victims of the "unfulfilled intention" that makes the struggle of the poorer workers so pathetic.

Walter Besant, less of an artist, but still a true and fine writer, gives us "The Children of Gibeon" and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—explorations into the labor conditions of East London. But these fiction studies are cold and aloof when compared with such sympathetic insights as Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets."

These heart-warm tales make us live in the alleys and attics of "the disinherited." George Gissing, in "The Nether World," also brings together in one powerful book the myriad squalors and shames of the industrial quarter of London. It is a book of epic significance.

In "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Humphrey Ward presents a study with a good degree of imaginative understanding of certain types of the working world. But Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5, John Street," is the English novelist of to-day closest in touch with the hardships and hopes of the labor host. This novel is a simple, but heart-wringing drama of the life of the downmost man, and a silent yet stern arraignment of the classes that hold him bound. A new novel of great power has just come from his hand.

In America the first notable fiction dealing with social conditions is Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," a sketch founded upon the noble social experiment at Brook Farm. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "The Stillwater Tragedy" offers a strong story involving a labor strike. The celebrated anonymous novel, "The Bread Winners," was the first popular novel to deal at close range with the struggle of labor and capital. The book has been attributed to John Hay; but no author has ever claimed it.

"Cesar's Column," by Ignatius Donnelly, is a forecast of a gigantic struggle yet to come between labor and capital. Beside this novel should stand Bellamy's "Looking Backward," the stirring "Utopia" of the nineteenth century. The latest visions of a readjusted social future spring from the fertile brain of H. G. Wells. His "Anticipations," his "In the Days of the

Comet," and his other writings, are alive with ingenious conjecture.

William Dean Howells in "A Traveler from Altruria" gives us a fine unforgettable satire upon the relations in our civilization between the working people and the "upper classes." His "Hazard of New Fortunes" also takes note of these phenomena.

Frank Norris's two books of his broken trilogy—"The Octopus" and "The Pit"—deal forcefully with social conditions involving the laborer and his reward.

In the last year or two the labor motif has been strongly predominant in the fiction of this country. A few of the many I may swiftly indicate. Mary Wilkins Freeman has written one of the strongest long stories weaving in the labor struggle. Leroy Scott, in "The Walking Delegate," puts out one of the most fair-minded of all these "labor" novels, weighing in even scales the cause of master and worker. In "The Grapple," Grace MacGowan Cooke sets forth the picturesque conditions of a strike; Octave Thanet, in "The Man of the Hour," leads up to the climax of a labor strike, but her view-point is that of the field glass, not that of the straggler in the ranks. "Amanda of the Mill," by Marie Van Vorst, is a strong and sympathetic tale of the Southern cotton worker. Moore's "Bishop of Cottontown" takes the same theme, and ends with a fine appeal for God in business. "The Work of Our Hands," by H. Mitchell Keays, is one of the labor books that ought to be better known. It is a tale of a captain of industry defeated by the ideal that he has defied, an *Æschylean* interweaving of the destinies of the toiler and the spoiler. "The Long Day," by Dorothy Richardson, is one of the latest and truest stories taking up conditions of toil. The author speaks at first hand, and her book is a human document of both statistic and artistic excellence. In "The House of Mirth," Mrs. Wharton, though she would disclaim all intention of a labor novel, has given an arraignment of wealth and capital such as never appeared in any of the purpose novels of the most ardent reformers.

No space is left me to speak of the many foreign novelists who deal with these vital questions. I squeeze in only the bare mention of Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs," Zola's "Labor," Dostoyevsky's "The Humiliated and the Wronged," and the terrible labor stories of Maxim Gorky.

#### QUERIES ANSWERED

A. C. B., UNION CITY, PA.—Walter Map, in the twelfth century, translated the King Arthur legends into ringing Latin, including the "Quest of the Grail," and the "Death of Arthur." Sir Thomas Malory, at the end of the fifteenth century, translated these legends (now in the French) back into splendid and stately English. Fortunately, Caxton gave the noble collection to the world from his newly set-up press. This is the source from which Tennyson drew most of his material for his "Idylls of the King." He did not, however, adhere to Malory's arrangement. Sidney Lanier, in his "Boy's King Arthur" has given a spirited adaptation of the fine old stories.

\* \* \*

L. L. G., ASHLAND, O.—I think that we must take Poe's poem "Eulalie" at its face value, and not try to read any cryptic meaning into it. A lonely lover finds his beloved in the first stanza, describes her beauty in the second, and testifies to her responsiveness to his nature in the third. The reference to Astarte is to the Phoenician moon goddess, the queen of heaven and love. Love's planet is over them. In Poe's "Ulalume," however, I take it that Astarte is presented in her sinister aspect, and is made to symbolize the goddess of carnal love.

\* \* \*

M. S., FOXBORO, MASS.—If, as the old counsel goes, you wish to make the Bible and Shakespeare your library, I strongly advise you to get "The Modern Reader's Bible." This edition is of the first importance to every student of literature. It will come to you in handy inexpensive volumes that can be slipped into the pocket. But more important than this convenience is the fact that this edition is the only one that gives you a sense of the dramatic values of the various books of the Bible. It sheds on the meanings of the Scriptures more light than a shelf of commentaries; and it makes the reading of them a surprise and a delight. "The Modern Reader's Bible" shows the Scriptures to be a great literature, as well as a great religious revelation.

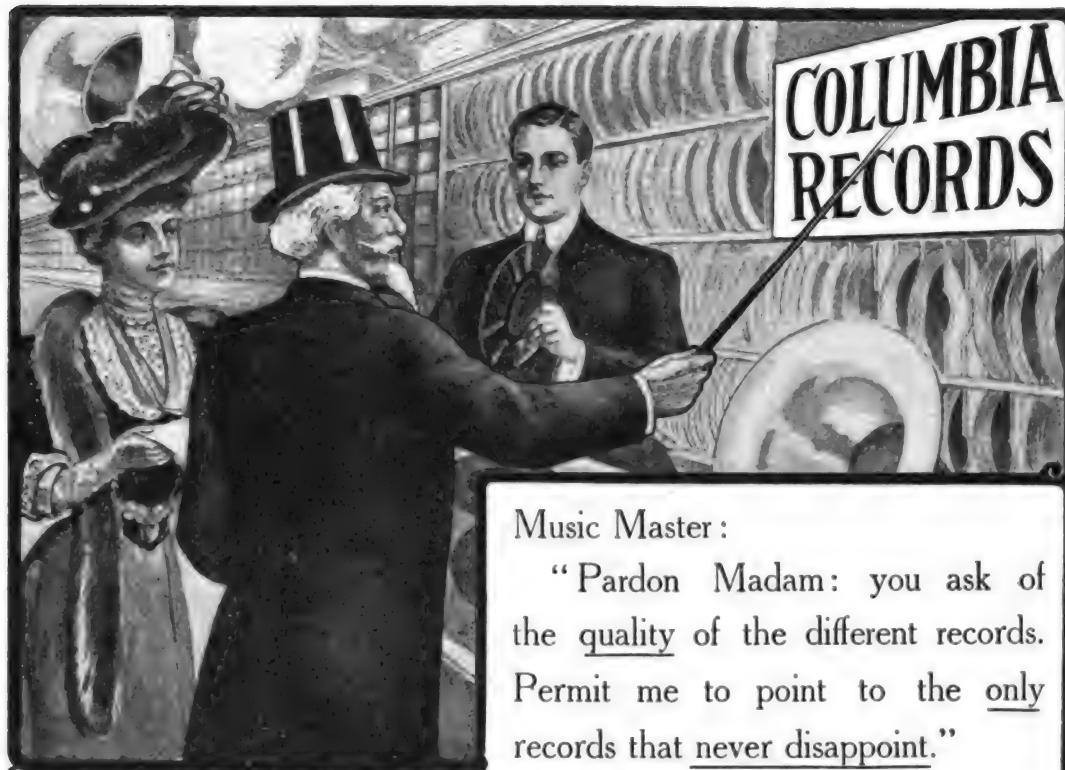
\* \* \*

G. S. K., BALTIMORE, MD.—To a boy of sixteen, with only twelve dollars to spend for aids in study, I would give the following advice:

First.—Buy Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," last edition—a book unsurpassed in its line.

Second.—Also buy Elson's "History of the United States," (Macmillan.) This is perhaps the best inexpensive work of larger treatment. I know no lower-priced volumes, except the small school histories.

Third.—You ask for an inexpensive biographical dictionary. But all inexpensive works of this sort are so meager as to be well-nigh worthless. I advise you to wait till you can pick up a second-hand encyclopedia—Chambers's, the American, or the Britannica. Any one of these will give you satisfactory biographies, as well as a large mass of information upon nearly all topics of inquiry.



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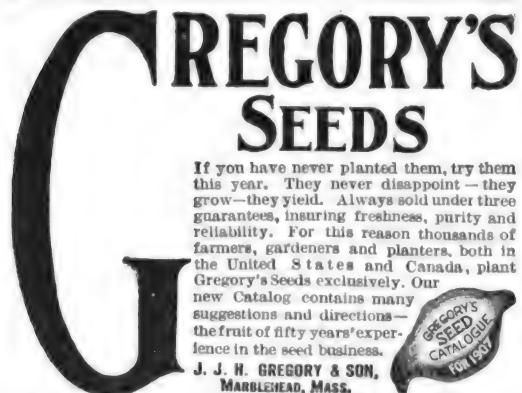
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## A February House Party

By LAURA A. SMITH

Illustrated by Harriet Adair Newcomb

AUSTERE indeed is she who can withstand the alluring invitations of jolly February to be social and entertain. Holidays and feast days fairly trip over each others' heels, so rapidly do they come. Let not the chill of melting snows and "mushy" roads seep into your veins. Winter is breaking up. The pictured signs of February from ancient of days are fishes, plows, harness, and tools wherewith to prune the trees. You can keep every red-letter day in the month, even Saint Valentine's Day. Why shake your head and say, "I am too old for such foolishness," when kings and queens in olden time chose their valentine with much revelry? It is this opportunity February gives to weave the old with the new, the customs of ancients with our American patriotic feasts, that makes the month unique. The set feast days run, February second, Candlemas Day; February twelfth, Lincoln's Birthday; February fourteenth, Saint Valentine's Day, and February twenty-second, Washington's Birthday. There is also Shrove Tuesday, a movable feast celebrated with masquerades, pancake suppers, and quaint rites. The Chinese New Year, too, is a movable feast extending into February, when the Chinese exchange calls and red and gilt cards with good wishes, and indulge in much eating and native wines.

### Lincoln's Birthday

It may fall to your lot this year to entertain a distinguished visitor on Lincoln's Birthday. For example, you may be the wife of the editor of the leading newspaper in a small city, and your husband actively interested in the city's affairs. Perhaps his political or commercial club has invited a senator, congressman, or public lecturer to deliver an address on Lincoln on the night of February twelfth. Or, perhaps the literary club of which you are president has invited a woman of note to address the club on Lincoln. Do not shirk your part of the entertaining and leave the lecturer to loneliness in a hotel before the evening's entertainment. Invite him to your home for a reception, and to dinner. Make this the occasion for inviting a house party, selecting guests who you know will enjoy meeting the celebrity, to come for the day and remain over Saint Valentine's Day. As far as the guest of honor is concerned, unless your city boasts no fit hotel, you need only concern yourself with the reception and dinner. The majority of public persons prefer sleeping in a hotel and being independent as to hours, to fitting themselves into a family circle for so brief a period. One point to remember in entertaining a public man or woman is, do not be selfish and place your own interests before those of his public. If you give an afternoon reception do not make it so late that the guest of honor has to break a dinner engagement or be tardy there. If he dines with you, serve dinner promptly, so that a speaker will not keep his audience waiting. As lectures close early, it is a graceful thing



"You need only concern yourself with the reception and dinner."

Or, use dolls and flags to represent the patriotic songs, "The Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "The Red, White, and Blue." The evening can be made pleasant for the children, who are too young to attend the lecture, by telling them stories from some child's book about Lincoln, and having a magic lantern show.

#### A "High Tea"

Wednesday morning let the older daughters chaperone the guests who wish to go for a long trolley ride, if you live in a trolley country. This may be preferable to a carriage ride or sleigh at this time of year, and will give your guests a good glimpse of the surrounding country. This is also a good way to entertain visiting little folks while your children are in school. Arrange it so that those who prefer to remain indoors can play games or be cozy and comfortable, in an upstairs room, with their needlework, while you are busy. A jolly way is to let everyone lend a hand in preparing for the High Tea, the entertainment for Wednesday afternoon. This is the most complimentary entertainment you can give your visitors. As all are to be seated, limit your guests to twenty-four at the utmost, twelve or sixteen being the usual number. If you serve at small tables arrange it so that one of your house guests will be at each table. Between the courses let these ladies exchange places so they will visit each table in turn. Ask one friend at each table to introduce strangers. For invitations to this tea use your visiting card. Write the date under your name and, the words, "Tea at five o'clock," in the lower left corner. Make this a Dresden tea, with flowers of different colors arranged in four different bouquets on each table, as favors for the guests. Or, use one color for each table. If flowers are scarce, substitute fern bouquets, tied with streamers of ribbon of these colors. Group them around a single candle of the same color, and use watercolor or tissue paper of a corresponding



The Queen of Hearts and Cupid

color for little nut and bonbon cases. Serve three or four courses, not more. Let the first be a hot bouillon, in dainty cups, with bits of lemon, carrot, beet, and parsley to give the Dresden colors. If you wish a novelty, serve tiny unsweetened cream puffs with this. Next, have any preferred salad, and sandwiches cut round and filled with nuts, lettuce, watercress, or any favorite filling. For the last course, you can serve orange marmalade, little tea rolls, and a cup of tea with a slice of lemon or cream and sugar; or, serve ice cream in individual forms and small fancy cakes.

Your tables are in place and your tiny flags are ready for a military euchre Wednesday evening. Name the tables after forts of the Civil War, and let winners capture flags. Set aside one table with games for the children, dominoes, checkers, jackstraws, "authors," and puzzles. Before your guests retire, tell them that old-time Saint Valentine customs will prevail on the morrow.

#### Saint Valentine's Day

In the morning send a child bearing a flower-trimmed tray or basket to each door. On one tray have the name of each lady and little girl rolled in a tiny paper roll. These are drawn by the men and boys. On a similar tray are the names of the men and boys, which are drawn by the ladies and little girls. Thus, each draws his or her valentine for the day. This is a very ancient custom. It gives each person a chance to draw a valentine and to be one. The man, naturally, was supposed to show more attention to the valentine he drew, than to the one who drew him. You can modernize the custom by sending the names to the men and boys alone. With their valentine indicated, the men must shower real or imitation gifts upon them, compose verses in their honor, and entertain them for the day. Can you not prophesy the fun this makes?

Make your house proclaim Saint Valentine's Day.  
[Continued on page 131]

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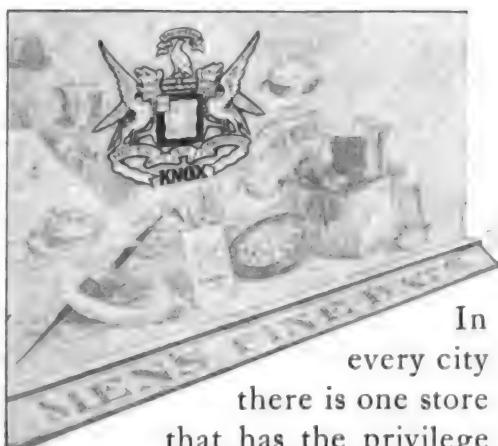
## WHY STAMMER?

Be Helped at Home for a Few Dollars  
Permanent relief given. No hand movement or slow drawl. For particulars write our school where personal treatment is also given.

**GEO. C. RAWSON, 714 Market St., Wilmington, Del.**

Taught by Correspondence.  
Send for handsome booklet on  
**SINGING VOICE CULTURE FREE**

Illinois Conservatory, 918 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.



## KNOX HAT

"If your hatter does not sell Knox Hats, he should not be your hatter."

New York Salesrooms and Agency Department in the Knox Building, 452 Fifth Avenue, Corner 40th Street.

**Ann Arbor**

**Incandescent Lamps**

**IF YOU WANT BETTER and CHEAPER**

**LIGHT**, read this special offer carefully. For over six years Ann Arbor Gasoline Incandescent Lamps have been the standard light for thousands of homes. They give a brighter light than gas or electricity, at a cost of less than 4¢ per hour. They are especially adapted for use in small towns and in the country in place of the dim, dirty and costly kerosene lamp.

**No. 25**

**OUR SPECIAL OFFER.**

In order to introduce the Ann Arbor Lamps in your community, we will, for a limited time, send either of the lamps shown in this advertisement by EXPRESS PREPAID, to any part of the U. S.

No. 25, Stand Lamp, shown above, in polished nickel, prepaid.....	<b>4.75</b>
No. 114, shown below, brass or oxidized copper, prepaid.....	<b>4.00</b>

Many other artistic styles shown in our catalog, sent free on request. Every lamp guaranteed. If not satisfactory, return after 30 days' use, and we will refund your money. We mean exactly this. References: Dun or Bradstreet.

**SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.**

We have many agents who make good money working for us all or part of their time. If you are interested, write us for special terms.

**SUPERIOR MFG. CO.**  
289 Second Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**BANKING BY MAIL**  
**AT - 4% WITH**

**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO**

**CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

It is a very simple matter to open a Savings Account by mail with this well known bank which protects its depositors with capital and surplus of

**SIX MILLION DOLLARS**  
and total resources of over

**42 MILLION DOLLARS**

Fill out the blank space below and enclose with post office or express money order, bank draft or check; or currency by registered mail or express. Letters containing money orders, checks and drafts need not be registered. We pay 4% compound interest on any amount up to ten thousand dollars.

**YOU MAY OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH ONE DOLLAR.**

If you are not ready now to open an account we invite you to send for free booklet "C."

**TO THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO., Cleveland, O.**

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars with which to open an account at 4% in your Savings Department, mailing pass book to \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# The New York Shopper

Conducted by MRS. CHARLOTTE BIRDSALL WILLIAMS

### Rules of this Service

[All articles mentioned below, or any other merchandise that is offered for sale in New York City, can be obtained by forwarding price to "The New York Shopper," care of this magazine. This department is in charge of Mrs. Charlotte Birdsall Williams, manager of the Woman's Domestic Guild of America, an institution devoted to solving all shopping, catering, furnishing, and purchasing problems of the home, and much patronized by fashionable New York women for these purposes. Mrs. Williams, herself, is well known socially, and possesses rare taste, judgment, and intuition. Her services are freely placed at the disposal of our readers, and her advice, artistic taste, and economical judgment may be had without charge. All articles (except bedding and combs) will be sent on approval, and a cheerful refund of the purchase price made on demand.

### Price Quotations, Samples, and Information Wanted

Letters requesting information, price quotations, and samples, should state concisely all essential particulars, as age, height,

S. A. F., LEETONIA, O.—I am unable to obtain at our local bookstore some of the books recommended by Edwin Markham in his book talk in a recent issue of this magazine. Can I obtain these books through you?

If you will send me the names of the particular books you desire, I shall be pleased to quote prices. Any and all books mentioned by Mr. Markham, or recommended by other members of the Editor's Cabinet, can be obtained through this department at the lowest New York prices. In fact, we can obtain any book for you, and, in most cases, at a lower price than will be quoted at your local bookstore.

\* \* \*

**INQUIRER.**—What is the proper visiting card? I have an old plate, but it is in script, and I do not care for it. I understand that the Old English style is very expensive. What would it cost for the name alone, without any address? My husband's card is in block type.

Unless you seriously object, I think it would be better to have your cards correspond in type with those of your husband. As your name has eighteen letters, it will cost you, in block type, \$2 for the first fifteen letters, and 10 cents for each additional letter, or \$2.30 for the whole. For the same price, you can have small Old English lettering. This would be for fifty cards. One hundred cards would cost 50 cents additional.

\* \* \*

**MISS N. T.**—With snow on the ground, it seems almost ridiculous to be writing about summer dress goods, but I understand that, at this season, the New York shops are displaying their new spring goods, and that especially good designs can be secured, which are not duplicated later in the season. Is this so, and are they much more expensive than later on? I like things that are distinctive, and if I could get dainty patterns now, I should like to order my materials for spring frocks.

You are correct in regard to spring and summer dress materials being displayed at this season. The shops now present a gala appearance, with the display of these fabrics. I am sending you some samples, which I feel sure you will find attractive. Of course, from now on, new materials will be constantly coming into the shops, but I agree with you that the opening display of these fabrics is always the most distinctive and less apt to be reproduced. I do not consider them any more expensive.

\* \* \*

**ECONOMY.**—The brown suit you sent me has arrived, and fits beautifully. I received also the samples of white net and China silk for the waist, but, after adding up the expense of the material, it seems to me that possibly I could buy a ready-made lace waist, just as low in price and of better style. What would you advise? Also suggest a pretty belt to wear with the suit.

My advice would be to buy a ready-made waist at \$4.95, which, I can assure you, is good style and most becoming. There are two different models—one of cream net, trimmed with heavy Cluny lace and lined with China silk; the other of white Brussels net on China silk, with front panel of embroidered net. Both open in the back, and have three-quarter sleeves. To make such a waist would take three yards of China silk, at 50 cents a yard; two yards of net at 75 cents a yard, and at least \$1.50 worth of trimming. This would amount to \$4.50, not counting the labor.

If you wish, I will send you a waist on approval, and if not satisfactory, you may return it, and the money will be refunded within a short time.

Lamp, \$7.50, postpaid

A monogram belt buckle

weight, and complexion, when dress goods are wanted, or size of room and kind of wall paper when ordering rugs or hangings. If reply by mail is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be included. The amount the purchaser desires to pay should always be stated.

### Ordering and Remitting

Orders must be written on a piece of paper separate from the letter of transmittal.

Drafts, checks, and money orders must be made payable to Charlotte Birdsall Williams.

### Shipping and Forwarding

Remittances must include sufficient postage, or goods must be sent by express, charges collect. Postage on merchandise is one cent an ounce. Mail packages are at customer's risk, unless registered, which costs eight cents additional. Larger shipments will be sent by freight or express as directed. Within 100 miles of New York, an order of \$5 or over can usually be sent express free. THE EDITORS.]



Shirt waist, \$4.95, postpaid

As regards the belt, a wide crushed kid, monogram buckle belt, with gold-plated buckle and combination of two initials, at \$2.35, including postage, would be very attractive. Extra belts to go with these buckles are 75 cents. This enables one to wear them with any colored gown.

\* \* \*

**HYGIENIC.**—I have been reading a great many articles advising against wearing flannels during the winter season. It is very hard for me to make such a radical change, as I have had them on since October. I should like to ask your advice on this subject, and have your help in purchasing the proper garments. My little daughter, fourteen years old, and my little boy, twelve years, are wearing three-quarter wool underwear, while I am wearing one-half wool.

I should consider it most unwise to make any change in your undergarments, or those of your children at this season.

Although I do not believe in overburdening oneself with heavy flannels, yet there are many things to be taken into consideration, and good common sense should be used in deciding this question. Many people, who are in perfect physical condition, and have led an outdoor life, do not feel the necessity of wearing wool undergarments. Others dislike the looks of flannel underwear, and go shivering through the winter months for the sake of appearance. I think it is better judgment to dress according to the climate one lives in, and keep the body warm and comfortable. If you and your children are comfortably warm in your present clothing, then you are clothed according to your needs.

Cold baths, taken every morning, will enable one to wear lighter weight underclothing, as the body becomes accustomed to the effect of cold.

\* \* \*

**MASQUERADE.**—I am inclosing \$5, and wish you to help me select a pretty dress to wear to a masquerade party. I am eighteen, have light hair, brown eyes, am medium height, and have rather a plump figure. Will you please suggest something pretty? Buy the material and send it to me, if I am not asking too much, with directions how to make it.

As you will see by the \$4 returned herewith, it did not require \$5 to have a pretty dress for the masquerade. I feel sure you will look as pretty as any one at the party at an expense of only \$1.

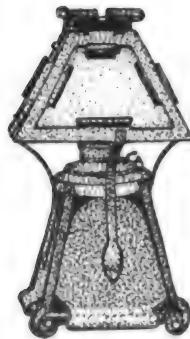
I sent you to-day, by registered mail (which cost 18 cents) five rolls of crepe paper tissue, at 15 cents a roll, and if you will follow out my directions carefully, you will have a very effective costume. You will represent "Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary," and the paper, in American Beauty pattern, will carry out the idea.

First, take two rolls of this paper, and plait it very fine into a piece of tape; do the same with 1 1/2 rolls again. Use a short white skirt for the foundation. On the bottom of this, place the two-roll flounce, sewed firmly to the bottom of the skirt. Then sew the 1 1/2 roll flounce at about the middle of the skirt, forming a two-flounce skirt, with a space left above for a flat yoke effect, which should be cut out of the remaining paper. This should fit snugly, with darts at the sides if necessary. A low-neck corset cover can form the foundation for the waist. This should be artistically arranged in bolero style, with short puff sleeves and pretty silk belt.

Wear a large mull summer hat, and have a large bow, in the front, of rose paper. On the edge of the hat sew little bells, to carry out the idea of the



A bag for keeping nursing bottles warm



Lamp, \$7.50, postpaid



A monogram belt buckle

Mother Goose rhyme on which the costume is based:

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow,  
With silver bells and cockle shells,  
And pretty maids all in a row!"

You should carry a little watering pot, such as is used in gardens.

\* \* \*

JOHN R.—I have \$60 to spend on furnishing a den or smoking room. Please help me in making this amount as far as possible. As soon as I hear from you, I will send on the amount. Please include a couch and Morris chair, as I should like the room to be comfortable, as well as artistic. The wall has plain green cartridge paper, with a deep frieze of odd design in red, tan, and green. The size of the room is seven by ten. There is one window.

An Axminster rug in Oriental design at \$10 will be the most suitable and effective floor covering for the room. I would advise a box couch at \$9, if you need closet room, as these are invaluable for storing things. Otherwise, a couch at \$8, with an imitation Bagdad cover at \$3.50, will serve. There should be numerous pillows covered with either leather or burlap, which can be bought very low in price at sales. Figured burlap for this purpose comes as low as 25 cents a yard.

You do not state the wood finish of the room, but I should have the Morris chair correspond with it. About \$10 will buy the chair, in either mahogany or oak, with velour cushions. A small table in wood, to harmonize, at \$5.50, with two tier shelves for holding books, will be needed. On top, place a burnt-leather cover at \$2, with a low lamp of artistic pattern, at \$7.50. By the window place a tabourette of bamboo, at 50 cents, with a *jardinière*, at the same price, in plain green. A fern placed in the *jardinière* will add to the home-like appearance. The curtains would be pretty of printed linen or madras, at \$4.50.

You can spend \$5 on inexpensive, but artistic pictures, which will decorate the walls, and complete a cozy and comfortable sitting room.

\* \* \*

MRS. M. M. H.—When you secured for me the furnishings for my new home, I did not intend to purchase a piano. Now I have decided to do so. I know very little about pianos, so I am going to ask your advice, and I hope you will be as successful as you have been with the furniture.

I have two children, ten and twelve years old, taking music lessons, but it will be a long time before they can play well, and my husband and I are very fond of music. What are the attachments I read about, which enable any one to play? Give me all the advice you can, and I will greatly appreciate it.

I am delighted to know that you are to have a piano, because I feel that no place ever quite seems like home without one. You can, of course, buy a cheap piano at \$200, use it three or four years, while the children are learning, and then return it, in exchange for a better one, receiving about \$75 for the old instrument. This, however, would not be my advice. Rather, I would advise buying a good piano, any of the standard makes, which can be purchased for \$400 and upwards in any wood desired. One should select an instrument with richness and mellowness of tone. Among standard makes a choice is largely a question of personal taste and preference. Sympathetic tone and durability are the qualities most to be desired. When a piano is at its highest development it is an exquisitely balanced instrument, true in action and tone, responding with its own individuality to the temperament of the player.

In regard to piano attachments, there are three or four well-known makes, all of which are excellent instruments. They come at about \$250, and are easily manipulated. There is a combination of a self-playing attachment and piano in one. In every way, it is a perfect piano, leaving nothing to be desired in tone, action, or appearance.

When played by hand, there is no feature to distinguish it from the regular upright piano, but it contains this attachment, which is operated by simply inserting a perforated music roll. These may be had as low as \$550.

\* \* \*

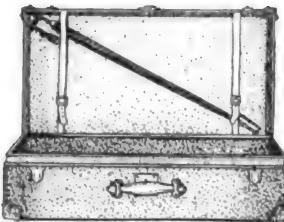
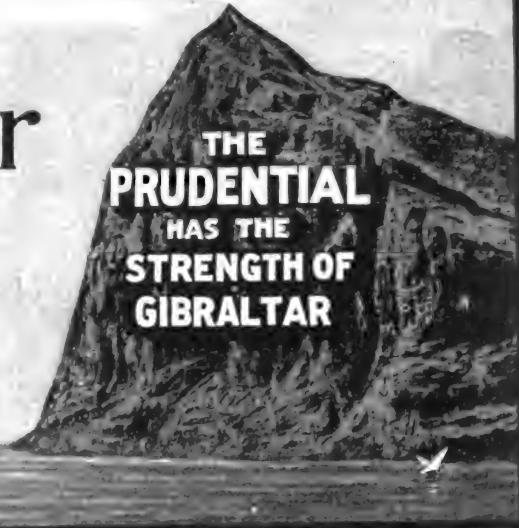
DRUMMER.—I received the dress suit case, and was delighted with it. It is a very convenient size, and I feel sure it will give me good service, even though I am a traveling man. Can you send me a strap for each side to hold my umbrella?

I can send you the straps, but my advice would be to invest in a dress suit case umbrella, which folds up and goes inside the case. These cost from \$3 to \$5, but are well worth the price.



A skirt measure

# "One Dollar a week"



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Most men can put by at least one dollar a week. For that amount (payable yearly) a man aged 36 may get a \$1,000 Twenty Year Endowment Policy bearing dividends and covering Life Insurance for 20 years, and payable in full to himself at the end of that time.

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Home Office JOHN F. DRYDEN  
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WE HELP OUR GRADUATES GET POSITIONS

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3 Royal Insurance Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertising men earn from \$25 a week up. There is always a demand for good men. We are in constant touch with employers who want to add to this department, and our students get the first call.

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240-Egg \$11.75  
Incubator

120 Egg Size, \$9.00  
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Through the outer, annealed glass bowl you can see every curling wreath of smoke, in itself the greatest delight to the fastidious pipe smoker.

The pipe, being glass, does not absorb the nicotine or the tobacco, nor does it take it into your system. It is extinguished absolutely in the bottom of the outer bowl. Thus the Turco-American Glass Pipe assures a delightfully even, dry, clean smoke, as mild as the flue is at the start.

No rank odor, no biting the tongue, no wet tobacco remains to throw away, as every bit of tobacco is consumed to a clear white ash.

Smoke it a week and you will be so attached to it you would not part with it for many times its cost. But if not entirely satisfactory in every respect return it and we will send back your money.

For your health's sake and for real pipe comfort send for one to-day. Price, \$1.50 postpaid in U. S. and Canada. Foreign countries, add postage. Reference: National Bank of Commerce. Booklet for the asking.

TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE COMPANY,  
247 South Avenue. - - - - - Rochester, N. Y.

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READY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
613 Livingston Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

# Sports and Recreation



Conducted by  
**HARRY PALMER**

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN - O-

SUMMER camps for boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, in the Adirondacks, and in Maine, the White Mountains, and other attractive sections of New England, have increased rapidly in number during the past few years, and the middle of June, when schools have closed for the vacation period, witnesses the departure, from our leading cities, of organized parties of eager youngsters for the woods and mountains, where, amidst the novel environments of camp life, they revel for a period of six weeks or longer in the delights of trout fishing, bathing, boating, canoeing, and mountain climbing or invigorating tramps over the surrounding country. The most popular of these outings are conducted by young college professors and school principals, or by experienced guides and juvenile tour organizers, who have the full confidence of the boys' parents; and the morals and personal habits of the young campers are of as much importance to the tour conductors, as are the facilities provided for healthful recreation and enjoyment. As a rule, parties are limited to from twenty to fifty boys, and everything necessary to their comfort in camp is provided by the managers.

A tour upon rather more extended lines than anything of the kind yet projected, in that it will take a party of high school boys through the magnificent Rocky Mountain region of Wyoming and Montana, is being organized at present, by a well known New York sportsman, who has visited that section of the Rockies annually, for many years past. According to the prospectus, the party is limited to twenty, and will leave New York in a chartered sleeping car, early in June, for the "outfitting" station in Montana, where the boys will be provided with saddle horses; then accompanied by a "pack train" of fifty additional horses, to carry the necessary camp supplies and equipment, and a full complement of guides, cooks, and "horse wranglers," they will depart upon a 150 mile journey, over a route that will lead them for some distance along the original Lewis and Clark trail, and across several of the most notable Indian battle grounds of the great Northwest. It will be the "closed" season on big game, so that none of the many elk or deer in which the country abounds can be shot, (except with the camera,) but as the trout fishing is the finest in the world, bear and mountain lion by no means extinct, the scenery the most impressive in America, and Indians frequently to be met with, the boys are quite certain to enjoy a novel and altogether memorable experience. The idea is to give them an experience similar to that enjoyed by President Roosevelt on his hunting trip of a year ago to Colorado, but in a section of country much richer in its possibilities for the enjoyment of camp life and scenic splendors. Such outings should have their educational value, as well as their physical benefits, for any boy fortunate enough to participate in them.

### The Future of Motor-Car Racing

THAT motor-car racing will enjoy greatly increased prominence and popularity because of the private speedway and race course to be constructed on Long Island, is scarcely open to question, and that the public wants the sport, was fully demonstrated by the amazing attendance at the cup race last fall—the largest by many thousands ever attracted by a sporting event in America. Certainly, no form of speed contest ever devised is so spectacular, so interesting, or so uncertain in results as motor-car racing; none other possesses so great an element of chance, or so severely taxes the skill and tests the physical courage and endurance of the contestants; and it is an undeniable fact that the degree of public favor of any competitive sport is largely determined by the degree to which these characteristics have been developed.

Within the past two years, and as a natural result of the enthusiasm awakened by the three great races for the Vanderbilt Cup, there has been developed an

amateur element in motor-car racing that is sure to bring the sport to the front in whirlwind style within another twelve months. The day has already gone by, when the support of the manufacturer is necessary to a continuation of motor-car road racing. The manufacturer has been the pioneer and has blazed the way, it is true, and in doing this, he has played his part and may now retire, for there is a host of young motorists coming after him—wealthy red-blooded, and filled to overflowing with enthusiasm, who will develop the new sport upon such lines and to such proportions as have never before been attained by any other form of sport in the United States.

With the course inclosed and under private control, the danger to both the contestants and the public may be reduced to a minimum. Another important matter is that the necessity for starting the race at sunrise, in order to reopen to public travel the highways over which the course is laid, will be obviated, and a race requiring between four and six hours for completion may be started in the morning as late as eleven o'clock or even eleven-thirty. This will give owners of motor cars, as well as the 200,000 or more spectators who will reach the course by rail, ample time to partake of their breakfast at home and avoid the discomforts of remaining awake all night in order to be present at the start, to say nothing of escaping the exorbitant rates of Long Island innkeepers suffered by those fortunate enough to secure even the meager accommodations provided at cup races in the past.

The possibilities of motor-car road racing under the new conditions are interesting from other view-points than those of the public safety and comfort. Just as the Whitneys, the Vanderbilts, the Belmonts, the Thomases and other wealthy Americans have maintained extensive stables upon the horse-racing tracks of the country, and just as they have striven against each other to secure the best strains of thoroughbred blood and the most capable jockeys to ride their horses, there is every probability that the men who have become enthusiastic over motor-car racing will now maintain garages of racing cars, striving against one another to have the fastest and stanchest machines built, and to secure the most skillful and fearless chauffeurs to drive them.

Upon such lines motor-car road racing may indeed become a giant among American sports, involving the investment of many millions of dollars, and giving employment to thousands of men. That it will result in making the building of racing cars a distinct and most important branch of the automobile industry in America, there can be little question. That the successful development of a private speedway course in the vicinity of New York, where races may be held, where demonstrating cars may be speeded to their full capacity, and where owners of high-powered cars may travel as fast as they like without fear of arrest or collision, will mean the equipment of similar courses in the vicinity of other important motor-car centers is a foregone conclusion. Indeed, it is already foreshadowed by activity to this end among prominent motorists of Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Chicago.

### Motor Car Topics

THE ANNUAL motor car exhibit held at Madison Square Garden last month closed the "show season" in the East, and there now remains only the Chicago Show, to bring this recurring period in the automobile industry finally to an end for this winter. As at past shows, the eastern displays this year resulted in a sale of cars, the total value of which reaches far into the millions, and the indications are that the demand for automobiles during the coming year will result in the output valuation of 1906—\$60,000,000—being considerably exceeded in 1907.

That manufacturers should have made marked improvement in the new year's models was of course expected, and, in this respect, even the well-posted and discriminating element who attended the shows have not been disappointed. Improvements, it is true, have been confined largely to details, in those all-important points of power transmission, ignition, brake effectiveness and simplicity of operation and control generally, which constitute the "essential points" with every well-posted prospective purchaser of a motor car. Marked advancement in the matter of appointments is also noticeable. It was thought, a year ago, that body builders and upholsterers had about reached the limit in beauty of design and luxury in fittings, together with the many little conveniences not hitherto thought of in motor car construction. This year, however, improvements are so many and so great along these lines, that one might easily, could he afford the purchase price, travel from New York to San Francisco in a modern, fully equipped, and up-to-date automobile, as comfortably, though not as rapidly, as he could make the journey in a Pullman car.

Improvements in mechanism vary in detail with many manufacturers, but all have been made to the same end—that of simplicity of construction and operation, and the lessening of wear and tear on vital organs of the machine. This latter point is exemplified in the 1907 model of the "C. G. V." chain drive, which is incased, and runs in oil, an improvement that will undoubtedly increase the life of the chain and make it practically noiseless.

Improvements in transmission gear are decided, a noticeable instance being that embodied in the Deere car. By means of four sets of gears, all but one of which are in mesh at all times, three speeds forward and one-reverse are provided. The meshed gears are idle, except when thrown into action, individually, by the lever. This is accomplished through individual sliding clutches, having sixteen teeth each, which, when desired, engage a like set of teeth projecting from the side of each gear. The advantages may be readily understood. In changing from one speed to another, it is never necessary to pass through any other speed, and thus risk stripping the gears. Furthermore, the first shock of any change of speed is taken by all of the sixteen teeth of the sliding clutch, rather than by three or four teeth, as in the case of sliding gears. When at high speed, there are no gears in motion, the drive being direct, through the shaft. Thus the friction is reduced to a minimum, and the driver may, in case of emergency, pass instantly from full speed forward to reverse, with no possibility of gear stripping. Other instances of improvement, of equal interest to motorists, might be cited all along the line of 1907 models, did space permit. Suffice it to say that American manufacturers are to-day much nearer the goal of perfection in motor car construction than they were a year ago, and that the popular makes of English and European built machines have lost none of the prestige so long enjoyed in this mark, by virtue of the care and the excellence of the materials used in their production.

"Three Men in a Motor Car," by Winthrop E. Scarritt, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is the most interesting contribution to motor car literature since the advent of "The Lightning Conductor." The story portrays the adventures of the writer, in company with Messrs. John A. Hill and Charles H. Kavanaugh, both prominent American motorists, upon a motor car tour through France and Switzerland. As a prelude to the story, Mr. Scarritt relates with rare humor his first experiences as a motor car owner, and the impositions of which he was the victim in the purchase of his first machine. The arrival of the ancient Benz "Duc" at his East Orange home, the degree of impatience with which it was uncrated, and the astonishing eccentricities displayed by the old relic when its new owner undertook "to try it out," form an experience that will doubtless awaken echoes in the memories of many motorists of the old school. The tale of the tour through Europe, though written in a most entertaining vein, embodies many valuable suggestions for Americans who contemplate, for the first time, a Continental tour in a motor car.

"The Olympic Games of 1906 at Athens," is the title of a most interesting little volume, by James E. Sullivan, President Roosevelt's special commissioner to Greece upon the occasion of the Greek athletic carnival last spring. Few men, of course are better, or as well qualified as Mr. Sullivan to touch pen to paper on the subject of athletics, and it would naturally be expected that the story of the journey to Athens, and the contests that took place there, would be well told. Next to having been on shipboard and within the stadium, the impressive character of the festival, the vastness of the crowds in attendance, and the excitement and interests aroused by the contests, as well as the delights of the voyage enjoyed by the American team, can best be conceived by reading Mr. Sullivan's story. It is freely illustrated, with scenes and incidents of the games, and contains in addition, autograph portraits of the members of the American team. It is published by the American Sports Publishing Co., 23 Warren Street, New York.

# Not Merely Pure

SOME soap makers claim Purity as the greatest thing ever.

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But if that soap is not colored artificially, nor perfumed, it will be yellowish in color and smell like axle grease, or worse.

That, good people, is the way many so-called "pure soaps" are made.

And that, in very truth, is no sort of thing to put on that vital organ of yours, your skin, with its 28 miles of minutely fine glands to keep clean from the tiny flakes of dead matter, grease, etc., which constantly collect and which tend to impede its function. In absolute health at least two pounds of waste should be removed from your body every day—in the form of vapory moisture.

Soap made from such cheap material stops up the gland mouths (pores), or irritates them and sets up a disorder that will surely make itself felt throughout the entire body.

You should take care of your skin by using soaps in which the materials are not

merely pure, but which are absolutely the highest grade and the most expensive that money can buy, and which are made from Fats such as you buy from your butcher to eat and pure cocoanut oil such as Milady uses for her delicate complexion—all properly balanced so that there is absolutely no excess alkali to injure the most delicate skin.

Certain of these kinds of soaps retail at from 25 to 50 cents a cake—because of the needlessly expensive perfumes they contain. One of them retails at only 5 cents a cake.

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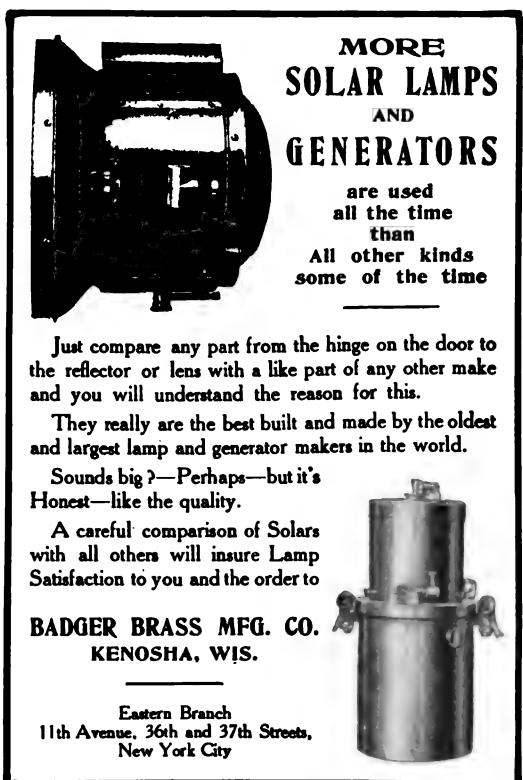
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WRITE LEGIBLY

# PIN MONEY PAPERS

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAUD THURSTON



"Not found in a cookbook"

I WANT a short, intimate talk with the multitude of good housekeepers in our SUCCESS MAGAZINE family, because the editor is to give us, each month, a page wholly for ourselves—and I wish you to help me in filling it. I would suggest that we calendar, as it were, such small, but valuable economies and helps in housewifery as every woman gains for herself, sometimes by that invention which is the daughter of

ery, which it would have been hard to find, unless you had been let into the secret as I was.—ESTHER B.

**A GOOD GYMNASIUM SUIT.**—When one attempts, in a gymnasium suit, any of these exercises in which the body hangs by the arms, there is always the possibility of bloomers and blouse parting company. Even if it be ever so slight a parting, there is the uncomfortable feeling that a white underwaist may show. This winter, one young woman in our gymnasium has adapted an excellent idea in making her suits. She has a slightly boned bodice, something like a corset cover, of heavy blue sateen, which matches her serge suit. To this the wide plaits of her bloomers are stitched. It opens at the front, where the placket is closed with a row of snaps.—MRS. RALPH ELLIS.

**HOT-IRON BAGS.**—Last Christmas, each of us found in our stockings a bag, about ten inches square, made from two thicknesses of canton woolen goods, with strings of old corset laces. The bags were the laborious work of our little ten-year-old daughter, who informed us that they were made from an idea of her own, and were meant to hold hot irons, to serve as bed comforters on cold nights. As there are ten in the family, individual hot-water bottles are out of the question, but there are plenty of old irons in the house. On many a cold night since Christmas, we have realized the comfort of little Emily's "idea."—CHRISTINA MORSE.

**RENOVATED PICTURE HOOKS.**—When our house was re-papered, it meant new moldings and picture hooks.

The brassy glare of the hooks made unpleasant spots on the neat edges of white enamel and weathered oak. I took all the old hooks, and with the aid of oil paint and a little white enamel, made them match exactly all the moldings, on which they now hang, pleasantly inconspicuous.—ANNIE L. GRAHAM.



"An old frock made new"

Send in your housewifery helps, as soon as possible, and make them suitable for April, although an occasional idea that applies to work during any part of the year will not be discarded, if it is something really worth while. During April we are beginning to clean house; to do spring sewing; to lay aside winter clothes safe from moths and other pests; we are changing the heavier viands of winter for the cooler foods of spring; and perhaps—if lucky enough to have country homes—starting a flower and vegetable garden. There are blankets and quilts to wash, the refrigerator to prepare for its first installment of ice, as well as the hundred and one duties, which no one can enumerate so well as the busy housewife.

Send in your original ideas, told as briefly as possible; that means, you know, forty little helps instead of thirty. You may take us into your kitchen, your pantry, your nursery, your sewing room; or, if you wish, take us shopping with you, calling with you, or as guests at some original entertainment to which you have been invited. These ideas that I ask for might be called "Pin Money Papers." We will pay one cent a word for everything that is available—and availability lies chiefly in the fact that each hint should be practical, timely, and original.

*The Housekeeper's Calendar*

**A SMALL FISH ECONOMY.**—There are always strips of halibut from the middle slices of a large fish that are wasted in the cooking; they dry up and are scrappy-looking, whether it is boiled, fried, or baked. After having thrown these away a good many times, I cut them off one morning, before cooking the two pounds of halibut which frequently constitute our Friday dinner, and dropped them to boil in a saucepan of salted water for ten minutes. Before they cooled, I picked out the skin and bones. These bits, with a small piece left over from dinner, made enough creamed halibut to accompany baked potatoes and muffins for Saturday's breakfast.—E. L. S.

**INVISIBLE MENDING.**—One morning, while an economical neighbor talked with me, she slipped upon her hand a heavy kid glove, worn into so many holes that I wondered, as the youngster did, "where the stuff had gone that used to be in the holes." She had a needleful of brown twist, that matched the gloves, and with it she began to buttonhole around the edge of each break, then gradually into the stitches she had made. Presently, there was a tiny circle of embroidery.

**EARNING MUSIC.**—Lately, I visited in a household where there are nine children, and their most valued possession is a talking machine, for which the children bought all the records. The money is earned by a system of marks for work faithfully done. The girls wash dishes, make beds, dust, set the table, and sweep and dust the stairs. Each girl is responsible for the neatness of her own room, as well as for mended clothes and stockings. The boys beat rugs, keep the piazza clean, kindle fires, sift ashes, bring coal upstairs, and do small jobs which might otherwise require the carpenter, glazier, or plumber. At the end of each week, enough money

has been earned to buy several records, and the choice is given in turn to each young wage earner.

The mother, while enumerating the advantages of her system, said: "The children begin to know and appreciate fine music; we can dispense with incapable help; my girls are learning lessons in housekeeping, which will be of use when they have homes of their own; and—I am not the household drudge so many women become, who have been married many years and are the mothers of large families."—MRS. J. F. R.



"During April"

**AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY.**—All winter, I keep in the medicine closet a small jar of turpentine and lard, melted together in equal quantities. If any one in our household shows any signs of hoarseness, the neck and chest get a vigorous rubbing with this homemade liniment. This treatment has nipped in the bud many a cold, which might have been serious.—ELINOR MACKAY.

**AN OLD FROCK MADE NEW.**—About this time of the year, my little girls' woolen school frocks begin to show shabby places about the yoke and broken spots on the elbows, after rubbing on hard desks for months. If I know that mending will spoil the looks of them, I cut out the yoke, leaving a small cape or trimming intact. If necessary, I add a simple trimming of braid or silk, and the worn frock is straightway transformed into a jaunty little *guimpe* dress, which wears well till spring.—G. G. F.

**SAVES STOVE BLACKING.**—When frying doughnuts, croquettes, potatoes, or any food which is bound to splatter fat, no matter how careful one may be, I spread over the top and front of my clean stove sheets of asbestos paper, which is absorbent as well as unflammable. The asbestos paper can be purchased in 10-cent books, and the sheets may be torn out as necessary. If care is taken in handling it, these sheets may be used over and over again.—MARY L.

**SAVING EGGS.**—If ever I practice economy in eggs, it is during February, when they are at the top-notch price of the year. Whenever possible, I use them unboiled, which leaves the shells for clearing soups and coffee. In many dishes, the white or yolk, alone, will go as far as a whole egg. For instance, two yolks, with a teaspoonful of cornstarch, make a pint of boiled custard, while the whites may be saved for snow cake, for crumbing something which has to be fried, for a *soufflé* or prune whip or muffins. Then as to eggless winter deserts—I have a long list, and every one of them is as good as it is wholesome. There are also a few good eggless cakes, delicious gingerbread, with sour milk or hot water for wetting, various nice spice cakes, plenty of toothsome cookies and what all children love, fresh raisin bread.—MADAME FRUGALITY.

**PIECING OUT HEELS.**—I save the rubber heels from worn-out shoes; then, when rubber heels wear down at the side, as they are liable to do, I level them by attaching the old rubber, layer by layer, as it is needed, with one of the cements guaranteed to mend this material.—MRS. HAMILTON.

**TO SAVE COAL.**—We find that double windows, set into the north side of the cellar, make considerable difference in the amount of our coal bill each winter. Of course, if we could afford it, we would put double glass in every window; still, the cellar is a most vulnerable spot for a north wind, and thence much cold air finds its way up through a house.—F. D.

**CHAPPED HANDS.**—During the chilliest months of the year, I have to be constantly doctoring little hands, which are chapped so badly that they sometimes bleed. The worst chaps generally come on the back of the hands, and my way of healing them is the same that my grandmother used. I get a pound of mutton fat from the butcher, put it through the meat chopper, set it with a pint of hot water in the oven and leave the fat to dissolve, till every drop of water is evaporated. Then I strain it, adding a few drops of some sweet-scented oil. This ointment is rubbed, night after night, into the sore hands, and the small patient goes to bed in a pair of old kid gloves, from which the fingers have been cut.—MRS. F. WHITE.

**A HANDY STRAINER.**—I find a triangular garbage drain r, which fits into the corner of a sink, the handiest thing possible to use as a strainer. Into it can be poured such things as potatoes, spinach, macaroni or any sort of vegetable. It hangs high enough to drain perfectly, and when its hook has been slipped over the wire nail, put in place for it, there is no danger that it will drop. It is made of good tin, and with proper care will last a long time without rusting.—EMELINE MARSH.

**JUST THE THING.**—One of our favorite winter dinners is a chicken pie, but I had no end of trouble in finding just the sort of dish to accommodate a family of five. One day, in a second-hand store, I ran across one of those old-fashioned deep pie plates, made of brown earthenware, that our grandmothers used for pumpkin pie. I purchased it for three cents, and it proved the nicest dish possible for chicken pie. It accommodates all the meat and gravy from one fowl, as well as a generous crust.—JESSIE COOGAN.





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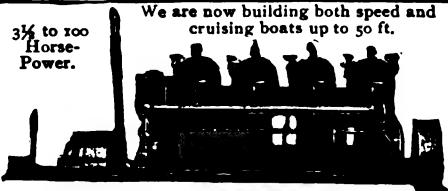
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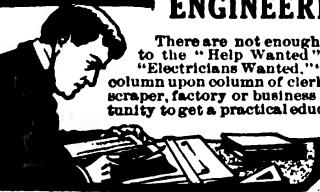
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"How can I make money? How can I make a start in business? There isn't anything to do in this hide-bound village, and I can't leave the old folks."

This is the despairing cry of thousands of persons in the little towns and villages scattered all over the country. Their lives seem to them narrow and circumscribed. They long for the city, or for some place where they can do a larger work—can make more money—can acquire a comfortable independence.

Hence the rush to the city and town—the early delights and hopes—the quick contact with dirt and poverty and misery—the breaking of ideals—the living in stuffy, ill-ventilated, much inhabited tenements—the shock of competition—the difficulty of securing positions—the steady lowering of standards, until almost any work is taken that will secure a bare living. Terrible, indeed, are the contrasts between the "Castles in Spain" and the hard realities. Deep the homesickness and the longings for the pure, sweet country air—the smell of hay—the dog—the old friends—the father—the mother—and the brothers and sisters.

These things are not necessary. There is always work to do wherever one is placed, and the great law of compensation shows us that no matter how much we appear to lose we are, in some way, winning. Those who stay in the country live simply, perhaps, but cheaply; a dollar bill goes a long way, while in the city it is snapped up with the slightest luxury or indulgence.

One of the best opportunities in the world, both for profit-making and for helping your fellow man, lies in the adoption, as a regular business, of the work of introducing good literature into your community. Many a country district—and many a town and city district, too, for that matter—is starving for good reading, and the intelligence and knowledge of the world which comes in its wake. You can do nothing better than to help to replace poor and trashy literature with good and beneficial magazines and books.

A man or woman can make himself or herself the headquarters of the village or county for this kind of literature. The leading weekly and monthly periodicals of the country will, in most cases, gladly send you lists of their subscribers to renew, and will pay you liberal commissions for renewing them. You can create new business constantly, putting in each family the periodical best suited to its capacity for enjoyment. By carefully keeping your records you will know exactly when subscriptions, which you have originally taken, expire, and can go around and secure the renewals, building up, in this way, a permanent, definite, easily-handled, and highly profitable business. Many of the periodicals such as SUCCESS give monthly and season prizes for subscription work in connection with large commissions on each order secured, and these prizes are often in themselves worth all the cost of the effort.

Here are a few illustrations of how magazine subscription businesses of this kind are built up:

In a New England community a man is earning \$5,000 a year with practically no expense for office or traveling. He simply lets his townspeople know that he is the magazine man of his community, and his efforts have been so successful that he has worked up a large and permanent business in renewing subscriptions each year.

In an Ohio town another SUCCESS representative is earning hundreds of dollars in the commission and prize money offered by several of the largest magazines for subscription work. He made a "ten-strike" last winter by securing an order of several hundred SUCCESS subscriptions from the head of a large manufacturing concern in his city to be given as Christmas presents to employees.

A lady who took up the work in a small way, in an Eastern town, has pursued almost the same plans, and her work for SUCCESS has yielded her a large sum in commissions and prizes—much larger, in fact, than could have been earned in any ordinary salaried position.

\$545 for one month's work is the record of a young man in Eastern Canada, who secured 810 subscriptions to SUCCESS, alone and unaided, by personal solicitation in the offices, stores and factories of his city. The work called for the investment of not one penny and no previous experience. He has done nearly as well in other months, and had never found it necessary to go out of his own community, in which he has been canvassing for SUCCESS for more than a year past.

Drop a line to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York, and get their proposition.

# The Failure of Corporal Punishment

By PATTERSON DU BOIS

Illustrated by S. M. BEANE

A TEN YEAR OLD BOY, on being asked by his teacher, how he felt after he had done wrong, solemnly replied that he felt bad. Then, with animation he added: "But after your father's whipped you, you feel fine!"

Nevertheless I lay down the proposition that, as a family prescription, corporal punishment is a failure, if, indeed, in many cases, it is not immoral. I say, as a family prescription; by which I mean a method to be resorted to generally. There are certain abnormal cases in which physical shock may bring an errant creature to himself, and very young children may sometimes need information through the sensations. But, even in these exceptional cases, corporal punishment must be regarded as itself exceptional. The truth is, there are so few parents in whose hands corporal punishment is a safe instrument of education, that it ought to be regarded as practically banished.

Observe, I say, a *safe instrument of education*, for on no other basis is family punishment of any kind worth discussing. When I speak of it as a failure, I mean a failure in the vast majority of cases, where moral training is the end in view. It may be a great success as a temporary deterrent; the operation of castigating a child may be a delightful exercise for the parent, relieving the tension of vexation or the monotony of nagging; it may demonstrate prowess and minister to the vanity of authority. But as an educating agency, the less said about it the better. The little boy felt "fine," but was he a *finer boy*?—that's the question.

It would seem self-evident that no parent ought to punish without a distinct purpose in view. Most parents suppose that their intention is to make their children better, but too often they are mistaken in their own motives. All good parents would agree that they should do nothing that would be likely to *hinder* reformation, or, better, a right formation. If the immediate impulse is to make the child less objectionable, this ought to be done in such a way that, in the long run, it will not make him more so.

Such a hindrance corporal punishment, in the large majority of instances, undoubtedly is. It works evil in two ways: directly with the child, indirectly, through lowering the moral tone of the parent—which reacts again upon the child. In a recent article by Miss Shinn, an authority on child training, are cited the experiences of a number of mothers and teachers on both sides of the question. Among them were cases of children who had been cured of their tantrums by being held fast. Miss Shinn argues that such treatment is "brute force" as much as a whipping would have been. But she loses sight of the profound difference between whipping a child because he has done something, and holding him fast to prevent his doing something.

Force has been used in both these cases, it is true, but with quite different intent. The first is purely punitive; the second may have an element of punishment in it, but it is largely instructional, in that it informs the child through action that he is not free to do some things. Our little boy, after his whipping, was free to do anything, if he chose to take a whipping for it.

But I am anticipating. A spanking may cure a child of slamming the door, of invading the pantry, of soiling his clothing, of mutilating his books, of pinching his baby sister,

or of any other concrete form of energy for which the spanking has been specifically applied. It may even bring a measure of the semblance of peace to the house in the immediate present. But it has not raised the child's moral standard, nor purified his intentions, nor opened his vision to a working ideal. On the contrary, it has set a seal of approval on the doctrine that muscular might makes moral right, and it has driven the victim to think more of his body and less of his soul.

If children were whipped more, would adults need less correction? The testimony is that the boys in a reformatory who have been most whipped in childhood, need the most reforming. Were the criminal classes never castigated in childhood? The reason why a large proportion of the male school principals in New York advocate corporal methods, is given by them to be, that the child has a right to be trained into "a wholesome respect for the law?" Let it go at that, and then ask whether the corporal punishment *does* give respect for the law. Why should it? What connection is there between law and a slipper or a whip-lash?

Essentially, none. Are not the school-teachers, because of what is expected of them by the curriculum, more concerned with the child's immediate submission to authority than

with his development into a morally self-governing being? The difference is wide. Undoubtedly, the teachers face a trying situation, and the temptation to immediate results by corporal measures is very great. Perhaps, if they could flog the parents, they would. This was the Spartan law. The father was punished for his boy's defiance.

We are talking particularly about the home. If the home were properly governed, this question would not have to arise to confront the teachers. This is ideal, of course, but an ideal is necessary, in order that we get somewhere. Teachers and all other people have to suffer for the sins of the home. If the child in the home has been terrorized away from loyalty to a mock obedience, he has become hardened and brutalized, rather than loyal and trustful. We must then take a larger view of it. We must look for effects upon both punisher and punished; that is, for results far beyond present particular cases.

So far, our discussion has been somewhat rambling and general. Call it prefatory. I wish, now, to show, in a more orderly form, why it is that corporal punishment, as a mode of moral education, must be regarded as a general failure.

1.—As a method, it is usually irrational, since it bears no correlative or sequential relation to the offense. It does not, therefore, educate the mind of the offender or of the punisher or of the spectator. Having no thought of making the retribution fit the deed, it becomes a sort of universal prescription, degrading, because indiscriminating.

2.—No other form of punishment is so easy to administer suddenly, excitedly, without opportunity for fair judgment of the case. This results

in over-punishing and the moral damage wrought by hastily assuming too much. It begets the idea that justice is subordinate to bodily power, and induces the strong to take unfair advantage of the weak. The punisher imagines himself doing right, because the passionate demonstration relieves his own irritation and gives an outlet to his sense of vengeance. This self-indulgence is gratifying to his animal nature, and the gratification seems to him like the approval of a conscience sensitive to duty. He is deluded, and is thereby an unfit guardian and trainer.

3.—Fostering the idea that might makes right, corporal punishment becomes a self-



She thinks more of her body and less of her soul



What connection is there between law and a slipper?

perpetuating and traditionary institution. College boys haze because they were hazed. Fathers whip because they were whipped. The pugnacious spirit is suggestive and contagious. Corporal punishment is a species of battle, and boys fight because their parents sanction fighting by fighting them. This ultimately keeps the war spirit alive between nations, as well as between individuals, and stays the progress of brotherhood and of peace on earth, good will to men. Advocates of war, among the clergy as well as among other classes, argue that war is a means to peace. It seems, rather, that war is a self-perpetuating idea, and that peace principles could get along without it!

4.—Mere bodily power or gladiatorial skill becomes a substitute for justice, and hence a menace to the integrity of the whole social structure. Corporal punishment is simply a crude and limited form of this threat to the social bond. Differences are not adjusted upon principles of equity, but upon the authority of muscle. This is disastrous to the confidence that rests on sympathy.

5.—There are physiological and pathological reasons against corporal punishment. Children are often injured for life by injudicious castigation. If it be argued that it should be judicious, the answer has already been given in the second of these categories. Moreover, a better result is to be expected by measures which tend to exert a calming and quieting influence on the mind, than by measures which tend to agitate, irritate and cause rebellion. Violent methods beget violence. They tend to incite angry resentment, which does not make for loyalty and trustful devotion. There is, at least, this moral peril to the developing mind, if, indeed, there be no physical injury.

6.—No argument against corporal punishment rests upon a broader base and means more to an open mind, perhaps, than the historical. It can not be elaborated here. It has been already foreshadowed. Suffice it to indicate the significant trend of the world's social movement. Thus, we find a rapidly growing abhorrence of war and of the right of might. Justice is pushing its claim as the ideal arbiter.



War is declining as a corrective and directive. We have peace conferences and congresses, and arbitration treaties. Men are addressing themselves less to the bullet than to the sense of unity and universal brotherhood.

See how many classes of offenses in England were formerly subject to capital punishment. William Penn, the great Quaker apostle of peace methods, reduced these from two hundred to two. Who objects now to that reduction? Note the decline of bodily torture as a means of making men faithful and loyal. It is little more than ten years since flogging was abolished in the British Army. Fifty years ago every parish in England had its stocks in use. The "sweat-box" of the modern police is abhorrent.

Charles Dickens, in this historic spirit, but in advance of his time, drove a vast deal of brutality from the English schools. Punishment had been little less than barbaric in its forms and its frequency. He saw also the relation between a child's food and his conduct—that a poorly nourished child often suffered punishment because of his anæmic condition. Our medical advisers to-day are finding out that nourishment is often a surer cure for delinquency than punishment can be. It is a fact that some of the worst cases of so-called incorrigibility are now cured by wholesome food. In Dickens's books are described no less than twenty-eight schools. He abated not only actual corporal cruelty, but also the terrorizing of children.

Prevention is better than cure. He who thinks too earnestly of his new-born child as a candidate for future punishment, begins by throwing the main emphasis of family training upon cure, rather than upon prevention. He is thus laying a foundation of trouble for himself, as well as for society at large—especially if his tendency is to resort to irrational and brutalizing methods.

[Mr. Du Bois, who is regarded as among the foremost living authorities on the moral training of children, will be glad to receive and answer letters from parents regarding the problems of childhood.]

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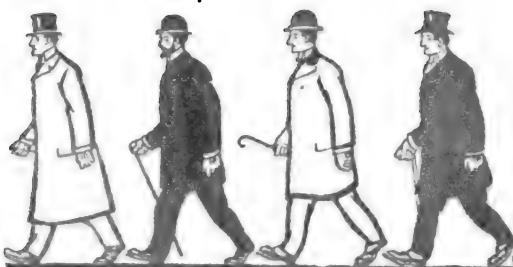
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## The Well Dressed Man

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

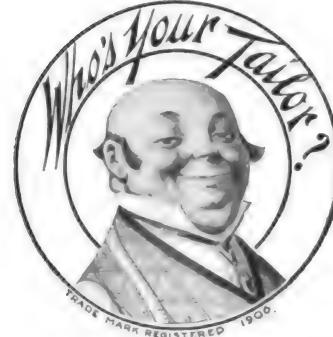
NIPPING weather no longer requires that bundling-up which it is so hard to reconcile with style and becomingness. Only a few years ago, the ulster was much used, and an uncouth garment it was, without the least claim to good looks. To-day, however, the heavier overgarments are cut with all the grace and distinction of a frock or evening coat. Instead of the old-fashioned ulster, resembling a blanket more than anything else, and almost as cumbersome, one wears double-breasted greatcoats, with deep storm collars, capacious pockets, and folded-back cuffs. These reach well below the knee, and are made of such sturdy stuffs as Shetlands, Scotch cheviots, rough tweeds, and friezes. The correct double-breasted overcoat is very simple in cut, generally of a plaid design, and beltless. The lapels are broad, low-lying and rolled, and the garment is not shaped to the back, but swings easily and comfortably from the shoulders and has a deep center vent. Indeed, the best tailors have abandoned the contour-clinging overcoat with side seams, creased to razor-like sharpness, and the newer garments, both for lounging, business, and "occasion," are cut noticeably looser in the back. If there is any shaping to the figure, it should be merely indicated, not emphasized.

To revert to the double-breasted overcoat, its appearance ought to suggest complete ease and generous warmth. Hence, every manner of ornamentation and all attempts to invest it with false style are misdirected, and, in result, quite incongruous. Besides being well suited to town wear, when the frost nibbles ears and noses, the double-breasted overcoat is capital for cold-weather traveling by rail or boat. It is just the companion for an ocean crossing and, to quote a seasoned tourist, "you could n't muss it if you wore it to bed." Another advantage of the double-breasted greatcoat is that it undergoes practically no change in fashion, and thus may serve one a lifetime with credit. In traveling, a Scotch tweed cap of the same material as the coat usually accompanies it. Be it understood, this garment is purely for lounging and distinctly informal wear. It is in no sense a "dress coat," though some men wear it to the play on stormy nights, leaving it behind in the carriage.

For intermediate weather, the long Chesterfield is undoubtedly the best all-round overcoat. It extends a trifle below the knee, is curved very slightly, if at all, to the figure, and does not flare at the bottom though it is cut full. The elaborately creased and pressed garments are not at all manly-looking, and one generally sees them on persons whose notions of style are derived from colored fashion-plates of the tawdry sort. There are always men who feel that they must go the fashions of the day "one better," and it is these that make a mock of even a rational mode and compel its total abandonment.

The Chesterfield has a velvet collar to match the cloth, usually black or medium gray, long and wide lapels ironed to a soft roll, and a deep center vent. The object of the vent is to render walking easier, for the ventless coat hinders the wearer's movements and swishes awkwardly around his legs. Folded-back cuffs are rather too pretentious-looking to be acceptable on so plain a coat as the Chesterfield, though they are not incorrect. The sleeve has an open vent. The fly-front garment has been in vogue for many years, but the newer style is to have the buttons visible. Plaids, herringbones, faint stripes, and shadow effects are variously used. The brown Chesterfield, in a deep, rich shade, though becoming to few men, has an uncommonness which commends it to those who seek a treasured expressiveness in dress.

The Over-Frock, so called because it closely resembles a double-breasted frock coat, is worn chiefly with formal evening dress. The skirts are long, shaped to the waist and a bit full. The cuffs are folded back and narrow. Black and gray are the accepted colors, for no others harmonize with the extreme simplicity of either evening or afternoon clothes. The Chesterfield is quite as proper as the Over-Frock, and, indeed, is preferable, to accompany afternoon dress, because to wear a frock greatcoat over a frock undercoat seems to sin against the fitness of things. The Over-Frock or Paddock, as it is popularly known, is no longer considered good form for morning and business, but is restricted wholly to ceremonious occasions.



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Fur-trimmed overcoats are good form only in the thick of winter. They look clearly absurd when worn without the excuse of befitting weather. It is better to have the cuffs plain instead of fur-trimmed, the collar being very deep, so as to enable it to be turned up over the ears when the wind whistles. Sable, mink, and astrakhan are the preferred furs. Fur caps are not worn in this climate, though they are appropriate enough to accompany fur coats, and, besides, look undeniably "wintry."

Fur-lined gloves are very "comfy," notably for motoring and the outdoor sports, though there is little occasion for them in town. High storm boots with waterproof soles will be found of much practical service during the months when snow and slush are under foot.

### Questions About Dress

[Readers of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

**GLENVILLE.**—The winter sack coat may have a deep center vent, but the better tailors are omitting the vent, for no other reason than that it has become common. Side vents are not in vogue this season. The white evening waistcoat is plain or figured, as the wearer prefers. There is no fashion about it. Waistcoat and tie may agreeably match each other in pattern, though this is not at all necessary. The single-breasted waistcoat is newer than the double-breasted, but here again preference, rather than propriety, governs. Waistcoats are now cut with V-shaped, not U-shaped lapels, and some of those intended to accompany Tuxedo clothes, are left collarless. As we have frequently said, the white waistcoat is usually reserved for ceremonious use, and is in questionable form with the Tuxedo. Pearl-gray is much to be preferred, as drawing a line of demarcation between formal and informal dress. Notwithstanding the periodical rumors of a revolt against the simplicity of evening clothes, no changes of import are effected, or even likely. You can, therefore, order your suit, with the knowledge that it will render at least five years' service and still be in fashion.

**HOTSETTER.**—Styles in hats undergo few changes, for the simple reason that the most fashionable hat to wear is that which is most becoming to one's face. The derby is correct for business, morning, and lounging, and it may be black, brown, or pearl-gray. Soft hats are, strictly considered, not suited to town wear. This distinction, however, is habitually disregarded by young men, who like the jaunty air that the soft hat lends, and who dip and tilt it into any shape that captivates their fancy. It is turned up in the front, on the side, or in the back, and dented or creased out of all semblance to its original form. College youths, who really keep the vogue for soft hats alive, strive to put a distinct character into the shaping of the "slouch," and the result is often undeniably picturesque. The silk hat for this winter does not differ noticeably from former models. It is still belled of crown and curled of brim. The top hats with flattish brims introduced last spring did not gain much favor.

**GROLIER.**—Shower-coats should be cut long, loose, and with little shaping to the figure. The precise length is a matter of personal taste. Besides the standard colors, such as Oxford gray, black, olive, and tan, there are stripes, plaids, and shadow effects. Mackintoshes are seldom worn nowadays, because it is virtually impossible to put style into them. Any fabric may be rendered water-tight by subjecting it to the proofing process. Silk-and-rubber is a new combination which is light and soft and calculated to endure the strain of wear, if it is not too severe.

**FOUR-IN-HAND.**—In order to obtain the very broad four-in-hand knot that you like, simply double-knot your tie. This is done by passing the apron around twice, instead of once. The best width for a wide four-in-hand is from two-and-one-half to three inches. It is not in good taste to wear a straight-standing or poke collar with a soft shirt, as this is an attempt to unite formality with informality. Only the fold or wing collar is appropriate.

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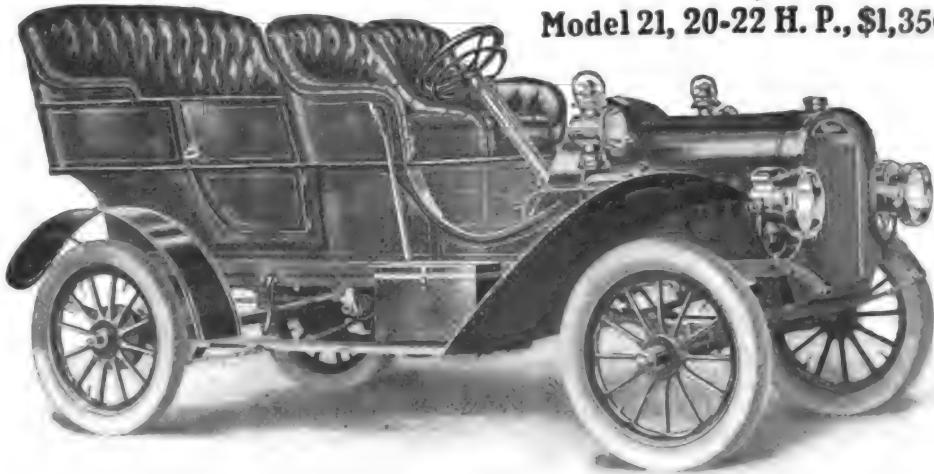
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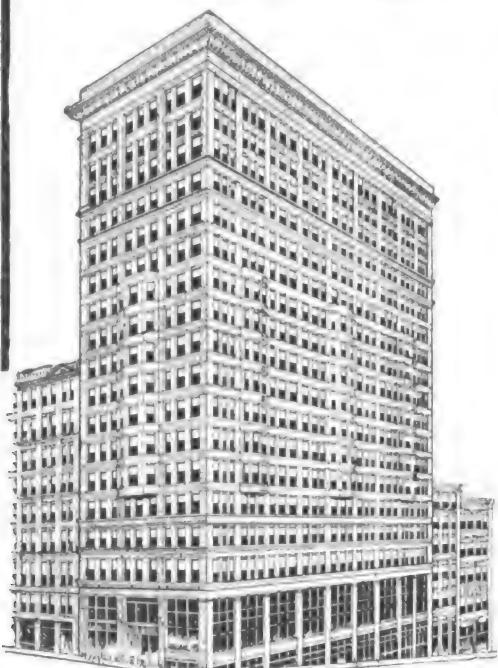
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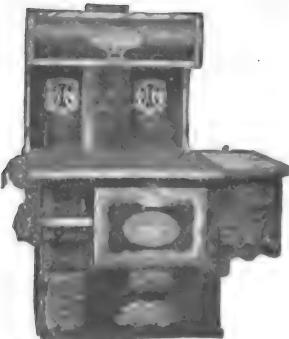
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## The Editor's Chat

### Everybody Is Interesting

It is said that there was no object in nature so repulsive and hideous but Prof. Agassiz could find beauties and interest enough in it to entrance an angel. He had an eye which, like the microscope, revealed marvels which an uneducated eye could not see, and all of this because of the soul, the mind back of the eye.

In cultivating the power of observation, it is very helpful to think of your eyes as great magnifying glasses, capable of bringing out very wonderful things which a careless observer never sees. In this way, we learn to see things which before were not visible to us. We learn, after a while, to see with the brain. The eye merely suggests what the mind takes up and expands.

We ought to be so skilled in reading human nature, so trained in studying people, that they would be as open books to us, and we could read the motives and influences which have made them what they are. We ought to be able to see what has blunted their ambition or dwarfed their lives, if they are failures, or what has contributed to their enlargement of life, to their growth, if they are successful.

We ought to be able to see marvelous things, to extract very valuable knowledge and experience from the most ordinary human beings. There is no one so ignorant or so low that he can not teach us a great deal that is of value.

I know a lady who says that "everybody is interesting" to her, that no matter whom she meets, or in what part of the world they are, she finds something very interesting about them if they are approached in a way to bring it out.

We are too apt to judge people superficially from the first impression. If they do not strike us favorably when we first meet them, it is hard to overcome the prejudice. But if we just make up our minds that every human being bears the stamp of his Maker, and that there must be something good, something interesting about him, if we could only approach him from the right standpoint, our lives would not be so barren and uncharitable. It is just a question of finding the divinity in people.

### Sunshine

THE POWER of a sunny soul, a man who carries sunshine in his very presence, to transform the most trying situation in life, to light up the way even in the darkest gloom, is beyond all power to compute.

The world loves the sunny soul, the man who carries his holidays in his very eye; whose face is a pleasure-ground. The magic power of the sunshine man to transform the most trying situation in life is worth more than a fortune in money. There is a great medicinal value, also, in good cheer. A patient about to undergo a serious operation stands a better chance of regaining his lost health if he is cheerful and optimistic than one who dwells on the pain he is about to endure and who figures out what it feels like to die in agony.

What a wonderful thing it is to be able to carry one's sunshine with him, to cast a glow of brightness and joy upon every condition of life! The power to transmute gloom into gladness, the mirth-provoking faculty, is worth everything to the youths who are starting out to make their own way in the world. They pass through life with much less friction; they carry a talisman that will make them welcome wherever they go.

The determination to be kind and helpful to everyone, to be cheerful and optimistic no matter what comes to us, is one of the noblest of ambitions. The persistent effort to give everybody a lift whenever possible, to make everybody we come in contact with a little better off for the contact, to radiate sunshine, cheer, hope, good will, to scatter flowers as we go along, to enjoy each day, to live the present to its utmost and not to wait for to-morrow before we begin to enjoy, this it is that opens wide the door to happiness.

Happiness is a question of heart and not money. It is mind and heart and not things that make the joy of living.

I know children who are so poor that they have never known such things as toys, as most children have them; they never have dolls or toys of any kind except what they themselves make, and yet some of these children are as happy as the lark. Put them on the street, or in a garret bare of toys, and they will find plenty of things with which to play and to amuse themselves. These children sometimes make me ashamed of the fact that I have not found this same secret of enjoyment in an education or in achievement. They often make me ashamed that they have something which I have not, that they have retained something which I have lost.

I know people, in middle life, who have not a thousand dollars, in property or money, in the world, and yet they have managed to hold on to the secret of gladness

and joy. They know how to be happy. They are infinitely happier than some rich people who do not look to mind but to things for their happiness.

If there is a pitiable object in the world, it is the person who has soured on life, who has become cynical, and who sees only the crooked, the ugly, the discordant, and the bad.

Cheerfulness is a sign of sanity. It is the person who has no laughter, no fun in his nature, the person who becomes morose and melancholy who is in danger of losing his balance.

### Self-improvement as an Asset

**EDUCATION** is power. No matter how small your salary may be, every bit of valuable information you pick up, every bit of good reading or thinking you do, in fact everything you do to make yourself a larger and completer man or woman, will also help you to advance. I have known boys who were working very hard for very little money to do more for their advancement in their spare time, their half-holidays, by improving their minds, than by the actual work they did. Their salaries were insignificant in comparison with their growth of mind.

I know a young man who jumped in one bound from a salary of five thousand to ten thousand dollars, largely because of his insatiable effort at self-improvement. His great passion seemed to be to make the largest and completest man possible.

This young man is a good example of the possibility of reputation to help one on in the world. Everybody who knew him, knew that he was determined to make something of himself. It did not make any difference if his fellow employees wanted to throw their time away, he did n't. They soon found that it was of no use to try to tease him away from his reading or studying, for he had set his mind toward the future. He had no idea of being a little, small, picayune man. He had a passion for enlargement, for growth. Those who worked with him were very much surprised at his rapid advancement; but there was a good reason for every bit of it. While they were spending their evenings and money trying to have a good time, he was trying to educate himself by a rigid course of self-improvement.

Everywhere we see young men and young women tied to very ordinary positions all their lives simply because, though they had good brains, they were never cultivated, never developed. They never tried to improve themselves, did not care to read anything. Their salaries on a Saturday night, and a good time, are about all they see; and the result the narrow, the contracted, the pinched career. Men and women who have utilized only a very small percentage of their ability—not made it available by discipline and education,—always work at a great disadvantage. A man capable, by nature, of being an employer, is often compelled to be a very ordinary employee because his mind is totally untrained.

### Students Educate One Another

IT is a great thing for hundreds of splendid young men from all over the country to be thrown intimately together at the age of the greatest expectancy, when life promises so much, at an age when youths are full of hope and ambition, and feel strong and vigorous. There is an untold advantage in the growth and expansion which come from the constant measuring of mind with mind, the attrition of mentalities, the measuring of brain power, the comparing of ability, of experiences, the tempering, the constant drill in self-mastery, self-sacrifice, the constant prodding of ambition, the spurring of lagging energy. All these things are of untold advantage.

I believe that the advantages of mere book learning in college are overestimated. That is, I believe that a great deal of what is attributed to the studies themselves comes from the association of the students.

We hear a great deal about the development of personal power in solitude; but, while a certain amount of this is necessary, yet there is no substitute for the growth and education which come from intimate association with human beings.

As a rule, the men who pay their own way through college are the most successful because they are the most practical men. On the other hand, every man who has to devote a great deal of his time to paying his way suffers an immense loss from the lack of larger association with the students.

Many of these men who work their way through college feel obliged to go directly from the classroom to their own room. They can not enter into many of the sports with the other students because they are obliged to remain in their rooms and study during evenings, Saturdays and holidays alike.

I believe that many college men owe more to what they get from their fellow students than from their studies. In saying this, I do not underestimate the great value of what comes from lectures and books; but I believe it is impossible to overestimate the value of the social intercourse of the college.

Every man stamps his own value upon the coin of his character in his own mint, and he can not expect to pass for more, and should not be disappointed if people do not take it for more than its face value.



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Soap-and-water washing and  
shaving both leave the pores  
full of soap and other foreign matter. This  
matter hardens into blackheads, or clogs  
the pores so that the skin becomes muddy,  
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**really clean** and to cure and prevent  
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## My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[Continued from page 87]

nor care ever again to gaze upon as long as I live.

Our beds were nothing else but newspapers, some "yellow," some half so, and others sedate enough, I make no doubt. We slept, however, quite oblivious of newspaper policies and editorials. Looking for our meals and wondering when our berths on the steamers would be ready constituted our day's work, and left us, at night, too tired out to know or care much whether we were lying on feathers or iron. I have since had many a restful night in Hoboken, and, to induce sleep, even with the mosquitoes as bedfellows, nothing more has been necessary than to recall those newspaper nights in the Hebrew's underground refuge. I trust he is resting well somewhere.

"Get up, *presto!* We're all going, *presto!*" It was five o'clock on a cool October morning, and my friend, the little Italian, was tugging away at my jacket. "Get up, *fratello*," he persisted. "Mucha good news." The light was struggling in through the cobwebbed windows and doorway, and the Norwegian was wakefully sighing again. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and stared wonderingly at the Italian.

"Where's your good news?" I yawned, and pulled on my jacket.

"Mucha—muchá," he went on. "Policeman, he dead. Eighteen firemen and passers put hatchet in his head right front here. Blood on the sidewalk. Firemen and passers are pinched. Ship—she call the 'Elbe'—she sail nine o'clock. The old Jew, he got to ship us. No time to look 'roun'. Mucha good news, what?"

I was the first to tell the Hebrew of what had happened over night, emphasizing the necessity of finding coal passers immediately, and the fact that we were the handiest materials. What a change came over the man's face! Sleepy wrinkles, indolent eyes, jeweled hands, projecting paunch were started into wondrous animation.

"You sure?" he asked, eagerly.

"Absolutely. The men are all arrested."

"Ah, ha!" and the jeweled hands rubbed each other appreciatively. "Very goot! Now comes your *Gelegenheit*—that is goot. I see about things quick," and he waddled over to the North German Lloyd docks to assure himself that the news was correct—that the Italian had not made a mistake on account of using some dime novels for a pillow the night before. Thirty-six dollars were his if he could find the requisite number of men—a good wage for his time and labor.

"Ja, ja," he chuckled, a half hour later, when I saw him again. "This time you go, *ganz sicher*. You a very lucky boy. Tell the others to stick in the cellar; I must not lose them."

At eight o'clock he appeared among us to select the most serviceable looking men. Again the poor old Norwegian was counted out—"zu schwach," the Hebrew thundered, in reply to the man's entreaties to be taken, and once more he slunk away to his corner, weeping. There were still others who failed to come up to the Hebrew's standard of fitness, but no case was so pitiful as that of the Norwegian.

Eighteen men, some expert firemen found elsewhere, and the rest green coal passers like myself, were finally chosen, lined up in the street, counted for the twentieth time, it seemed, by the Hebrew's mathematical sons, and then marched, in single file, across the street and down the dock to the "Elbe's" gang plank, where the ship's doctor awaited us. The stoke room was so short-handed that the man was forced to accept all of us, something that he certainly would not have done had there been a larger collection of men from which to choose. He smiled significantly when he let me pass, and I was reminded of what a man had said to me earlier in the morning.

"You goin' as a passer!" he exclaimed. "Why, boy, they'll bury you at sea, sure. You can't stand the work. Just wait and see," he warned, as if waiting, seeing, and sea-burial were necessary to substantiate his words.

Once assigned to our different bunks on the "Elbe," one of the head firemen told us off to our different watches. An officer, passing at the time, remarked that the head fireman had "a rum lot" of trimmers to handle.

"Ach Gott!" the latter returned, jovially, "the heat will sweat 'em into shape. I know the kind."

No doubt he did, but I recall some men, nevertheless, that the heat failed to sweat into shape, or into anything else worth while. They were born laggards and sneaks, throwing all the work they could shirk on others who were honestly trying to do their best. It is trite enough to say that such human beings are found everywhere, but they certainly ought to be barred from the fire room of an ocean liner.

My "watches," four hours long, began at eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon; the rest of the time was mine, excepting when it was my turn to carry water and help clean up the mess room.

The first descent into the fire room is unforgettable. Although hell as a domicile had long since been given up by me as a mere theological contrivance useful to

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keep people guessing, but otherwise an imposition on a sane person's intelligence and not worth considering in the general scheme of things, going down that series of ladders into the bowels of the old "Elbe," the heat seemed to jump ten degrees a ladder, and made me think that I might have been mistaken. At last the final ladder was reached, and we were at the bottom—the bottom of everything, was the thought in more minds than one that afternoon. The head fireman of our watch immediately called my attention to a poker, easily an inch and a half thick and twenty to thirty feet long. "Yours!" he screamed, "Yours!" and he threw open one of the ash doors of a furnace, pantomiming what I was to do with the poker. I dove for it madly, just barely raised it from the floor, and got it started into the ashes—and then dropped none too neatly on top of it. "Hurry-up, you sow-pig," the fireman yelled, and I struggled again with the terrible poker, finally managing to rake out the ashes. Then came "ash-heave," the "Elbe" having the old bucket system for the job. Great metal pails were let down to us from above through a ventilator. The pails filled, they were hauled up again, dumped, and then sent down for another filling. On one occasion, a pail broke loose from the chain, and came crashing down the ventilator under which I was having an airing. For some reason I did not hear the pail, and the fireman had barely time to shove me out of danger when the bucket fell to the floor with a sickening thud. If we had ever met—but what's the use of "if-ing" any more than of "perhaps-ing?" It was simply a clear case of deferred "cashing-in."

The ashes out and up, we trimmers were divided into shovelers and carriers. Sometimes I was a carrier and had to haul baskets of coals to the firemen; "trimming" the coal consists, so far as I ever found out, in merely dumping the basketfuls conveniently for the firemen. Sometimes a shoveler, my duties then consisting in filling the basket for the passers. Every bit of it, passing and shoveling, was honest, hard work. Shirked was severely reprimanded, but, as I have said, there were a few who did just as little as they could, although they were far better fitted for the work than I was, for instance. Once our "boss" decided that I was moving too slowly. He found me struggling with a full basket, in the alleyway between the hot boilers.

"Further with the coals," he cried, "Further!" accompanying the command with what he termed a "swat" on my head with his sweat rag. I was tired-out, mentally and physically, my head was dizzy, and my legs wobbled. For one very short second, after the fireman had hit me, I came very near losing control of myself, and doing something very reckless. That sweat-rag "swat" had aroused whatever was left in me of manhood, honor, and pride, and I looked the fireman in the eye with murder in my own. He turned, and I was just about to reach for a large piece of coal and let him have it, when such vestiges of common sense as were left to me asserted themselves; and I remembered what treatment was accorded mutinous acts on the high seas. Without doubt I should have been put in irons, and further trouble might have awaited me in Germany. I dropped the piece of coal and proceeded on my way, a coward, it seemed, and I felt like one. But it was better for the time being to put up with such feelings, galling though they were, than to be shut up and thrown into irons.

About the middle of each watch "refreshments" were served in the shape of gin. A huge bottle, sometimes a pail, was passed around, and each man, fireman as well as trimmer, was expected to take his full share. During the short respite there was the faintest possible semblance of joviality among the men. Scrappy conversations were heard, and occasionally a laugh—a coarse, vulgar, coal-dust laugh—might be distinguished from the general noise. Our watch was composed of as rough a set of men as I have ever worked with. Every move they made was accompanied with a curse, and the firemen, stripped to the waist and the perspiration running off them, looked like horrible demons, at times, when they tended their fires. Yet, when the "watch" was over, and the men had cleaned up, many of them showed gentler traits of character which redeemed much of their roughness when below.

The call to go up the ladders was the sweetest sound I heard throughout the trip. First, the men to relieve us would come clattering down, and soon after we were free to go back again to daylight and fresh air. There was generally a shout of gladness on such occasions, the firemen being quite as happy as the inexperienced trimmers. My little Italian friend used to sing "Santa Lucia" on nearly every climb bathwards and bunkwards. A wash-down awaited all of us at the top, and soon after a sumptuous meal, in quantity and wholesomeness certainly as good as anything given the saloon passengers. The head-fireman insisted on our eating all that we could. He wanted able-bodied, well-nourished trimmers on his staff, and I, at least, often had to eat more than I wanted, or really needed.

One day, I decided to try to escape a watch. The night before I hardly slept at all, my eyes were painfully sore from cinders getting into them, and I was generally pretty well used up. Other men had been relieved of duty at different times, and it seemed to me that my turn was due. I went to the doctor.

"Well?" he said in English. I dwelt mainly on my sore eyes, telling him how the heat inflamed them.

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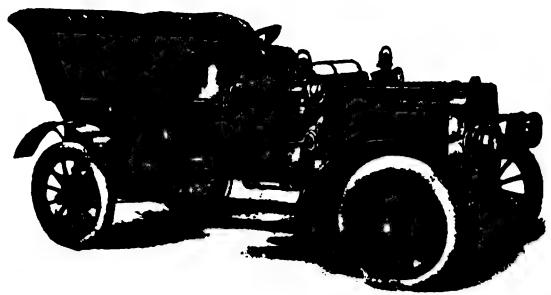
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"Let me see them," and he threw back the lids in turn, washing out each eye as if it had been a marble-top table.

"How about them now?" he questioned, after throwing away the blackened cloth. It would have paid to tell him that they were better if only to keep him from going at them again.

"Oh, but my lame back!" I replied, glad to shift the doctor's attention in that direction. The worst he could do to my back was to put a plaster on it, I reasoned, and this would almost certainly relieve me of one watch at least.

"Don't stoop so much," was all he would recommend. "What else?"

"Well, doctor," I pursued, "I'm sick, sick all over. I need at least one watch to rest up in."

The good man became facetious.

"Why, we're all sick," he laughed. "The captain, the first officer, the cook, and what not. We're terribly short-handed. If you don't keep your watches the ship simply won't go, and Heaven knows when we'll see Bremerhaven."

I smiled a very sickly smile, and retired. If the old "Elbe" was so hard up for propulsion power that my weak services were unequivocally necessary, then of course I must do my utmost to save the lives, perhaps, of the precious freight in the cabins—but, oh! how I wished I had remained in Hoboken, had done anything but become a coal passer!

The first glimpse we had of land may have been a lovelier sight to some of the cabin passengers than it was to us trimmers, but it hardly seems possible. My companions told me that the rocks and cliffs, barely visible, on our left, were England, the home of my ancestors, but this fact did not interest me half so much as the far more important fact that they represented *terra firma*. I wanted to put my feet on land again, even in Turkey if necessary. Coal passing, bunker life, hot fires, and clanging ash-buckets had cured me for the time being at least of all sea-going propensities in a professional capacity. A flattering offer to command a great liner would hardly have tempted me just then.

The twelfth day out, I think it was, we "made" Bremerhaven, where the good ship was to have a rest, and the men who had shipped in Hoboken were to be paid off. The long voyage was over, I had finished my last "watch" below, and was free to mingle with the steerage passengers on deck and view the new country I had traveled so far to see. My clothes were the same that I had gone on board with in Hoboken—a fairly respectable outfit then, but now sadly in need of cleaning and repair. My face and hands were dark and grimy, although they had been given numberless washings; it was simply impossible to get all of the coal dust out of them. Indeed, it was days before my hands looked normal again.

The head-fireman saw me on the deck, and came up to me. His whole manner had changed. His duty was over, the great ship was in the harbor, and he could afford to unbend a little.

"Not dressed yet to go ashore?" he said in a friendly manner, his eyes running hurriedly over my clothes. "We'll dock soon, and you want to be ready."

"These are all the shore clothes or any other kind that I've got," I replied, and for aught I could see just then they were all that I was going to have for some time to come.

"I'm too big, or you could have some of mine," the fireman assured me, the obvious sincerity of his offer making me quite forget the "swat" he had given me in the fire room. We shook hands, congratulated each other on having done his part to bring the ship into port, and then separated, five minutes and a kindly manner on the part of the fireman having been quite sufficient to scatter forever, I trust, all the murderous thoughts of revenge I had been a week and more stirring up against him.

It was a very different line of coal passers that marched from the "Elbe" to the Seaman's Amt in Bremerhaven to be paid off, from the one that had formed in front of the Hebrew's store in Hoboken. Our hard and miserable task was behind us, money was "in sight," and the majority of the men were at home again. We received seventeen marks and fifty pfennigs apiece for the trip, four dollars and a fraction in American currency. We bade one another good-by, and singly and in groups went our different ways. I waved a final *adios* to the "Elbe," and joined two firemen, who spoke English and had offered to see me off for Berlin, my next destination.

Poor old ship! I was in Rome when she went down in the North Sea. I was reading the "bulletins" in front of the English bookstore in the Piazza di Spagne. Suddenly my eyes spied the dispatch about the "Elbe." "Down!" I muttered aloud, and people standing near looked at me as if, perhaps, I had lost a friend in the mishap. I had, indeed. In time of need, perhaps at the turning-point in my life, one road leading I know not where, the other, as it proved and as I hoped, to a home and decent living—on such an occasion—that creaking, tired-out ship bore me safely out of trouble to a welcome port across the sea. If this is not friendship, if it be strange that I looked solemn and reminiscent in front of that bulletin board, then I know not what kind deeds and grateful remembrance thereof mean.

[To be continued in March.]

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# THE MILLSTONE

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

[Concluded from page 76]

"No," said Collins, "we ain't goin' to give up the house fer the union. We got it to live in."

"An' we can't live here if there ain't work here," she persisted. "If the union don't win, we got to go."

"Ye," he admitted, "we got to go."

"An' there's no tellin' when somebody 'll break away. They don't need many of the old men now."

He made no reply to this.

"An' when the fight's over, whichever way it goes, we'll be broke," she went on. "Right from this minute we got to begin eatin' up the house. That's what it is, Dan—eatin' up the house, to help the union that won't help us. We got more to lose than some others, an' they got more to gain than us."

"We got to keep the home," declared Collins. "We got to stay here, too."

He refilled and lit his pipe, and settled back with the air of a man who had settled a troublesome problem in a not altogether satisfactory way.

"But I don't want you hurt, Dan," she urged, with sudden solicitude.

"Oh, I won't be hurt," he replied, "but I don't like it. I wish there was some other way; bu they forced it on us."

#### IV.

It was late one night that Collins deserted to the company. He felt like a deserter, too. He was giving up all his associations, but circumstances seemed to justify it. He and his wife had discussed the matter fully since he had made his resolve, and they could reach but one conclusion: it was choice between the home and the union. The union might have made it a less serious problem, but it had not.

Once inside the works, Collins would be safe. His wife and children, if the truth were known, probably would be subjected to some annoyances—other children might call his children names, and the neighbors might say disagreeable things to and about his wife—but there seemed to be no reason why the truth should be known. That he had gone to look for temporary work elsewhere would be a good enough explanation of his absence, and Brown had assured him that no word of his presence within could leak from the barricaded plant. Even if it did, he alone would be in danger of bodily harm, if caught, and he would be careful to keep within the stockade until the excitement subsided. Incidentally, he was to get double pay, but this was really the least consideration with him: if he had been able barely to exist without jeopardizing the home he had made, nothing would have tempted him to go back to work under these circumstances. At heart he was still a union man, although it was beginning to dawn upon him that he was caught between two opposing forces that cared nothing at all for him personally.

He made his way to the plant under cover of darkness, dodging along among a lot of freight cars, and was let in by one of the guards. Brown was awaiting him.

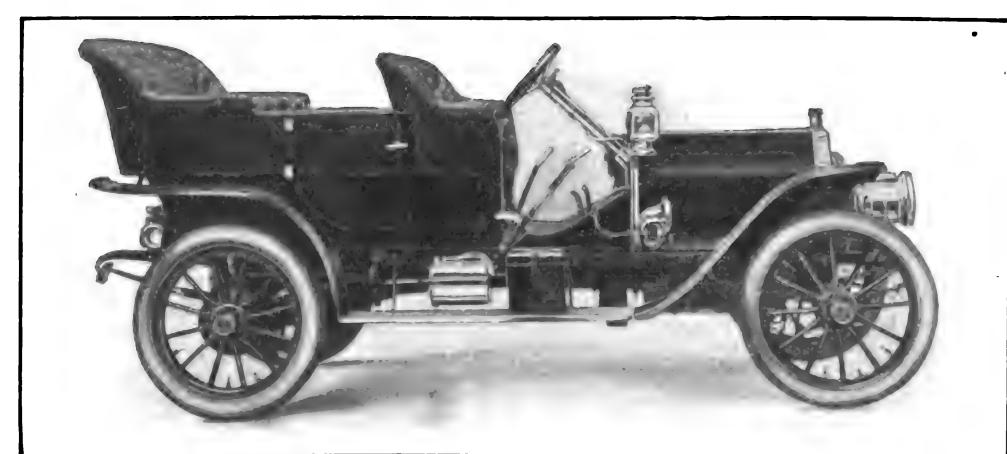
"You're wise, Collins," said Brown. "This company does n't forget the men that help it, and we're doing so well now that there's room for mighty few of the old hands."

"Am I the only one back?" asked Collins; for he had rather hoped to have company.

"You're the first," answered Brown. "There are others coming."

"That makes it worse for me, if they find it out," said Collins, anxiously. "They'll be worryin' the wife an' kids."

"Oh, that's all right," Brown assured him. "This strike is going to end pretty quick, and they'll all have to be moving on to get work



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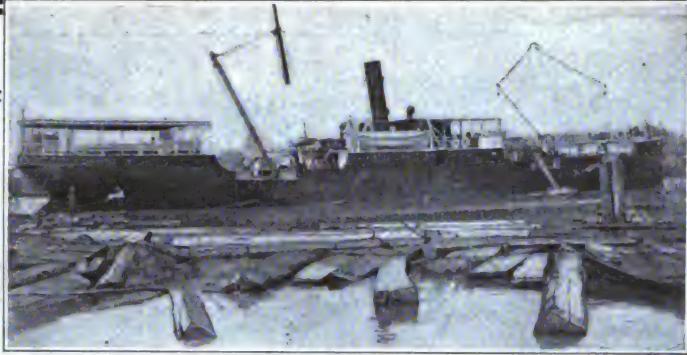
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somewhere else—all but the few we take back. Some have gone already."

"Yes," admitted Collins, "some has gone already. That's what I'm bankin' on, to make 'em think I done the same thing. It's all right, if it don't leak out from here. You'll look out fer that, Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, yes, I'll look out for that," said Brown.

Easily was this assurance given, but it was no part of Brown's plan to lose the effect of this desertion. He was not working so much to secure Collins as he was to break the strike, and men had to suffer occasionally when great interests were at stake. Consequently, he had no compunctions about passing the news on to Kramer for use with the wavering ones.

"It will bring in Klein and Smathers, sure," said Kramer, "and then the break's as good as made."

Possibly this might have been the result had it not been for the fact that the news spread so rapidly. The men were in evil temper; they had long been on half-pay strike benefits, and they had found it difficult to live on them. Furthermore, Brady and others assured them that the company had been on the point of capitulation when this defection occurred.

It followed that there was an ugly demonstration in front of the Collins house, to the great terror of Mrs. Collins and the children, and another in front of the plant. Collins was startled by the latter. To his ears came the cries of "Kill the traitor!" and "Hang Dan Collins!" and from an upper window he saw the fighting that followed when the police charged the mob. It was an object lesson for others who might have been ready to desert, too; it showed them what they might expect, and a man would hesitate long before incurring such enmity from a mob.

"Never mind, Collins," Brown said to him. "The company will take care of you."

Aside from the effect on wavering strikers, Brown had particular need of Collins just then, for Collins was an experienced hand, and many of the new men needed breaking in. But in this there was another disquieting thing for Collins. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, the plant was not running well—it was hardly running at all. In addition to being shorthanded, the majority of the men were no good and never would be any good; they were strikebreakers and not workmen. Instead of having the strike practically won, as he had supposed, the company was as far from that as ever, except so far as the personal needs of the strikers might be great; it was making a mere bluff at doing business, and was losing money every minute of the day.

Collins did the best he could for the next ten days, but he was not in the mental condition for good work. Things were not improving at the plant, and they were getting worse at home. His wife wrote him that she had had to take the children out of school, because their playmates were so cruelly vindictive. Then he heard that stones had been thrown through the windows of the house on several occasions, and, finally, that they had abandoned the house and moved to a flat in another neighborhood.

"They get the house either way," he mused bitterly, thinking of the union. "If I don't give it up willin', they take it by force. They ain't fair with a man, and I'm with the boss from now on."

It was on the tenth day that the really serious blow fell. Brown sent for him.

"The strike's over," Brown announced cheerfully, "and we win."

"That's good," said Collins, doubtfully.

"Yes, we win," repeated Brown. "We're to make room for as many of the old men as we can, without discharging new hands that are any good, but it's to be an open shop after this. There's only one point on which we had to give in."

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"What's that?" asked Collins, anxiously, for he knew he had not been called there merely to hear about the victory.

"We've got to drop you, Collins. They're very bitter against you. We made a hard fight for you, but we could n't afford to let the plant be tied up longer to give you a job; it was getting too deep into the stockholders' pockets."

"So I'm goin'," said Collins, dully.

"Yes, but you won't have any trouble getting a job somewhere else. It's the fortune of war, Collins. We're sorry for you, and we're going to add two weeks' pay to your wages; but we started out to bust the union, and we could n't afford to go on losing money after we'd practically accomplished our purpose."

"You made it stronger!" said Collins, with sudden anger.

"What's that?"

"You made it stronger!" repeated Collins. Here all his troubles seemed to culminate, and he had to give them expression. "It's people like you that drives men to the unions an' makes 'em stick in even a bad fight, and it's people like Brady that drives 'em to the bosses. You ain't fair; you ain't honest; you lie to the men! You throw 'em down fer money—that's what you do! You kick 'em out when you've used 'em! An' then you wonder why they stick to the union the next time there's trouble! You're the kind of people that makes the union able to win when it's wrong."

"You're excited, Collins."

"No, I ain't excited; I'm mad! It'll get you yet, Mr. Brown. It'll organize yer plant again, an' the next time there's trouble, you can hear Brady sayin' to the men, 'Look what happened to Collins! An' they'll stick to the union till hell freezes, no matter how wrong the strike is or how unfair the union treats 'em."

"I have no time to discuss the matter with you," said Brown, shortly. "Some of you workmen can't understand the exigencies of business."

"Some of us," said Collins, departing, "is only checkers in the game played by others, an' a busted checker ain't worth much."

### V.

Collins reached the flat to which his wife had retreated under cover of darkness.

"They burned the house, to-day," she told him. "It was by way of celebratin' the end of the strike. Somebody set it afire, but the police did n't catch him."

"It don't matter much," returned Collins, wearily. "I did the best I could, but we was caught fair between the union an' the boss, an' somethin' had to smash. We got to move along an' make a fresh start somewhere."

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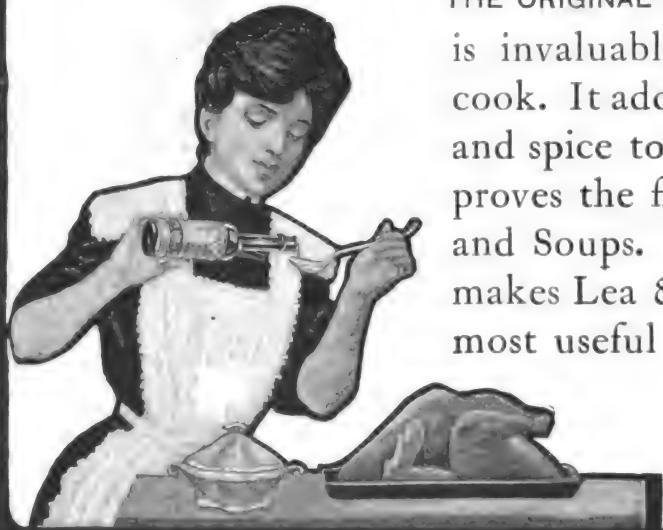
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By VANCE THOMPSON

[Concluded from page 79]

Picard was employed by Colonel Henry as spy and occasional forger, in the cloudy game of fighting the spies of Germany. He had been a detective; he had been a jail bird; his whole life had been dirty and wicked; but he knew many things—above all he knew how the case against Dreyfus had been concocted in the War Office. He offered to betray all this to Reinach, if he were well paid. He spoke of forged documents that had been used: "I was the forger, not the author; I was merely the instrument of a scandalous machination devised by Henry and Du Paty de Clam." He assured Reinach he now repented, and "remembering he was an Israelite," wished to help on the cause of revision. Reinach hesitated; he feared a trap laid by Henry himself. Detectives ascertained for him that the fellow's true name was Lehmann, and that he was still in Henry's pay. Still Lemercier-Picard, to use his war name, urged on his services, promising more and more. Probably he was threatening Henry at the same time. That was a dangerous way of life. He was alone in his room one morning, gay and full of hope in his evil projects, when a "man in black" called to see him. No one saw 'the man in black' depart, but a few hours later the wretched spy was found hanging from his window-bar, dead. His knees touched the floor. Had he hanged himself? Wild rumors said he had been strangled; by whom? To whose profit was this sudden death? The secrets he was trying to sell were those of Henry, of Du Paty de Clam, of the old generals who had slain a man's honor in the dark. The trail of that crime in the Rue de Sevres led to the stately War Office in the Rue St. Dominique; so men said, and for the first time they wondered if another crime had not preceded it. Even the German press took up the cry for revision; only the voice of the old Bismarck was heard, growling in his lair near Hamburg, that Zola was an "idealist," that Dreyfus was "probably guilty," and that, anyway, the rest of the world should le the French "stew in their own juice." Fortunately, the "rest of the world" was stirred by a nobler impulse. And the weight of public op'nion began to tell.

### Henry Confesses His Forgery

Felix Faure was President of France; his Minister of War was Cavaignac. He was the third Minister of War who examined the evidence upon which Dreyfus had been convicted; he was the third Minister of War who had declared his certainty of the justice of the verdict. With his own eyes he had seen the proofs. What he said in answer to the clamor of the world was this: "Never, for reasons of public good or national safety, would I keep an innocent man in prison—but here we have to do with a guilty one." He produced his proofs: a letter from Panizzardi to Schwarzkoppen in which there was mention of D—"their spy," and another in which these military attachés spoke of "that rascal D—;" and finally he brought out a letter (the indubitable proof) in which Panizzardi mentioned Dreyfus in full; this letter he dared not read wholly, so dangerous it was to European peace; but it had convinced him, he said, of the "traitor's" guilt. Now this amous letter, bear in mind, was a forgery—the work of Henry; but Cavaignac knew it not. Parliament cheered him. Then he asserted Dreyfus had admitted his guilt, the day of his degradation, to Captain d'Attel and Captain Lebrun-Renault. What more could be asked?

"So long as I am President of France," said Felix Faure, with haughty emphasis, "the traitor shall have no new trial."

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And that was a prophecy.

In the meantime, Cavaignac was wholly convinced of the authenticity of the "secret documents" the forgers had shown him. He determined to lay a complaint against Picquart for having abstracted from the War Office and given to his lawyer Leblois the papers tending to prove Esterhazy's guilt. Picquart was arrested and locked up in the prison of the Santé. This move had been foreseen by the Dreyfusards, and already Picquart had armed a civil magistrate—Bertulus, a shrewd, ambitious man, young and hardy—with evidence that Esterhazy had been concerned in the matter of the forged telegrams signed "Blanche" and "Speranza." Bertulus promptly arrested the lank adventurer; Esterhazy and Picquart lay that night in the same prison. At last the civil law had taken in hand this confused affair; it was in the destiny of Bertulus, a minor magistrate, to rend the veil drawn round it by the military oligarchy. He searched Esterhazy, searched his dingy chamber; and he found many curious and compromising documents. The General Staff took alarm. The old generals believed in a plot of the Dreyfusards; but Henry and Du Paty de Clam feared the forgeries would come to light in the open day of a civil trial. They rallied to save the sallow adventurer. Henry went to the magistrate; and for the first time in the long battle this man showed fear.

Glance for a moment at this tragic figure:

Henry was a self-made man; he had risen from the ranks; his whole life had been one of labor and devotion to the soldier's trade; he had marks of his peasant blood—he was huge, tall, vast, profound, big-shouldered, big-chested, thick-necked, low-browed; withal, his face was round and red—his body was surcharged with blood. A brusque soldier, frank, noisy, he was without any broad culture; indeed, his peasant's brain could hold only one idea at a time, and for years he had been obsessed by the idea of the guilt of the traitor. See now this huge, apoplectic peasant in uniform pushing his way into the magistrate's room; and see, too, that shrewd man of law, adroit and wise, rise to meet him and tell him of the secrets he has dug out of Esterhazy's papers. Henry can only stammer, "What! What!"

"You can't save Esterhazy," the magistrate goes on—seemingly he is very friendly; he puts his arm round Henry's shoulder, "go tell the generals that!"

Henry, flushed and shaken, starts to go, but Bertulus, always smiling, holds him back.

"Tell Du Paty de Clam to blow his brains out," he says softly, "for now we know the forgeries he and Esterhazy were concerned in. And that's not all," he added softly; "there's one other—youself!"

This time the giant tottered; he fell into a chair, panting. Finally he cried: "Esterhazy is a bandit!" and then: "The honor of the army! We must save the honor of the army!"

In his peasant brain no other thought existed—to save the army, to destroy the "traitor." When he saw he was not to be arrested at once he recovered his assurance to some extent, but it was a broken man that crept away from the magistrate's chamber. Fear was on him; and the tragic shadow of his end. He was still able to make a fight for Esterhazy. His evidence and that of Du Paty de Clam saved the adventurer from a conviction for forgery. The case was dismissed by the court. The next day (it was August 13, 1898,) Captain Cuignet of the General Staff was at work sorting the "secret papers" which Cavaignac had read in the Chamber of Deputies as the "supreme proof" of Dreyfus's guilt. By chance he held up to the light the letter of Panizzardi. He discovered it consisted of fragments of two letters pasted together—the very paper was of two kinds. The beginning and the signature were written by the Italian *attaché*; the middle part (wherein Dreyfus was acknowledged to be

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a traitor in the pay of Germany and Italy) was a forgery. It was Henry's attempt to save "the honor of the army."

That was the beginning of the end.

This honest Captain Cuignet went at once to General Roget, another honest man; then Cavaignac, the Minister of War, was informed. A minute investigation was made. The thirtieth of August Henry was brought before the Minister of War, before the Generals Gonse, De Boisbire, and Roge; for an hour they questioned him until they forced from him an explicit and irrevocable avowal of his forgery.

"This is what happened," said Cavaignac; "you received in 1896 (two years after the conviction of Dreyfus) a letter written by Panizardi; with this letter you fabricated the false document?"

"Yes," said Henry; his voice was thick and low; it was confession in a whisper.

"And the *bordereau*?"

He swore that was no forgery; it had been brought to him in the usual way—that is, it had been found torn in pieces in Schwarzkoppen's wastebasket—and was authentic. In this he persisted. Cavaignac at once ordered his arrest. He was taken away to Mont Valérien, the great fortress, yonder beyond Saint Cloud. As he rode along he muttered to himself: "It's enough to drive one mad! *I never harmed any one! I have always done my duty! It was for the honor of the army!*"

Then he cursed the "wretches" who had betrayed him; his dull peasant brain was inflamed with vague anger. He was left alone in his cell. That night he wrote his last lie—"for the honor of the army"—in a letter to his wife: "You know in whose interest I acted. My letter is a copy, and nothing in it is false. I only confirmed verbal information given me a few days before. I am absolutely innocent; the world will know it some day—at this moment I can not tell everything."

The next day (about six o'clock of the thirty-first of August, 1898,) he was "found dead" on his bed; his throat had been cut—sawed in two places—and the bed, the floor, the room was flooded with blood: the colossal body had been drained of every liquid drop. On the floor, some distance from the bed, lay a razor; it was shut.

Was it a suicide?

That were hard to tell; at all events, Henry was "found dead." A young physician, Léon Lévy, was called to examine the body; he closed the staring, dead eyes; yes, a Jew closed the eyes of the man who sent Dreyfus to his martyrdom.

[To be continued in March.]



## A Point in Etiquette

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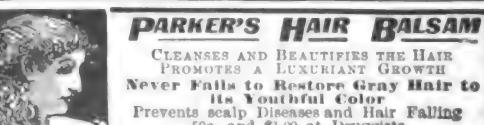
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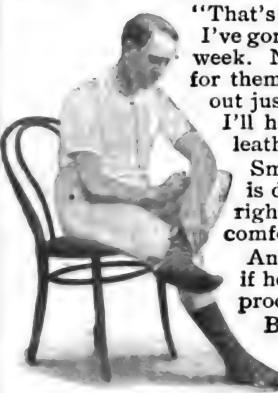
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## Fools and Their Money

By FRANK FAYANT

[Continued from page 81]

declared fraudulent by order of the Post Office Department." How many the government overlooks!

From the same building in State Street, Boston, where the Cambria Mine was advertised, came the Great Belcher Gold and Copper Company, capital \$5,000,000, of Yavapai County, Arizona. Its president was Charles E. Cramp, of Philadelphia; its vice president, V. H. Foster, of Boston; its treasurer, George W. Seavers, of Boston; and its secretary, B. F. Murphy, of Philadelphia. The Great Belcher advertisements were of the circus poster style, filling nearly a whole page in the newspapers. "We can positively assure prospective purchasers," said Mr. Cramp, *et al.*, "that the future outlook of this mine offers bigger possibilities than did Boston and Montana, which, in 1894, sold at \$12 a share, and at the present time is worth \$430 a share." The Great Belcher Mine in the Big Bug District of Arizona was worked twenty odd years ago, and it had a considerable production of gold. Eight months after the first circus bill prospectus of the Great Belcher Gold and Copper Company appeared in the newspapers, the company had disappeared. Another company took hold of the mine, with the euphonious title, Great Belcher Bulwhacker Gold Company. It, too, was short-lived. Now the mine is in the hands of the Great Belcher of Arizona Company, the stock of which was sold by the notorious Henderson, of St. Louis, who took as his commission forty dollars out of every hundred dollars received from subscribers to the stock. "An income of one hundred dollars a year on an investment of one hundred dollars" was the promise made by the Boston "banking" house of Smith, Stern, and Company, in offering the stock of the Par Value Gold Mining Company, capital \$250,000, of Cripple Creek, "the best mining proposition for investors that can be presented." It did look good—for the "bankers," for "reliable estimates" showed that the company could earn "\$15,000 a month net, equal to more than 100 per cent. *per annum* on the price of the stock." The Par Value died. Its place was taken by the Par Value Consolidated Gold and Copper Mining Company, with a lease on the Gold Bug Mine at Turret, but the present owners of the Gold Bug disclaim responsibility for the Par Value stock-jobbing. "Not a speculation, but a safe, sure investment," was the claim made by R. H. Brokaw, of New York, for the Crystal Spring Mining and Milling Company, of San Jacinto, California, "the richest gold mine in Southern California, a proposition in which there is really no risk." Mr. Brokaw writes me: "Upon the basis of the very lowest assay, our stock is worth a dollar a share; upon the basis of the highest, it would be worth a fabulous price." But he also writes that he is willing to let me have \$7,000 worth of his own stock for \$700. The property, he says, has "every evidence of rich ore"—but evidence can not be cashed at the assay office.

I have received a very frank letter from John A. Thompson, a New York broker, concerning the Camp Bird Extension Mining Company, the stock of which was offered by him in a clean-cut, honest way, early in 1901, at twenty-five cents a share. No promises of fabulous dividends were made. The property adjoins the famous mine that gave Tom Walsh his wealth. A Denver correspondent writes me: "The Camp Bird Extension is backed by good Denver people, but the enterprise needs lot of money. It is not yet a success." The stock is offered in Colorado Springs at two cents a share. Another honest letter comes to me from Thurlow Weed Barnes, of New York, president of the Dorothy Gold Mining Company of Montana, the properties of which are located in Granite County. "The company offered some shares sometime ago," Mr. Barnes writes me, "at about sixty-five cents. I personally believe that our properties are valuable and rich, but when the general public invests in a mine, it expects profits too quickly. Some stock can now be had from an individual at thirty cents, but I would n't advise you to buy if you are in a hurry, or unwilling to take chances. We don't guarantee dividends or to make your fortune right away, or at any other time."

The Freyer Hill Mines Company, of Gilpin County, Colorado, capital \$3,000,000, sold development stock in 1902. The property has been run at a loss, but the owners hope to make it a money maker. The company has favored me with a copy of its annual financial report—one of the five companies that have so favored me in the whole list of one hundred and fifty investigated. Of the other four, two are oil companies, dying a lingering death, one a mining company of unsavory name, and the other a mining company with great hopes. A fabulist down in Yavapai County, Arizona, organized the Hassayamp Gold Dredging Company, to extract wealth from the mud of the Hassayamp River. He capitalized the mud at \$3,000,000, sold stock at a discount of seventy-five off for cash, and promised his victims that "\$20,000 for \$1,000 could be realized on the investment." The company is not to be found on the Hassayamp, and the fabulist has hit the trail for Goldfield. W. G. Motley and Company, now on Broadway, New York, sold the stock of the Idaho Little Giant Mining Company, capital \$500,000,

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Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

## Color Photography

is now being extensively used by advertisers throughout the country for reproduction of their goods. The old three-color or color-type method has been adjudged unsatisfactory and the people who know now demand the Quadri-Color Process. The February cover of "Success Magazine" was reproduced by color photography by the Quadri-Color Process. Just how much better it is than the old three-color or colotype method we will leave to you to judge.

QUADRI-COLOR COMPANY,

ROBERT L. RAYNER, Pres.

310 East 23d Street, - - - New York.

Think of the business secrets, the contracts, the agreements that you intrust to your letter paper.

Use a paper worthy of such confidence.

## OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is as deserving as we know how to make it.

And we make it so good that we have to make bond paper exclusively.

You should have the *Book of Specimens*, which shows OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, made up into letterheads and other business forms as actually used by prominent houses. Write us on your letterhead.

Hampshire  
Paper  
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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

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with the promise that it would earn seventy-five per cent. a year. Counsel to a committee of stockholders on reorganization inform me that "an attempt is now being made to resuscitate the company by floating an issue of bonds and getting back into the treasury a large amount of the appropriated promotion stock." The Lead Mining Corporation of America, capital \$1,000,000, exploited properties in Owen County, Kentucky, with the expectation that the stock was "bound to be the greatest dividend paying industrial in the world." John B. Offutt, a New York leather merchant, who was president of the company, informs me that the property was sold last year at a sheriff's sale, to satisfy the claims of its creditors.

The Missouri Lead and Zinc Investors' Fund, put out by F. H. Houghton and Company, of St. Louis, was declared to be "the richest producing lead and zinc property in the world, safe and sound as a bank, earning two hundred and eighty per cent." Dividends of sixty per cent. a year were guaranteed, with the promise of one hundred per cent. Mr. Houghton can not now be found in St. Louis, and his guaranteed-dividend proposition was probably a swindle, as most of the companies of this nature are. Enthusiasm ran riot in the advertisements of the New York and Virginia Copper Company, capital \$2,500,000, which actually owns some very good property. "This company," said Walter S. Macgregor, of New York, "can earn \$1,875,000 a year from copper alone at the present market price, from which fifty to seventy-five per cent. dividends can be paid. The investment is as safe as any savings bank, and promises a hundred-fold the return." Copper was then selling at twelve cents a pound; now it commands twenty-three cents. Mr. Macgregor's company ought to be a bonanza by this time.

George E. Sanders, whose father was once prominent in Arizona mining, came to New York in 1902 to sell the stock of the \$3,000,000 Oro Grande Mines Company, with properties at Wickenburg, Arizona. A great deal of money was spent on the property, which was regarded as promising, but the management was viewed with suspicion. In the previous year Mr. Sanders was prominent in the promotion of the Vulture Gold Company, based on the famous Vulture Mine, from which millions of dollars had been taken. The promoters of the Vulture saw "over \$12,000,000 of ore in sight," which meant "fifty per cent. a year on the investment." The company now appears to be defunct, and it has never been quite clear who owned it. "One of the best, if not the best, stocks now offered on the public market," was the recommendation William Gelder, of Denver, gave the Hillside Copper Mining Company, capital \$2,000,000, of Lincoln County, Nevada. Despite his promise that "these properties will produce millions," the properties have been idle several years, and are in debt to the promoter.

The United States Investment and Security Company, of Boston (now unknown to the Boston postmaster) offered the shares of the Mammoth Consolidated Gold Mining Company, capital \$1,250,000, of Kern County, California, at less than a third their par value, with the promise: "These shares will increase in a few years to twelve or fifteen times the par value." This was a promised increase of from 4,000 to 5,000 per cent. over the selling price. The company, like its fiscal agent, can not be found. "Promises to be the greatest mine in California" was the catchline of the advertisement put out by Curran and Peteler, of New York, to entice buyers for the stock of the \$10,000,000 Minnie Gulch Mining and Tunnel Company, near Silverton, Colorado. It was simple stock-jobbery. The company went into the receiver's hands, and another company claims to own the property. The New York and Arizona Copper Mining and Smelting Company, with claims near Globe, Arizona, offered a part of its \$3,000,000 capital to the public just before the Northern Pacific panic. An inquiry sent to the company's old office brought this terse blue-pencilled reply, "Company dissolved and liquidated."

Dividends of sixty per cent. a year were "expected" for the Anita Mining Company, in Jalisco, Mexico, and Daniels and Company, of New York, who sold the stock, predicted that investors would see their dollar shares, sold at seventy-five cents, "advance to ten dollars or twenty dollars a share within a very short time." The Anita is said to be a valuable property, but, at last accounts, it was engaged in litigation, due to the settling of the estate of one of the owners. Elias Smith, Son and Company, now at 15 Broad Street, New York, offered the stock of the Arizona United Copper Company, in the Clifton District, Graham County, Arizona, as "a chance to make a large sum of money on a small capital." This company is moribund. The California-Nevada Mining Company, capital \$4,000,000, claiming to own properties near Lovelock, Nevada, was a guaranteed forty per cent. investment. It was paying dividends at this rate while the promoter was selling stock to build a mill. This was a notorious swindle that robbed investors of a quarter of a million dollars. The promoter is dead.

The Copper Bullion Mining Company, capital \$1,000,000, near Pearce, Arizona, was promoted by reputable men of Los Angeles, with the prediction that the company would "pay large dividends very soon." The property is idle. The Eagle Mining and Investment Company, capital \$1,250,000, with properties at Idaho Springs, Colorado, offered stock at thirteen cents

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**THE DEPENDABLE, DURABLE, BEAUTIFUL**  
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**DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY**  
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*"The White Bronze Soldiers' monument which you erected here 22 years ago, is as good today as ever. See no reason why it will not stand 22 hundred years. Our townspeople are highly pleased with the choice of White Bronze." — Jos. M. Alexander, Com. of Post.*

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has been used for centuries in Europe and shows no sign of wear. It is guaranteed not to crack or discolor. Moss will not grow on its surface or mould obscure its finest lines. It is not a substitute for stone, but something infinitely better—and less expensive.

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comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also lecture fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explain everything. Sent Free.

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**150 MAGIC TRICKS** for **10c**  
For 10 cents we will send you by return mail 150 Magic Tricks with cards, ribbons, rings, odins, etc., all so clearly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be a great magician. Herman Kellar. "No other means of entertainment is so effective, yet it is easy to learn. Write for success. Big Catalog of 1000 other tricks sent free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. **S. DRAKE, Dept. 841, 810 Jackson St., CHICAGO.**

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There is a demand for writers of special newspaper and magazine articles and short stories. We prepare you with practical instruction by skilled teachers, themselves editors and authors. Manuscript carefully criticized. A market for all salable articles. Booklet free. **Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, 271, Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

**FAIR HANDY HAT FASTENERS**  
do not make holes in hats. Hold better than four hat pins. Will mail sample pair for **25c**. Big seller. We have full line of agents' specialties.

**FAIR MFG. CO., 202 Fifth St., Racine, Wis.**

a share with no glittering promises. The postmaster at Idaho Springs does not know what has become of the company. "The most profitable investment that can, at the beginning of the new century, be made" was the claim for the Las Animas Mining Company, promoted in Des Moines, Iowa. This was probably a Mexican company. It can not be located. "One hundred per cent. profit guaranteed—a safe, conservative investment" was the reassuring claim for the Montana-Idaho Mining and Development Company. I suspect that this was the ill-fated predecessor of the Montana-Idaho Mining and Commercial Company. It was probably a bubble of the Thunder Mountain boom. Emerson and Company, of New York, offered the shares of the Standard Lead and Zinc Company, now practically worthless.

The Westerfield Mining Investment Company put out from Philadelphia some alluring literature. "Why speculate" asked the promoters, "when you can make a safe investment that will pay over fifty per cent. the first year? We will pay from forty to fifty cents a share this year in dividends on stock now selling at seventy-five cents." This bonanza has disappeared. The West Fork Gold-Copper Mining Company of Spokane, claiming "four big copper ledges in Western Idaho, more than two miles long and from thirty-five to fifty feet wide," was put out by the notorious L. E. Pike. It was a fraud.

The record of the industrial promotions is even a sorrier one than that of the mines. The American Witch Hazel Corporation, brought out in 1902, was the only company in the whole list of one hundred and fifty that boasted a member of a New York Stock Exchange house on its board. Members of New York Stock Exchange houses were directors in many companies brought out in this period, but not in companies advertised in Sunday newspapers. Not one financial advertisement in a thousand in the Sunday "Herald" bears the name of a Stock Exchange house, for the members of the Stock Exchange do not like the company they find in the Sunday financial sections. All companies promoted by Stock Exchange members are not necessarily successful. Many have been dismal failures. And many, it must be said, have been so grossly overcapitalized that they were a stench in the financial community. But, as a rule, a Stock Exchange house does not lend its name to a promotion likely to reflect in after years on its good name. The Stock Exchange firm member on the American Witch Hazel board soon withdrew from the company. He has since died. The promoters of the "Witch Hazel Trust" estimated net earnings of \$500,000 a year on a capital of \$4,000,000, and asserted that "there never had been offered to the general public a better investment." A week after the appearance of the first page advertisement, they announced that the first allotment of 100,000 shares had been sold, and it was expected that the first dividend would be paid six months later. The stock was offered at forty cents a share. But it proved a very bad investment. The corporation was absorbed by the American Witch Hazel Company, which later went into bankruptcy. One of the stockholders writes me: "I do not believe that the stockholders will realize a cent. I am the largest individual loser, having had several thousand dollars invested."

The American Heat, Light, and Power Company, capital \$5,000,000, John W. Mitchell, president, exploited an invention of one Dr. James J. Johnston for "making a perfect gas by forcing air through crude oil." The inventor said that he used ninety per cent. air. The promoters used the same quantity of air in their prospectus, which assured investors that the stock then being sold at forty cents a share would "rise to a value of five dollars, or even ten dollars, a share." The company forfeited its charter.

The International Wheel, Tire, and Rubber Manufacturing Company, the stock of which was offered by H. N. Field and Company, of New York, must have been a swindle, for it guaranteed "two per cent. a week for investors," and offered to redeem stock "at any time on demand, at a profit." It forfeited its New Jersey charter. "Shares carrying a guaranteed interest" were offered in the Obispo Rubber Plantation Company, by the Republic Development Company, of New York. The promoters of this company inform me they are waiting for the rubber trees to grow. The present financial agents of this company are Mitchell Schiller, and Barnes, of New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland, St. John, N. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., and London, England. The fiscal agents inform me that they have financed two plantation companies, two coal companies, and a chocolate company, and that I "can make no mistake in investing in any of these companies, as they are all exceptionally good." If I am looking for "quick returns," they recommend coal or chocolate, but if I am "willing to wait a few years to receive very large returns," they recommend rubber.

The Tidewater Cannel Coal Company, Ltd., capital \$2,500,000, was going to "earn and pay continuously an annual dividend of sixty per cent.," but it forfeited its charter. The Colonial Securities Company, in Wall Street, New York, put out the \$6,000,000 Canadian Steel and Coal Company, which was to earn "yearly dividends of thirty per cent." The only Colonial Securities Company now in New York is the one that was organized by the late "Al" Adams, and the "Al" Adams concern informs me that they have had many inquiries regarding the former Colonial

# AN INCOME OF \$1000 A YEAR

## SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

**The Less Money you have, the Greater is the Need to place it where it will Work Hard and Fast for You.**

If you can save five to twenty-five dollars per month for a few months, here is the fairest and best safeguarded and most practical plan ever offered you to make these savings produce an assured income. And remember your money goes into real estate, the foundation of all values, the recognized measure of all conservative securities.

We are developing a thousand acres of fertile land to a product which possesses an enormous capacity for profit-making, and we are offering to you an interest in this investment which will not only increase enormously in value, but will bring you a splendid annual income.

### JUST FACTS.

There is already a splendid orchard of 25,000 peach trees one year old on this property, and further planting is now rapidly being made. Bearing peach orchards are worth \$300 an acre. Why? Because an acre of Elberta Peaches will net its owner one hundred dollars a year.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour, of the great Armour Packing Co., in the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 20, 1906, says, "Peach lands with bearing peach orchards command \$200 to \$300 an acre." Let us send you also the written testimony of many conservative bankers, more than corroborating these figures.

There is nothing about the following figures that you cannot understand or verify. 130 peach-trees to the acre, one bushel of fruit to the tree, at \$1 per bushel, means \$130 per acre. Less than 20% of this will care for the acre and all expenses of harvest. You may, until the present series of two hundred shares is sold, secure these shares (each representing an undivided acre of developed orchard) for only \$100 of your money, paid in small instalments of only \$5 per month. This is worth investigating.

### WE PROVE EVERY STATEMENT.

Write for our plan and make your own investigation. Do this,—do it now. It costs you nothing. You will not find any back-number statesmen among our officers and directors. You will not find any name put there for ornamental purposes only. But you will find men who know their business, who are accustomed to earning their money by "delivering the goods,"—all men whom you can very easily find out about.

Don't take our word for these things. Look us up. Start now upon the road to success and at a pace that will make saving a greater pleasure than spending. Let us show you what \$5 per month will do for you.

**Ten of these shares will at maturity yield you a sure and certain annual income of one thousand dollars.**

### ONLY A FEW SHARES.

There are only one thousand of our shares altogether, and they are selling above par right now. You pay less than one-half the cost of these shares out of your own money: the rest is earned by the property itself. And more, every dollar you pay is deposited with a responsible Trust Company, which acts as trustee, and this money is all used for development of the investment and for nothing else.

Not a dollar of the money you pay in is a profit to us, and no one gets a profit until you do. It is only by making the investment profitable to you that we can make any profit. The men who make you this offer are practical, hard-headed business men, who own large interests in this same line, and have received, and are now receiving, large profits from them.

We give by permission the following bank references:

PIONEER TRUST COMPANY,  
Kansas City, Mo.  
FARMERS' BANK OF LEE'S SUMMIT,  
Missouri.  
CITIZENS' BANK, Lee's Summit, Mo.

PLEASANT HILL BANKING COMPANY,  
Pleasant Hill, Missouri.  
BANK OF GREENWOOD, Greenwood, Mo.  
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Jacksonville, Texas.

### SAFEGUARDS.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. A responsible and well-known Trust Company holds title to the property as trustee. We deposit with them the money you pay to us, and we are compelled to file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. (Look up this Trust Company.) You are fully protected from loss in case of death, and you are given a suspension of payments, if desired. Examine into our safeguards.

This investment opens the door, not to wealth perhaps, but to what is far better, a competency for future years when you may not be able to earn it.

Our literature explains everything fully and concisely. It is free. We want to send it to you. Write for it now.

### SECURITY ELBERTA COMPANY

Kansas City, Mo.

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### THE BECK-IDEN LAMP

Illuminates with more than twice the power of city gas or electricity, burns without chimney, wick or mantel, has no odor, makes no dirt, no heat, gives a WHITE, MELLOW LIGHT, almost as easy to read and work by as daylight.

The BECK-IDEN is a miniature gas plant, generating gas ONLY while the light burns and in exact quantity required.

Substantially made, of finely burnished brass, finished in bronze, 16 inches high from base to burner. Costs about one cent an hour to burn.

Sold direct if not shown by your dealer.

Descriptive booklet No. 28 free upon request.

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Our 1907 Catalogue we believe is the most beautiful and complete horticultural catalogue ever published—188 pages, 700 engravings, 12 colored and duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.

### Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

To every one who states where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50-Cent "Henderson" Collection of seeds, of one packet each of Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, mixed; Henderson's Big Boston Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato; and Half Long Blood Beet; in a coupon envelope, which emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of \$1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,  
35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York.

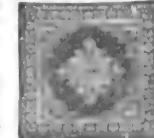
### Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices
9x6 ft., \$3.50
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Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free. ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., L Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia





## The Right to Be Disagreeable

[Concluded from page 88]

How little he realizes that his own sister or his own wife may possibly be placed in a similar situation!

There is nothing more contemptible than taking advantage of a woman in one's employ simply because she can not help herself. To treat her like a dog or a nobody, simply because one happens to have a little more money than she, or because one happens to be a little more fortunate, is dastardly and contemptible.

People ought to be rated by their quality. Many a refined, cultured, sweet, beautiful girl, for a few dollars a week, works for a brute of a man who pays not the slightest heed to her sensitive feelings, never hesitates to wound her, to say disagreeable and most contemptible things to her, and often uses the most abusive, profane language.

A girl who thinks of marrying a man who employs girls or women, should find out how he treats them; what his bearing is, whether that of a gentleman or of a brute. If he is not kind and considerate to those who are defenseless, he certainly

will make a brute of a husband. Just as truly as night brings out the stars, so, in the intimacy of married life, the wear and tear of business, the irritability, the vexations, the disappointments in business or professional life, bring out the real man. He can not long cover up his horns and hoofs if he possesses them. Before the young woman decides upon a husband, she should try to know the man as his employees, as those who are brought into close daily contact with him know him. That is the way to choose a husband.

What right have you to abuse an employee, just because your dinner did not happen to agree with you, or because you dissipated the night before and feel cross and crabbed? Why should you humiliate, insult, or make innocent people suffer for your shortcomings?

You should remember that others have rights just as inalienable and just as sacred as yours, and you have no more right to lash an employee with your tongue, or to abuse an employee just because you happen to be in an unfortunate mood, than you have to strike him. The mere accident of your being an employer and he an employee does not give you any license to abuse or insult him. He has just as much right on this earth as you, and more if he behaves better. Many an employer who struts around in fine clothes and makes a great noise in the world, and who abuses his employees, is infinitely inferior to many of those who work for him.

## A February House Party

[Concluded from page 105]

Children will love to cut and string paper hearts of all sizes and colors into garlands. Cutters for cakes and vegetables may be bought in nests in heartshape and are very inexpensive. Croquettes can be molded and garnishes cut in this shape. Make fun at meals by labeling different viands: the cut sugar, Sweetheart Rocks; the pickles, Sour Points; the custard, Eye Sees; the coffee, Love's Potion, and so on. Impose a fine for failing to preface any remark or request with an endearing term. It is surprising how much fun and good cheer we can have around our home table.

The boys and girls who attend school can have their party from half past four to half past six o'clock, wearing school clothes, so they can enter into jolly romping games. The Queen of Hearts and a Cupid can preside over a big mail bag and distribute a pretty valentine to each child. Cakes with valentine designs of colored sugar and motto candies please the little folks.

For your evening party have the guests make "posy rings" in imitation of the rings of old. On a long table place a miscellaneous collection of tissue paper flowers, hearts, fruits, and vegetables, from which each guest is to bind a garland and then write a couplet for it. Over the table hang this motto: "Love's garlands or posies for rings, handkerchiefs, and gloves that loves send their loves." Make a list of fines, and collect forfeits for an auction. These can include fines for failing to place the hand over the heart when addressing a lady, for failing to introduce the words "heart" or "love" into each question and answer, and others which clever minds can invent. Introduce your guests to papyromania, or paper cutting, a favorite pastime of the ladies in Colonial days, who cut elaborate designs of hearts and wreaths from sheets of paper.

While celebrating these earlier feasts, read up on Colonial times so that the Washington's Birthday anniversary will find you prepared. For instance, instruct the children in square dances, which you must name, "Successful Campaign," "Burgoyne's Defeat," "Clinton's Retreat," and other Revolutionary War names, just as dances were named in Washington's day, in popular homes. In one room were the tables for cards, backgammon, and dice, which older folk enjoyed while younger ones danced. In a back room were the punches and other beverages and sweetmeats. In the afternoon, tea was served in drawing-rooms, and a walk on The Mall or fashionable promenade, gave belles and beaux a chance to show their finery.



## SAFETY AND EFFICIENCY

that cannot be found in any hammer revolver of other makes, are united in the

## H & R POLICE AUTOMATIC

It can be drawn from the pocket and fired with great rapidity because the hammer is sunk in the frame and CANNOT CATCH ON THE CLOTHING, nor be accidentally discharged, yet can be readily cocked for deliberate aim when desired. These safety features are not found in revolvers of other makes. Shells are automatically ejected—making it easy to reload. Made of the best materials, finely finished, and with proper care will last a lifetime. The price is right, too. It costs you \$5.00.

### Specifications

32 caliber, 6 shot, 3/4 inch barrel, or 38 caliber, 5 shot, 3 1/4 inch barrel, nickel finish.

The celebrated H. & R. Hammerless Revolver, \$6.00.

Ask for the "H. & R." if you want a revolver that will give perfect satisfaction for home or pocket use. Sold by all dealers in first-class fire-arms. If they haven't it, take no other; we will send it on receipt of price. Write for catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 227 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Makers of the celebrated H. & R. Single Guns

**H & R**  
Greatest Revolver  
Value for the  
Money



## FOR SALE

Choice Banana, Fruit, Sugar, Coffee and Tobacco lands, improved and unimproved. Also timber and cattle ranges. Prices reasonable; returns large. Honduras has awakened from its slumbers, the movement has begun and its development will be one of the industrial wonders of the age. Write for literature.

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ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS earn \$25 to \$100 a week. Send for free booklet, "MONEY IN DRAWING;" tells how we teach illustrating by mail. We sell our students' work. Women succeed as well as men.

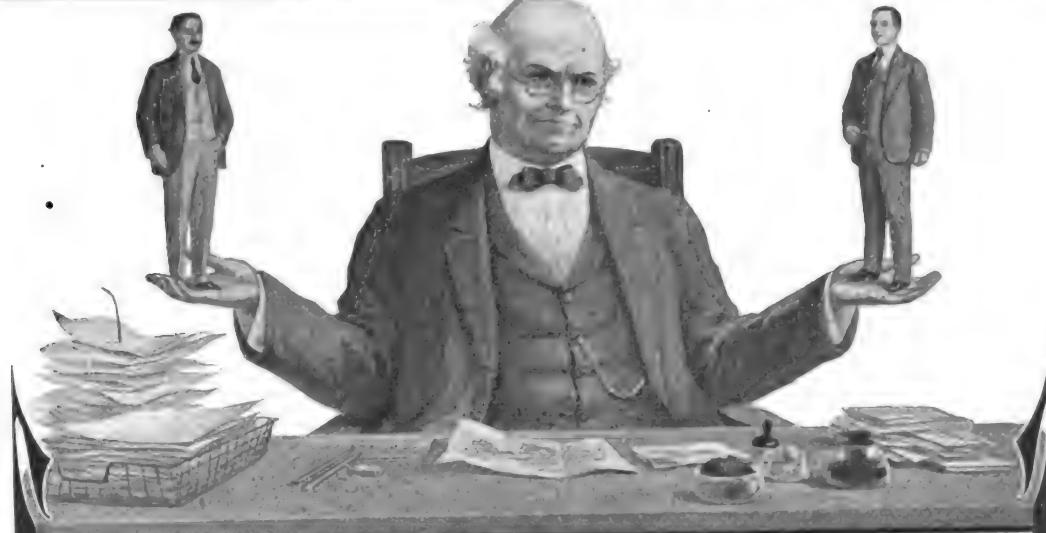
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Dr. S. HULL, 1431 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.



## When the Employer weighs a man

Did you ever stop to think that your employer constantly weighs his men, balancing one against the other?

Of two men, you and another, both equally faithful and energetic, the thing that decides in your favor or against you is *training*.

The *untrained* man kicks the beam—weighs light; the *trained* man outweighs him, always. He must be kept, promoted, pushed ahead.

The International Correspondence Schools are organized to give you the training that makes you indispensable to your employer. During November last year, I. C. S. training turned the scale in favor of 337 men, bringing them promotions or increased salaries. It would have been easy for you to have been one of them.

Within the next month hundreds more will be advanced as the result of I. C. S. training. Will you be one of them? **You can be**, without leaving your home or present work. It makes no difference where you live, what you do, or how little you earn.

Fill out the attached coupon and get the training on your side with which you must always outbalance your competitor.

Secure the added weight with your employer which enables you to demand an advance and get it.

Facts are facts. You are being weighed every day. **Don't be found wanting!** Fill out the coupon at once.

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Box 1172, SCRANTON, PA.  
Please explain, without further  
obligation on my part, how I can  
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## Hints to Investors

By EDWARD SHERWOOD MEADE

We especially invite correspondence in connection with this department from investors who are in doubt as to the advisability of investments they are contemplating or as to the value of their present holdings. We undertake to make an expert investigation of the value of any and all securities inquired about without charge to our readers. Inquirers should state the name and business address of firms offering securities for sale, name and location of property, and—when possible—the State in which the property is incorporated, with all other available particulars. Letterheads or circulars of the concern in question should be enclosed when possible, and will be returned, on request, if accompanied by return postage. Delay in answering inquiries will occur when securities inquired about are not well known in local financial circles. We will in such cases make investigation through the mails and report to the inquirer as soon as possible. Readers asking our advice regarding contemplated investments will enable us to give much more helpful suggestions if they will state approximately the amount of money they have available for investing. All letters will be regarded as absolutely confidential, answers will be sent by mail, and in no case will the name of any correspondent or information obtained through the letters of any correspondent be published or used to his or her detriment. Kindly remember that hundreds of others are taking advantage of this offer. We ask your indulgence in the event of any delay. We assure you that your inquiry will not be overlooked, but will be answered in due course. Inclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address all communications: Investors' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.

NOT for many years has the bond market been so dull and lifeless as at present. Issues of the best and strongest corporations are literally going begging. There seems to be no sale for bonds at any reasonable

prices. The most significant evidence of the depressed condition is the amount of what is known as temporary financing, which is being done by large corporations. There

has never before been a time in the industrial history of the country when construction work of all kinds, railroad and factory building, real estate development, and public improvements by municipalities was as active as now. Money is needed in enormous amounts. The natural way to get this money would be to sell bonds, for which the railroad companies, for example, whose earnings are large and are rapidly increasing, can offer perfect security. The condition of the bond market, however, is so bad that, rather than sell their bonds on a five or a five and a half per cent. basis, which would be the result of trying to market the amount of first-class bonds ready for issue, the large companies are issuing short-time obligations, notes maturing in two or three years, on which they pay five and six per cent. interest. The amount of these short-time notes issued during the year is more than \$135,000,000. It is expected by the companies who consent to pay these high rates for money that, by the time the notes mature, the bond market will have so much improved that the notes can be paid off out of the proceeds of bonds running for long terms, and paying four to four and a half per cent. And it is better, they argue, to pay six per cent. for three years, with a reasonable certainty of reducing the rate at the end of that time, than to pay five per cent. for twenty or thirty years. In other words, the strongest financial interests in the United States believe that the bond market is abnormally depressed, that the low prices prevailing are temporary, and that conditions will greatly improve in the near future.

THIS belief immediately suggests the question: Why are bonds so low in price? Why is it possible to obtain safe investments yielding over five per cent., although, a few years ago, anything paying over four

per cent. was regarded with suspicion by conservative investors? The answer is found in the condition of the money market. The promissory notes issued by corporations,

which are known as bonds, do not essentially differ, save in length of time, from the promissory notes running thirty, sixty, or ninety days, issued by the merchant or manufacturer. They are both obligations of a borrower to a lender. The bond is purchased by the investor, who thereby lends money to the issuing corporation, and the note is purchased by the bank, which thereby lends money to the broker or the merchant. To a large extent, these two forms of investment compete with each other. When a bank, or a trust company, or an insurance company, the largest bond buyers, can lend their money, to be returned on demand, at from eight to twenty per cent. interest, as they have been able to do in New York for some weeks past, or when they can buy short-time notes of first-class concerns, maturing within three months, and paying them six to eight per cent., which are now offered for sale throughout the country, they are not likely to be satisfied with four or five per cent. interest on long-term bonds, which they know that they can buy at any time they may want them. In a word, the high rates for money everywhere prevailing, and especially the extraordinary demand for call loans in New York City, have made the large bond buying institutions unwilling to invest, and have forced down the prices of first-class securities to a five per cent. level. There has not been a time for years when gilt-edged securities were as cheap as at present, when the investor of moderate

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means, who can not buy commercial paper, or invest his money in call loans, can place his funds to such good advantage as he can to-day.

It is impossible to predict when this depressed condition of the bond market will improve. It is a direct result of the widespread prosperity now enjoyed throughout the United States, with the resulting demand for money by business men, who wish to take advantage of the opportunities to make huge profits which prosperity offers them. As long as prices go on rising, industry can pay the tax of high interest rates out of the large profits which rising prices bring in their train. And the rise of prices depends, when all is said, upon the gold miner, who furnishes the real money to keep prices going up. Most people, whose opinion is worth regarding, believe that prices have about reached the zenith, that some reaction is necessary, and that business in the year 1907 will be less exuberantly buoyant than in 1906. But the day and the hour of that reaction no man knows, and all that can be said with certainty is that when the reaction comes, and interest rates decline, the prices of bonds, good bonds, such securities as can be safely bought by financial institutions, will immediately advance.

**LOOK out for real estate "investments" falsely so called.** They are only one degree less risky and uncertain than mining stocks. The editor of this department recently called upon one of the largest real estate operators in the United States, a man whose name is a household word, and asked him to explain his method and the nature of the property which he offered. Nothing

Risks in Buying Real Estate

could have been franker than his reply. "I do not," he said, "offer lots in my various town-site operations to the man who wishes either to hold the property for its rentals, or to build houses or business blocks. If my intention were to offer real estate to intending home owners, I should not use the general magazines, but should confine myself to newspapers with a large circulation in the immediate vicinity of my operations. My object is rather to sell lots on the installment plan, on Long Island, or in New Jersey—localities where real estate values are rapidly advancing—to people all over the country, who will buy them, not with the intention of building, but of selling to other people who will eventually build. I am absolutely honest with my customers. I make no misrepresentations. I do not, because I can not, guarantee results. All that I offer is what I believe an excellent opportunity for profit."

**I HOPE** that the readers of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* who are interested in real estate will ponder this statement. It is made by a man who knows whereof he speaks, and it shows more plainly than any outside criticism could demonstrate the

**A Game in Which Everyone Loses**

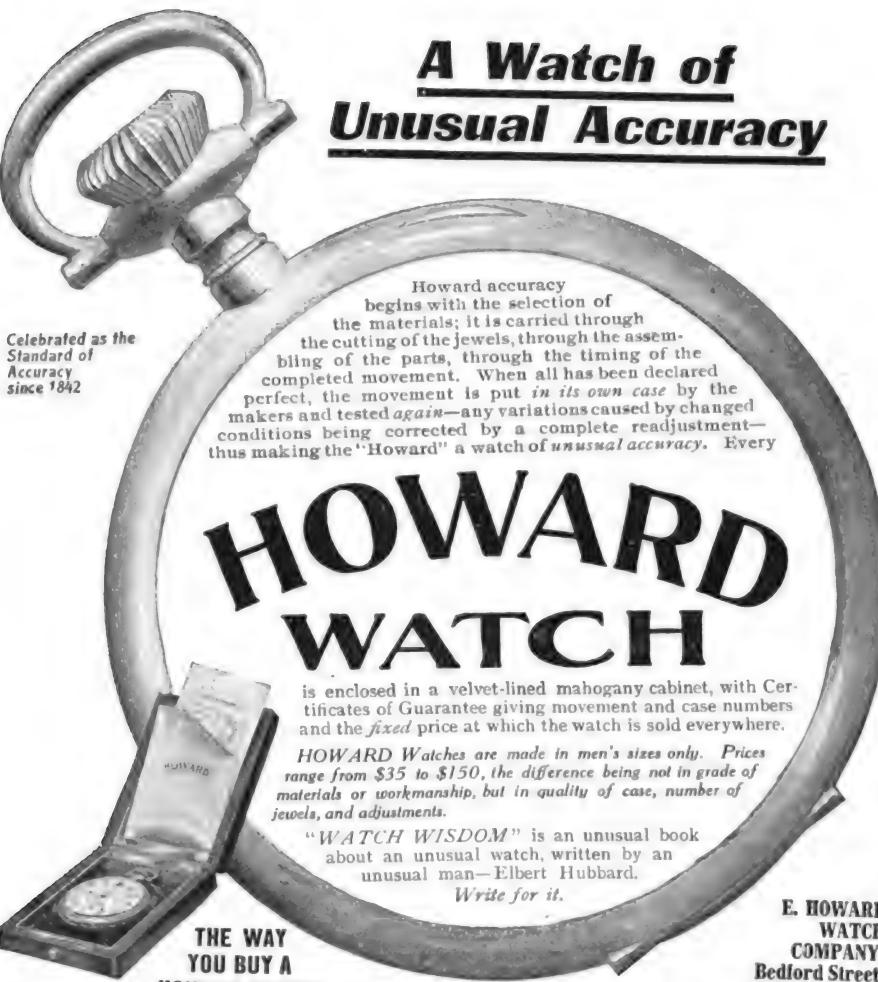
but, in reality, he is one of the most venturesome speculators who ever sat in the game, where, sooner or later, all the players lose. The country is thickly speckled, north and south, west and east, with town-site "operations," of which nothing is left but a few rickety buildings and a vast number of rotten stakes and signboards. The operations of to-day are no safer than the schemes of yesterday. They are based upon the infallibility of business judgment, upon the ability of the promoter, granted that he is honest—and his honesty should not be presumed,—to forecast the movements of population, the extensions of railroads, the location of factories.

## The People's Lobby

**The article by Samuel Merwin in this issue is one of a number that we are publishing to show why the People's Lobby is necessary to this country. If you will read the editorial announcement of "The Third House" on page 95, you will see that we are planning further articles in support of this movement. We had intended to publish some new material regarding the People's Lobby in this issue, but our space forbids. Let it suffice when we tell you that the Lobby is now duly installed in its new offices in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., and is fully prepared to go ahead with the work that its governing committee has outlined. We have no desire, either, to let up in our effort to raise further funds for this institution.**

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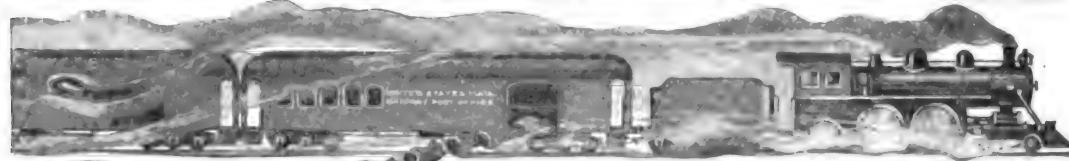
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## To Our Success Friends

Readers of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* are kept thoroughly informed on all National questions. They have been carefully posted regarding the important subject of life insurance and were among the first to appreciate the advantages of **direct** insurance from the Home Office to the homes of the people—thus wisely cutting out the insurance agent and saving his commissions by arranging their policies in the **LIFE INSURANCE CLUB OF NEW YORK**, which, after due legal formalities has now become the



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## Putting the Lobbyists on the Square

[Concluded from page 73]

work in this or that department, visitors from both houses and from the outside world are waiting to see him. But first he takes a big handful of memoranda from that side pocket and distributes them among his statisticians and experts as a printer distributes "takes" to his compositors. They cover a vast range of subjects, and many of them call for deep research, but they will all be answered on time.

There remains one unanswered question. How did McCarthy, young, unknown, ever really succeed in putting it through? That Wisconsin Legislature, of five years ago, was no different from forty-odd other legislatures. The sinister corporation influences were no weaker there than elsewhere; indeed they were stronger, for La Follette had stirred them up. How could you expect to convert a chaotic, prejudiced legislature to a brand new idea, if you, reader, were only twenty-something, and were utterly unknown, and had no money? The answer to this question will be found, I think, in that rousing poem I quoted a little way back, that poem about "The Fighting Race." May I quote it a little further?

We've died for England from Waterloo  
To Egypt and Dargai;  
And still there's enough for a corps or a crew,  
Kelly and Burke and Shea.  
"Well, here's to good, honest fighting blood!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

It is good, honest fighting blood that has carried McCarthy through. A little, a very little biography, will make this plain.

McCarthy was brought up in Brockton, Mass. His father was a mechanic who educated himself to the work of a mechanical engineer. He raised the boy Charles on *Josephus* and the *Aeneid*. When Charles reached his teens, a high-spirited boy with boundless ambitions and exceedingly thin legs, he struck out for himself, rather than become a burden to his thrifty, big-hearted parents. He picked up odd jobs on Gloucester coasting schooners. He learned the trade of stage carpentry, and something of scene painting; and he used his earnings from this odd employment to carry him through Brown University, where he and Everett Colby were football heroes together. They laughed at that slender boy, who weighed only 135 pounds when he appeared on the gridiron, determined to "make the team." I have heard it said that they called him "Skinny." But they soon stopped that. After his graduation, in that interval so trying for the ambitious unsettled youngster, he picked up a brief living as a professional baseball player in the New England and Eastern leagues. Drifting south he taught for a while. Then he took to the open road, soaked up the material for his history as he went along, got his prize and his scholarship, went to Madison as keen for the Ph.D. as had been the "Skinny" of a few years earlier for a place on the football team, and pitched into the long hard fight for a cleaner, squarer America. And there, at the ripe age of thirty-two, you will find him to-day. He is not a crank, not a reformer, not a lobbyist. He is, if you please, librarian of the Legislature Reference Department of the Wisconsin Free Library, and he is at your service.

It is no freak movement, this idea of McCarthy's. True, it took a McCarthy to build it up and make it go; it generally takes a McCarthy of some sort to swing a new idea. But this is a scientific, a central idea. The beauty of it is that it will work anywhere, with or without a McCarthy, if only it be started right. Those bright young graduate students, trained by McCarthy, inspired by McCarthy, are to-day going out, one by one, to install the plan in other States. McCarthy's idea of to-day is already beginning to harden into the fact of to-morrow. The first hint may already be seen here and there of the great, the vital change from amateur legislating to professional legislating. And our country will be a better governed country for the change.

McCarthy said an interesting thing to me that day at the Seville. He is intensely Irish, and proud of it. He believes heartily, as do some others of us, in the restless energy of his race. "They tell me," he said, in his hot, quick way, "That the Irish don't make good servants. I say, 'Thank God for that!'"

I have thought of that remark a good many times. And I have come to the conclusion that for once in his life McCarthy got it wrong.

There is, out in Madison, Wisconsin, an Irishman who is one of the best servants we have in this country. He is a public servant. His name is Charles McCarthy. And as I write this, I find myself almost tempted to indulge, as he did, in a harmless little outburst of sentiment, and say, "Thank God for that!"

\* \* \*

A bishop once said to Louis XI. of France, "Make an iron cage for those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand upright." Not long after this the bishop himself offended the king, and for fourteen years he was confined in that same cage.



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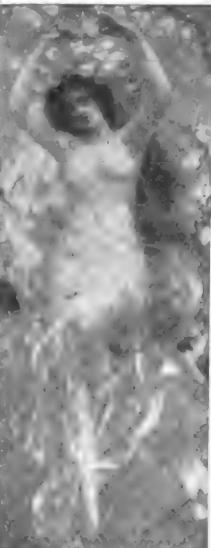
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# Millions for Music

By EDGAR MELS

[Concluded from page 91]

the twenty-four weeks of its present season. It is a battle royal, this, between the two *impresarios*, who are pitting against each other the greatest singers in the world. Caruso, the public's idol, who saved the recent season at Covent Garden, London, from failure, contends against Alessandro Bonci, considered in Europe the greatest of lyric tenors. Bonci, who can sing the "F" above high "C" with ease, is practically self-taught, his only instruction having been obtained as a choir boy in a small church at Pesaro Italy, where he was discovered by Mascagni, the composer. The boy, poverty-stricken, walked twenty miles, three times a week, to and from his music lessons. Eventually, he made his *début* as *Faust*, and became famous in a night. He is Hammerstein's principal tenor and has as associates, Dalmore, the French tenor, and Altschefske, the Russian.

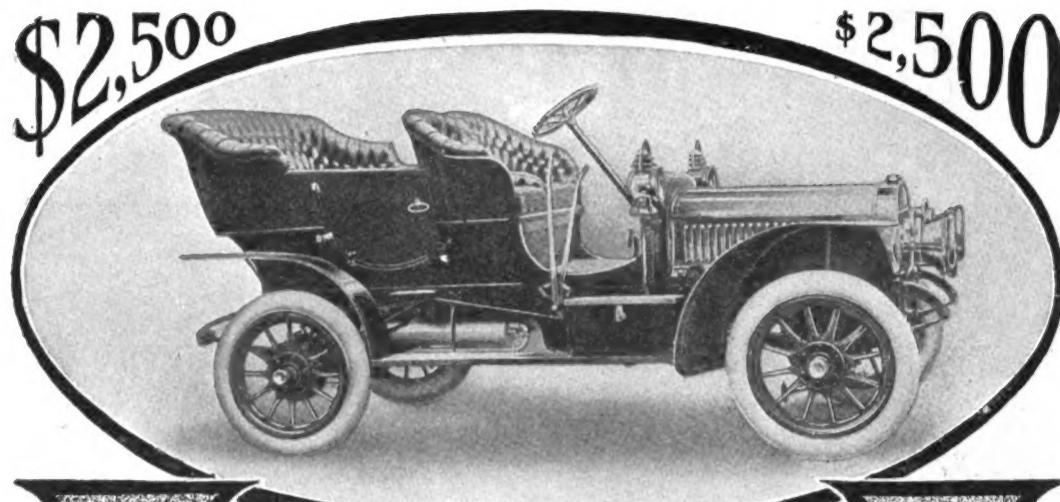
Conried's principal sopranos are Marcella Sembrich, Mme. Fleischer-Edel and Geraldine Farrar, the American. Sembrich is too well known to need detailed mention. Fleischer-Edel is considered one of the greatest dramatic sopranos in Germany.

The last of the trio, Miss Farrar, is the daughter of Sydney Farrar, the old-time baseball player, who has been her mentor and manager during her entire career. She is a beautiful girl, possessing a sweet and well-trained, though not powerful voice, and is noted for the refinement of her acting. The German Emperor once declared her the most beautiful woman in the world. In her few appearances here she has already scored a decided success.

Against this trio, Hammerstein presents Nellie Melba, whom he is paying \$4,000 a night; Amalia Pinkert, known abroad as "the Italian Sembrich," and Madame Donald, who appeared in "Don Giovanni," with wonderful success. He has also engaged Eleanore Broadfoot, an American, singing under the name of Madame de Cisneros. She has a truly magnificent mezzo-soprano voice. Another great singer to be heard at the Manhattan is Madame Bressler-Gianoli, a greater *Carmen* than Calve. Hammerstein has also captured Maurice Renaud, undoubtedly the finest baritone in Europe. Charles Rousselière, Conried's new tenor, who appeared as *Romeo* in "Romeo et Juliette" on the opening night of the season, is said to be one of the best lyric tenors since Jean de Reszke.

As for the salaries, Sembrich receives about \$1,500 a performance; Caruso, \$1,000, (he received only \$800 last season;) Miss Farrar probably about \$500; Bonci, \$800 a performance, with three appearances a week guaranteed; Pinkert, \$600; Renaud, \$1,000 and Madame Bressler-Gianoli, \$800. To these salaries must be added the pay of 100 choristers for each company, the average pay being \$20 a week each; the pay of 150 stage hands and other employees, and 100 orchestral players; heating, lighting, advertising, traveling expenses, etc., the total being easily \$50,000 a week for each house.

Notwithstanding this tremendous and wasteful extravagance, we shall hear not more than six new operas, while abroad, where the salaries paid to singers are not one-quarter what they are here, even so small an opera house as the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels produces not less than a dozen novelties a year. Of the novelties promised to us, one is Richard Strauss's "Salomé," based on Wilde's drama. It is to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Olive Fremstad in the title rôle. Other novelties will be "Madam Butterfly," which is to be given under the personal supervision of Puccini, the composer; and Berlioz's



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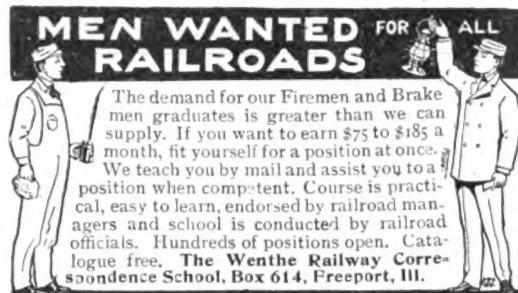
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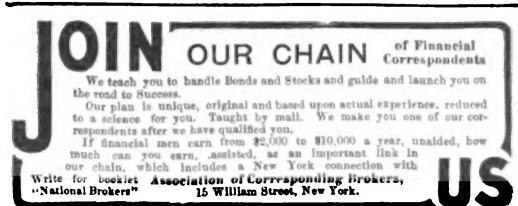
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old opera, "The Damnation of Faust," which, although it was first sung in Europe forty-two years ago, is now heard for the first time in New York in operatic form.

The Manhattan's chief attraction is to be Gluck's "Armide," generally conceded to be the most perfect opera written. This will be its first production in America, though it was composed in 1776, and received its high initial production in Paris, September 23, 1777. It was first heard in London last June, so we are not much behind the British metropolis, at least! The other Manhattan novelties are Catalina's "Loreley," and Charpentier's "Louise," an opera in a modern setting. There is a possibility that "Zaza" and "La Bohème" will also be sung at the Hammerstein house.

Next to opera, in point of importance, are the pianists, whose numbers are legion. Besides Paderewski, the season's programme includes Moriz Rosenthal who has already made his appearance. Rosenthal is noted for his tremendous technique and lack of poetry. He is being imported by the piano house which is subsidizing Paderewski to indorse its instruments—the gravest evil confronting, not only music, but the piano trade as well. On all his other American tours, Paderewski used another piano, yet, being paid, he will laud his new love above the old.

The greatest of this year's visiting pianists is Josef Lhévinne, who possesses a technique even superior to that of Rosenthal, and the beauty of tone and bigness of conception of all the others combined. He is practically unknown in this country, so he will receive only \$200 a recital, or about \$30,000 for his season's work. He is a Russian Jew, about thirty-five years old, who, some twenty years ago, swept the musical board at the Moscow Conservatory. He is a pupil of Anton Rubinstein and Wassili Saforoff, and is the greatest octave player in the world.

Next to him, in the interest he has aroused, is Camille Saint Saëns, the famous French composer, who came in the triple capacity of musician, pianist, and conductor. He is seventy-five years old, yet, his reputation, even at this late date, is worth \$25,000 to him. Still another, though less known, conductor-composer-pianist is Reynaldo Hahn, who conducted the recent festival at Salzburg in honor of the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birth. Hahn will give an entertainment in which he will play the role of *conférencier*—so he has termed it—meaning, that he will play his own compositions and songs and those of others, and will lecture upon them as he goes along. A similar entertainment is to be furnished by Dr. Otto Neitzel, the music critic of the Cologne "Gazette," who is another piano exploiter.

Of the other pianists, the best are Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Madame Antoinette Szumowska, Olga Samaroff, Adèle Aus der Ohe, Rafael Joseffy, and Augusta Cottlow, who is the most promising of the younger players. There are hundreds of others, all of whom will inflict themselves upon a long-suffering, defenseless public, at so much a seat. In New York City alone, there will be two hundred piano recitals by mediocrities or worse during the next few months.

Of the singers, there are so many that mention of them all would fill a book. All the principal operatic artists will be heard in concerts. Madame Schumann-Heink, who is undoubtedly the most popular woman on the American concert stage, will make an extended tour, receiving \$800 for each appearance. Nordica, Sembrich, Melba, and Eames will follow suit, the first getting \$1,500 an appearance, the second \$2,000. Melba \$2,500, and Eames the net receipts. Other vocalists of note who will ask for our dollars are, David Bispham, who may produce the long threatened "Vicar of Wakefield," (music by the noted Liza Lehmann); Corinne Rider-Kelsey, who has made remarkable strides in her art in the last two years, being engaged for the great Worcester Festival eighteen months after her Eastern *début*; Isabelle Bouton, Herbert Witherspoon, and a hundred others. Just how they all manage to live is somewhat of a mystery, for engagements are none too plentiful, and, save in the case of the celebrities, poorly paid. Many singers teach, but this pays even less; vocalists averaging more than \$1,800 a year are none too evident.

This is an off-season for violinists, the only one who may be termed really first-class, being César Thomson, the noted Belgian, and rival of Ysaye, Joachim, and Kreisler. He will make an extended tour, receiving \$500 an appearance. The others, less famous, are Ferencz Hege üs, a Hungarian; Alexander Petchinkoff, the Russian; Ernest Grasse, a blind American, and the greatest of women players, that true artist, Maude Powell. They will not receive as high pay, on the average, as will the pianists, for there is less demand among those who "buy" musical artists, for this class of entertainers, while cellists receive even less. Such noted players as Joseph Hoffmann and Anton Hegner can be had for \$400, and Hans Kronald has announced publicly that he will play for \$100!

Three modern composers visited us this season—Puccini and Saint-Saëns, as already noted, and Ruggero Leoncavallo, who brought with him a dozen artists and the chorus and orchestra from the famous La Scala in Milan.

This is a brief prospectus of the musical season now upon us. Less than one million of us, out of our 80,000,000 of population, will spend the \$10,000,000 referred to above, so that there is still an open and, as yet, uncultivated field for the musical speculator.

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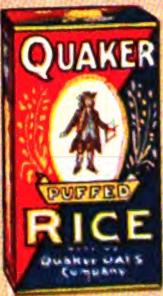
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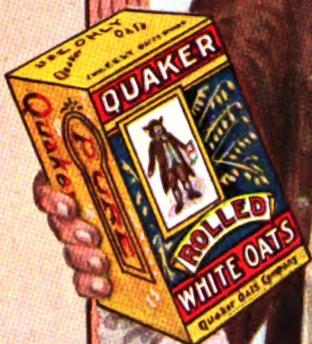
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